

MARILYN BELL

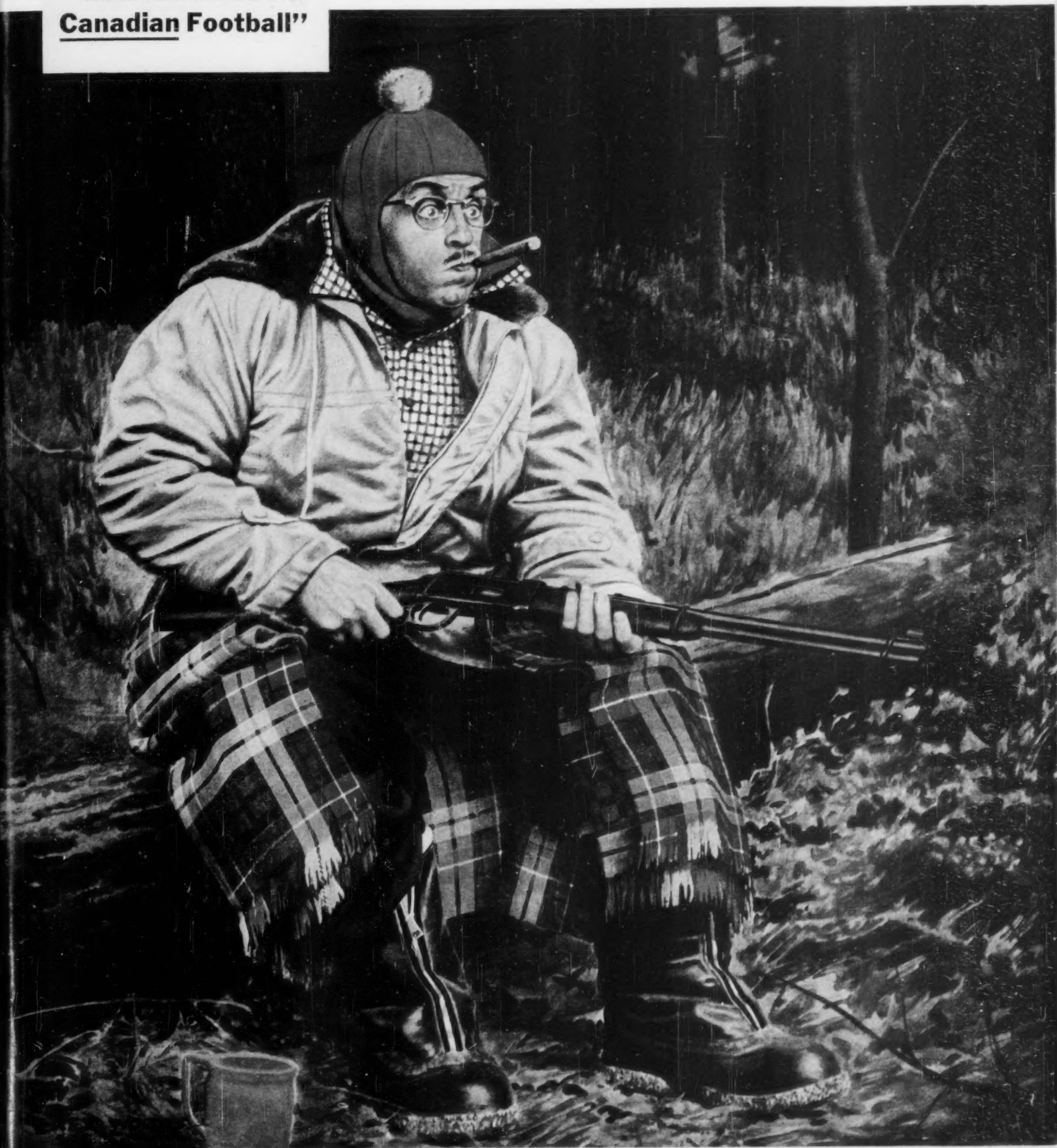
BY JUNE CALLWOOD

HEC CRIGHTON SAYS . . .

**"Let's Go Back To
Canadian Football"**

MACLEAN'S

NOVEMBER 1 1954 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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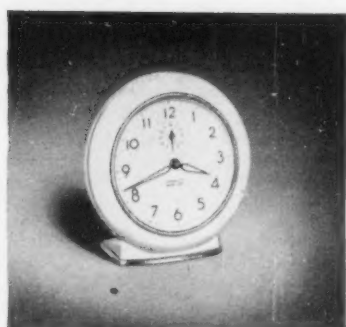
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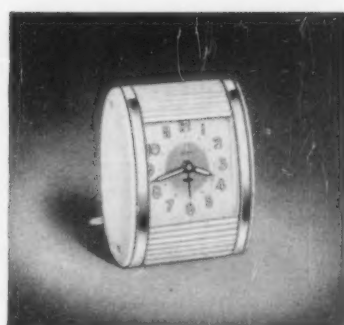
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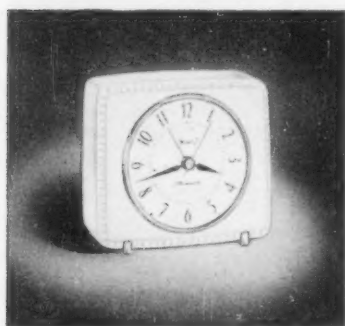
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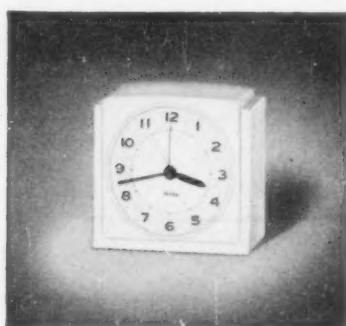
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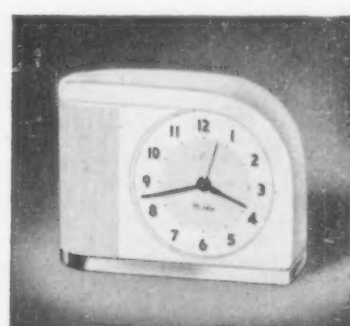
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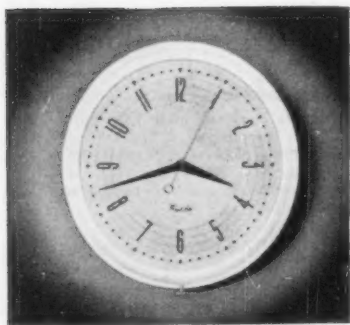
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EDITORIAL

PS — Canada Did Want To Build The Seaway

OTTAWA'S behavior in the last negotiations over the St. Lawrence Seaway reminded us of a small boy's recipe for "standing up" to bullies:

When he's close to you, keep your lip buttoned. When he isn't, stick out your tongue and holler "Nyah!"

Ottawa accepted the unilateral McCarran Act without a murmur of public protest. This, though not very palatable, was at least understandable. After all, we are a small boy compared to the boy next door. And there's not much chance that Washington's arbitrary decision to build and control the international section of the Seaway could have been changed by any number of Canadian protests—least of all in this U. S. election year.

So much for Canada's silent submission to what we believe—however reluctant we are to apply so ugly a word to so frequent a friend—was indeed the act of a bully. Ottawa's buttoned lip had at least a certain dignity to it.

We can't say as much for a speech made by External Affairs Minister Pearson in Rochester some time after the event. Mr. Pearson—who made it quite clear that he was acting as "the spokesman of his government"—now had this to say about the McCarran Act in which only a few weeks earlier his government had tamely acquiesced:

For more than twenty years we in Canada tried to persuade you to join us in this development so that it could be done on a basis of genuine partnership . . . For more than twenty years your Congress refused . . .

Then, finally, after we had worked out in 1952 the inter-governmental arrangement which was essential for the development of power in the international section of the St. Lawrence, Canada agreed, as one part of that arrangement, to construct the navigation works, which could, of course, be started only after the power arrangement had been made . . .

At first we were hesitant about taking on this responsibility but we soon came to accept it willingly, then eagerly. It was a challenge to our national pride and our new national strength, which we knew that we could meet and which we desired to meet. Four fifths of the navigation works would, in any event, be a Canadian responsibility. We would now be glad to take on the fifth as well, we would have a Canadian seaway in the sense that all the canals and locks would be in Canadian territory; but it would be one which would be open to your shipping without prejudice or discrimination.

Then, at the last moment, your Congress acted; not by following the principles which had been embodied in the international treaty which years before (in 1941) had been worked out between us on a broad and equitable basis, but by deciding unilaterally to build on the United States side of the international section of the St. Lawrence, the two canals which would be required.

To be perfectly frank, many Canadians didn't think too highly of this last minute participation—either of its timing or its nature.

To be perfectly frank, Mr. Pearson, many Canadians don't think too highly of a government that makes no visible attempt to protect what it conceives to be its rights and then, having given up those rights in silence, suddenly starts making the angry, dauntless noises of a tiger defending its young. In the physical sense, we probably lost nothing on the Seaway deal that cannot be retrieved. In the moral sense we unquestionably lost a great deal of face as well as, potentially, some part of our bargaining power as a nation. No nation can maintain respect by refusing to press its side of an argument until the argument has been lost.

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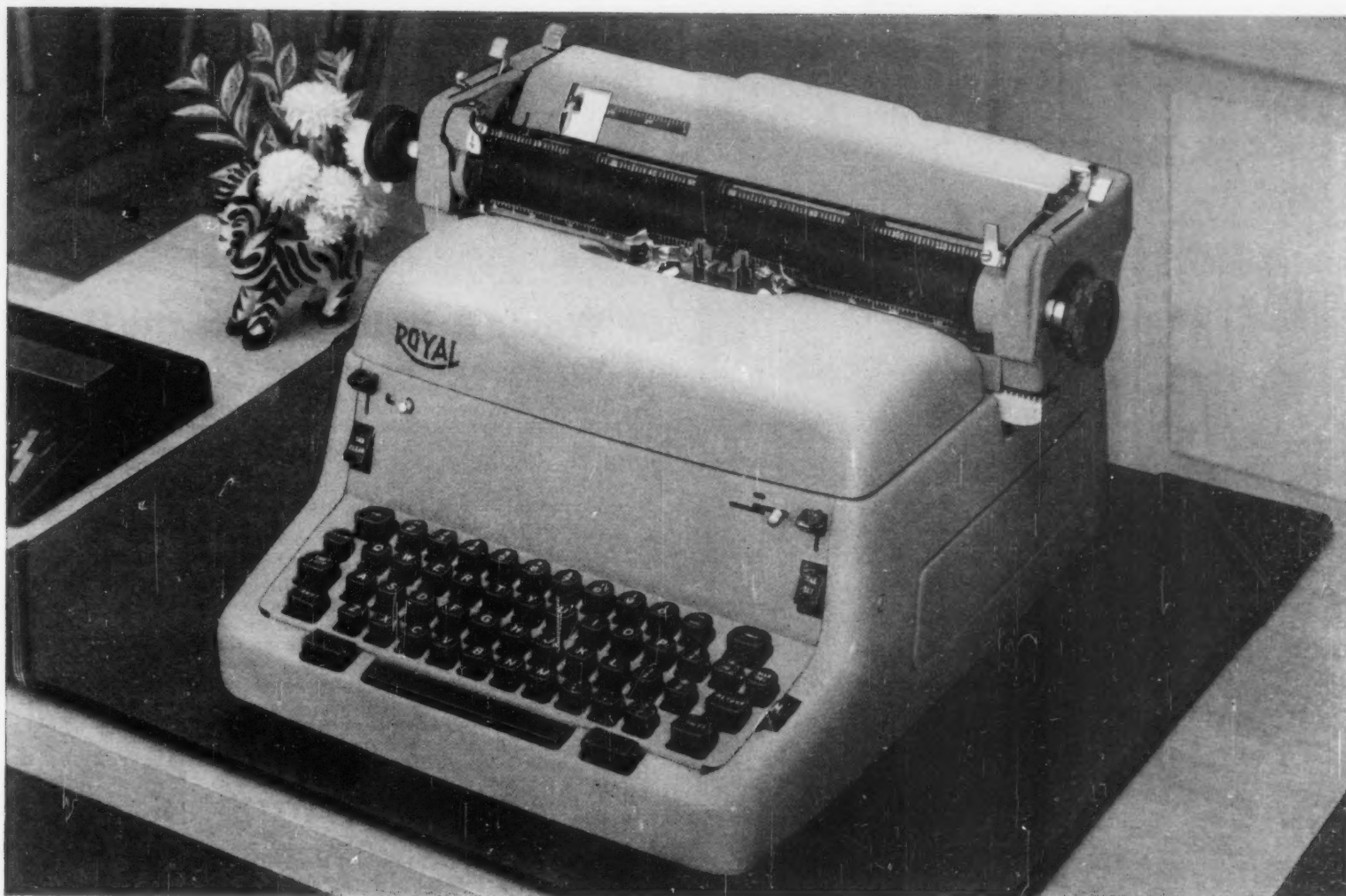
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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Would Britain Forsake the U. S.?

WHEN you read these words the fateful year 1954 will be moving toward its last stage. It might have been of the Canadian autumn that the poet wrote: "Oh be less beautiful or be less brief." I remember so well the dying beauty of the countryside when winter plunges its knife into the earth and the leaves turn blood red.

This fateful, puzzling year! In November Churchill will celebrate his 80th birthday and there will be great scenes. In November parliament will be opened by Her Majesty and we shall conduct the long debate on the royal speech which, in effect, is a debate on the state of the nation.

By that time the Labour and the Conservative parties will have held their annual conferences. Greatly daring, the Conservatives in conference are going to submit themselves to television. Labour is more coy, or perhaps more wise. Mr. Attlee may feel that he would be outshone by the colorful Mr. Bevan, and that his doodling might not appear to advantage before the merciless candor of the camera.

Not until parliament assembles shall we be able to assess the reaction to Attlee's goodwill mission to the Communist world. It is said in the Good Book that we should love our enemies and those who act spitefully towards us, but it is a big price to pay if in the process we lose our friends.

I have mentioned before in Maclean's my friend Roy Howard who is head of the powerful Scripps-Howard syndicate of newspapers in the U. S. Actually he has handed over the reins to his son Jack, a fine young fellow with a splendid war record, but I am never deeply impressed when dictators abdicate. Lord Beaverbrook, for example, no longer controls his newspapers. He announced it loud and clear in print. Yet I have not heard of any of his editors telling him to go to blazes.

Roy Howard has lost faith in Great Britain. He was a good friend to us in the Hitler war but now he sees in us a nation that has lost its moral fibre, its pride, its valor and its judgment. It may have been nothing more than coincidence that William Philip Simms, foreign editor of the Scripps-Howard group, came to Europe in August and sent home a long dispatch that was published in their New York World-Telegram and Sun under the banner heading: "If Reds Bombed New York Allies Wouldn't Budge."

I do not suggest that Simms was influenced directly or indirectly by Roy Howard. It is surprising how often editors agree with the opinions their proprietors express in public or in private.

It was only a month before that Roy Howard wrote me a friendly note from somewhere in Europe regretting that he would not be visiting London this time. He gave as his reason that he could not bring himself to gaze upon a once-great country that had sunk so low in character and purpose. However, he added that he hoped to see me in New York in January (which he probably will) and thus indicated that our friendship would not be affected by the spiritual collapse of the British people.

Foreign editor Simms wrote in his celebrated dispatch these words:

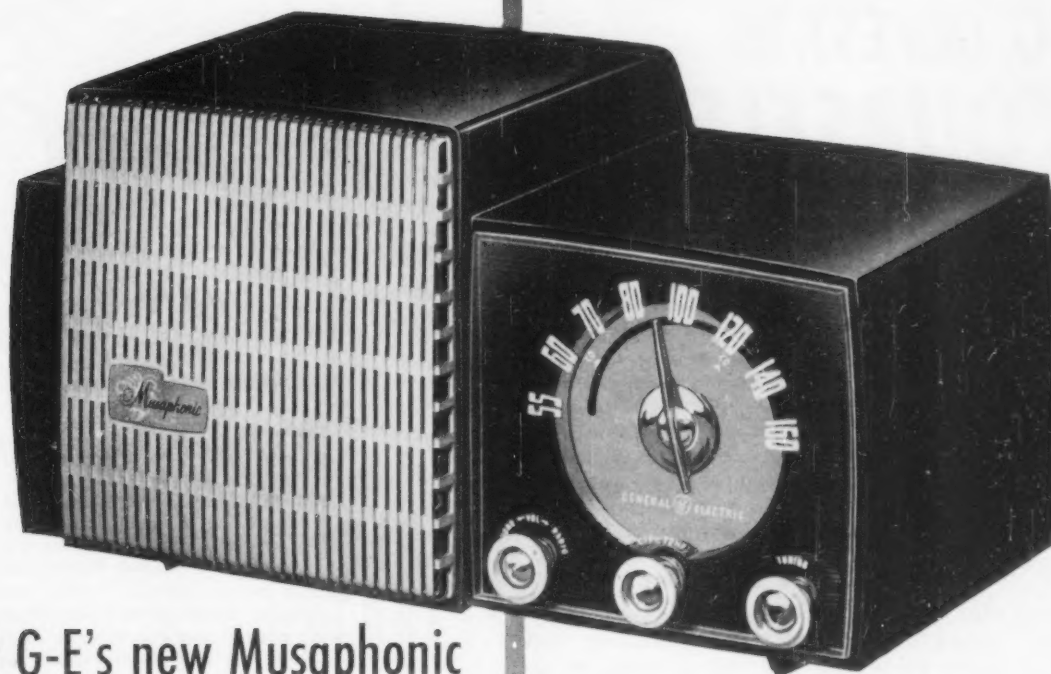
I doubt if we have a single ally we really could depend on if the Reds let fly with an atomic bomb on New York, coupled with a warning to London, Paris and others to "stay neutral"—or else. Europe is sick and tired. She

Continued on page 44



In New York pupils practice bombing alerts. If the real thing came would Britain help?

Hi-Fi in a table radio?



Not quite...but G-E's new Musaphonic sounds like a magnificent console—
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GE Musaphonic

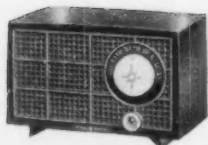
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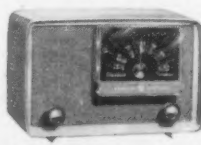
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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

at Ottawa



Will new rules hog-tie the Opposition?

THIS TIME last year Parliament Hill hummed with preparations for the first session of the Twenty - Second Parliament. Many people thought a new parliamentary schedule was being set up, with normal sessions running from late fall one year to late spring the next, to the added comfort and convenience of all parties.

This dreary November, the Commons and Senate Chambers will echo only to the tramp of tourist footsteps, and the lights in the Centre Block will go out almost as soon as it's dark. Parliament won't meet until after Christmas as usual, and as usual will be lucky if it adjourns by July.

Nevertheless, the optimists of 1953 were not so far wrong as they seem to be. The reason Parliament is not meeting this month is that last year's long session was a disappointment. It used its extra time in idle rhetoric, accomplished no more than usual and adjourned no earlier. The Government is determined this shall not happen again. It will take a parliamentary battle of the first magnitude, but the Government now intends to push through a new set of House rules which will limit debates to fixed periods.

Opposition MPs claim the new rules as now drafted are an "outrage." "The Opposition might as well fold up and go home," said one CCF member of the rules committee. Details of the draft rules have not been made public, but they're said to lay down rigid limits for all regular debates—so many days for the Address in Reply to the Speech from the Throne, so many days for the Budget, so many days for the Estimates, which must be completed by a specified date or they go through without further discussion.

Liberals, of course, say the Opposition's fears are exaggerated. They say nothing is planned for Ottawa that hasn't been commonplace at Westminster for years. And they point out that the Opposition in Britain is considerably more effective, as a political force, than it is in Canada. But they do admit, in fact they are proud to boast, that the new rules will reduce parliamentary palaver, and make it possible to form some idea at the outset how long any given session of parliament will last.

Once that is assured, they say, parliament may well go back to the time scheme of last year and stick to it.

SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS NOTE: At the Commons end of the Parliament Buildings, washrooms are labeled in plain cardboard "Men" and "Women." At the Senate end they have brass plates, engraved "Ladies" and "Gentlemen."

NO MATTER WHICH PARTY wins control of the U. S. Congress in the off-year elections on the first Tuesday of November, Ottawa observers are reasonably cheerful about U. S. policy on international trade.

President Eisenhower's own program called for a liberal trade policy, including re-enactment of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act which gave the President power to cut tariffs to half in return for similar concessions by other countries. To avoid splitting his own party wide open, he didn't insist on this feature of his program in 1954, but it will come up again next spring when the one-year extension of the old act expires.

As Ottawa sees it, President Eisenhower would need the help of Democrats as well. *Continued on page 66*

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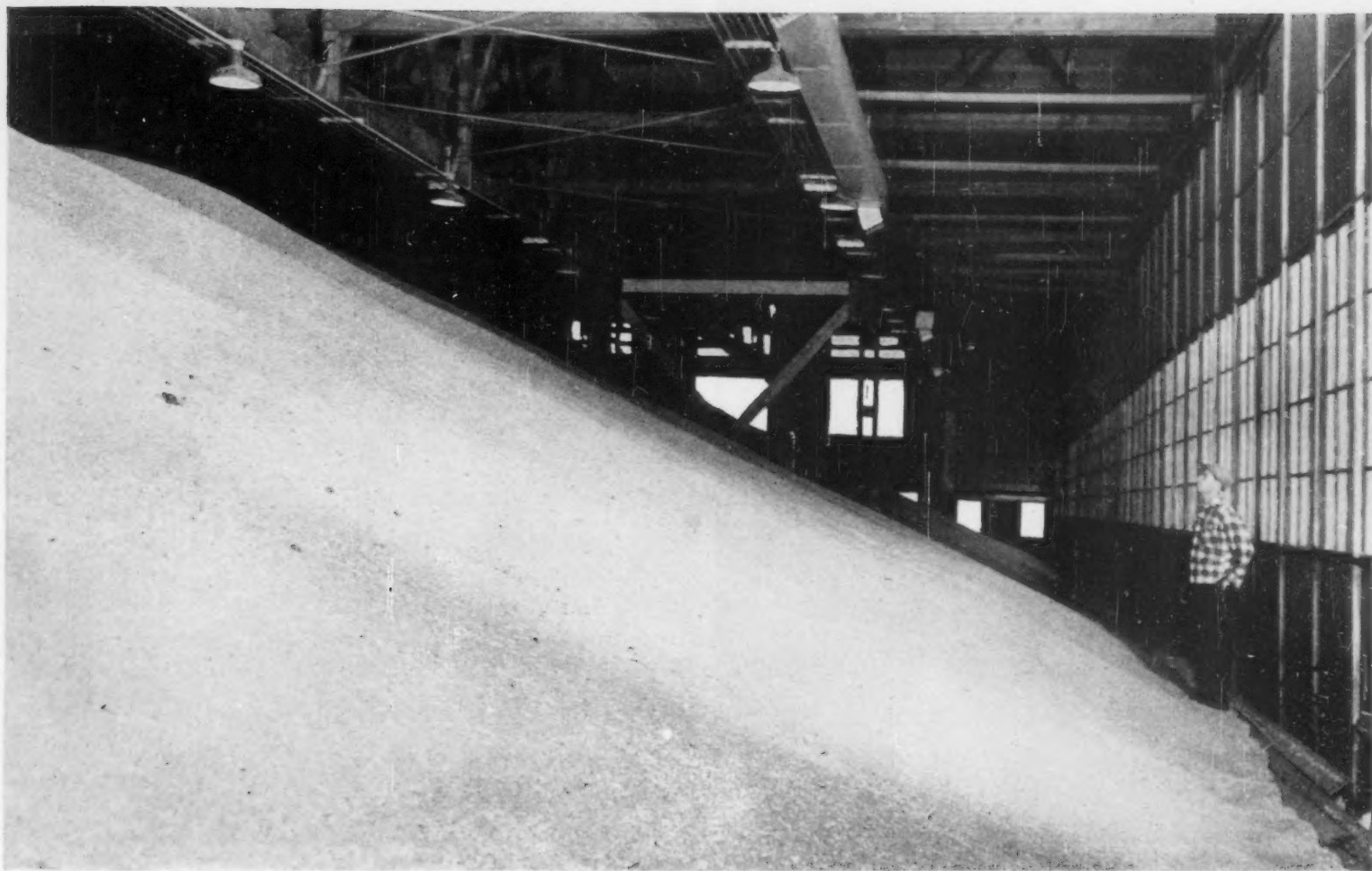
HOW THAILAND RICE MAKES DOLLARS FOR CANADIANS

Those big red Canadian-made Self-Propelled Combines that bring in the rice harvests of Thailand, Burma, India, Brazil and other far-off places not only help carry the name of Canada and Massey-Harris to over one hundred countries of the world—but bring back dollars to help keep Canadians prosperous. Because of the additional production in its Canadian factories, resulting from sales in these remote lands,

Massey-Harris-Ferguson in 1953 spent in Canada for wages, goods and services \$42,000,000 more than it received for its total sales in Canada of Canadian-made goods.

Thus has Massey-Harris-Ferguson created a greater market for the products of Canadian mines, forests and factories. This means more Canadian payroll dollars—to enable all Canadians to enjoy a high standard of living.

MASSEY·HARRIS·FERGUSON LIMITED



Although 1954 was a bad year the carry-over from three previous crops leaves a mountainous surplus. This hangar at Mossbank, Sask., holds \$500,000 worth.

TOO MUCH WHEAT

Mike Stanko has \$100,000 worth of wheat on his farm but can sell only \$350 worth. Other western farmers still have last year's grain stored in rinks, houses and old schools. The cause is a three-year backlog of big crops and tightening markets; the cure is under fierce, uneasy debate

AS THE combines roared back and forth across the vast yellowing wheat fields of the Canadian prairies this fall, western wheat growers were again in the middle of an increasingly familiar paradox:

Too much wheat means too little money.

The nation's wheat farmers have faced misfortune before. But the cause has always been obvious—drought or depression or rust or a lack of ocean ships. But now, in a period of world prosperity, abundant yields and normal shipping, they have mountains of wheat they cannot sell. Commercial and pool elevators across the prairies are jammed almost to bursting; to store the overflow harassed farmers are using the naked earth, hockey arenas, vacant schools—anything up to and in some cases including the kitchen sink.

By FRED BODSWORTH

PHOTOS BY MIKE KESTERTON

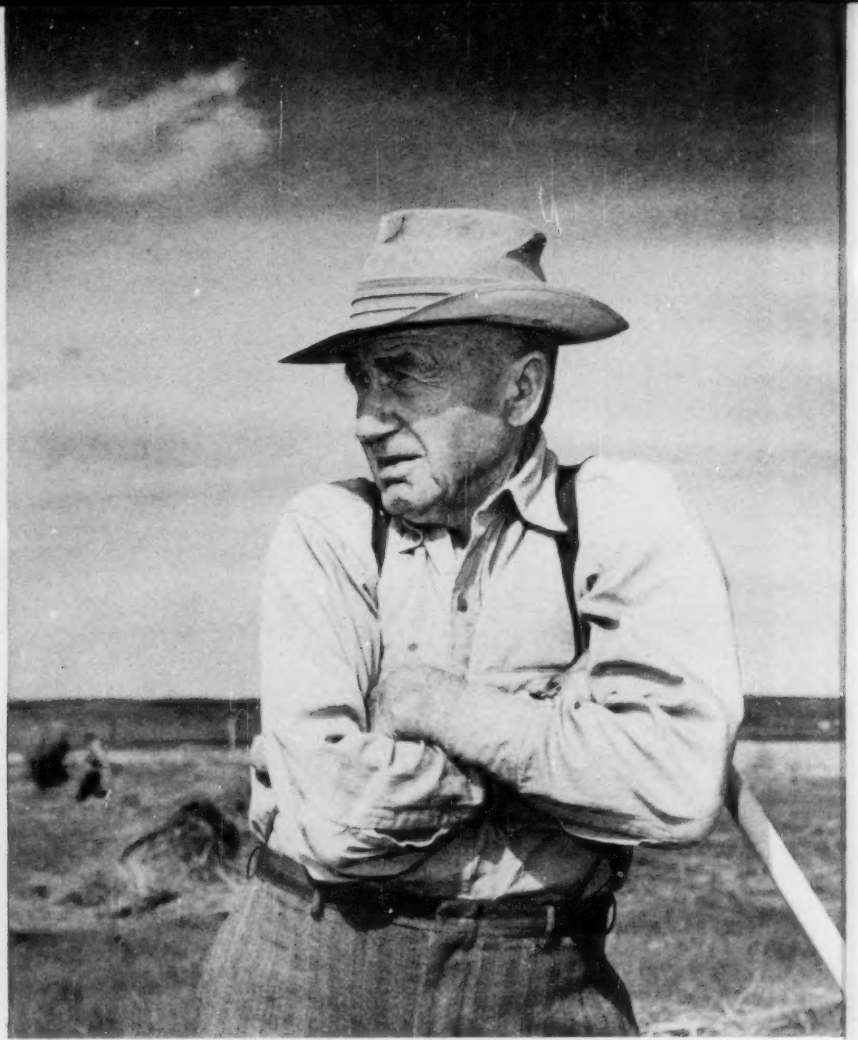
Under delivery quotas set up by the Canadian Wheat Board, the government agency which has full control over the marketing of all prairie wheat, farmers have delivered and been paid for only about half of their 1953 crop. Under a much more restricted 1954 delivery quota, they face the prospect of selling a trickle of about \$350 worth per farm this winter, unless the Wheat Board's export business rapidly improves. On big farms that \$350 will cover no more than half a day's expenses for harvesting operations.

While farmers combed the prairies for any roofed structure that was empty to store their growing surplus of unsold grain, the Wheat Board for reasons it believes to be sound has refused to cut prices, a step which would move wheat more rapidly into export channels. Britain, our main customer, and a number of lesser customers are tightening their belts and buying as little as possible, hoping that before long the world-wide wheat surplus will force Canada and other exporting countries to lower prices.

The winner in this gigantic game of showdown will be the country that can sit tight and wait longest. The Canadian Wheat Board is confident importing nations must soon step up their purchases, whatever the price, and it believes that Canadian farmers, most of whom had a number



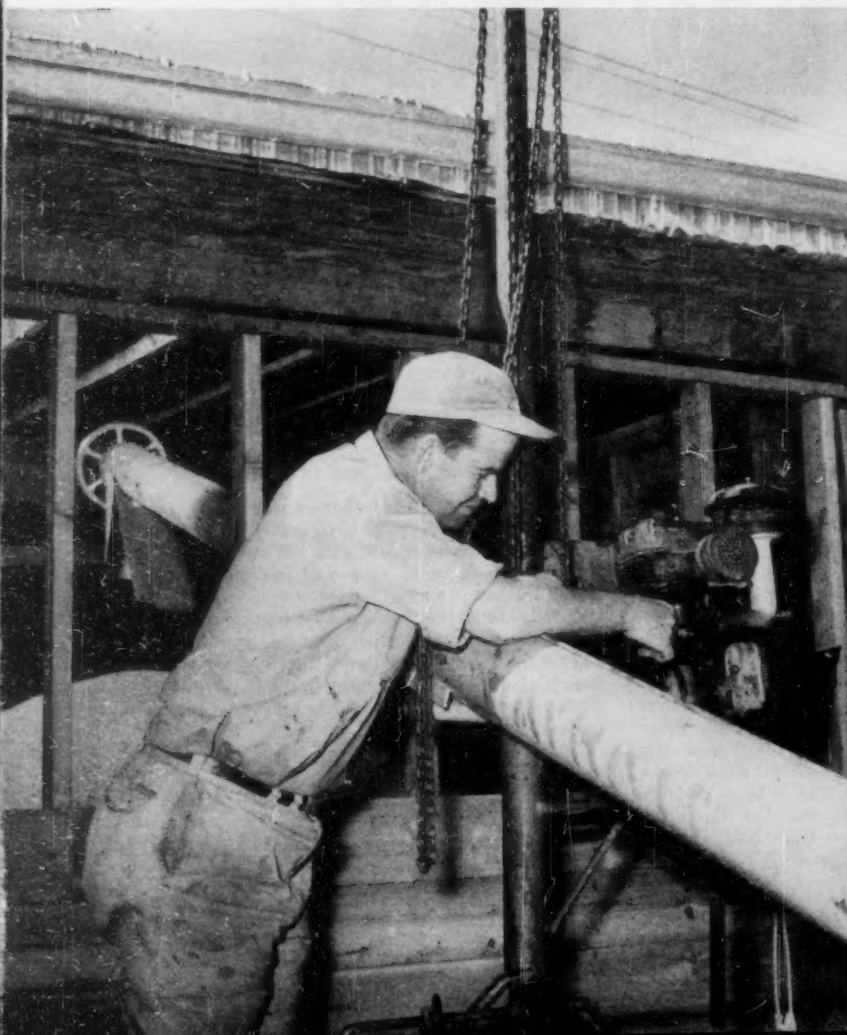
Tom Thomson checks sample of 31,000 bushels in Swift Current bins.



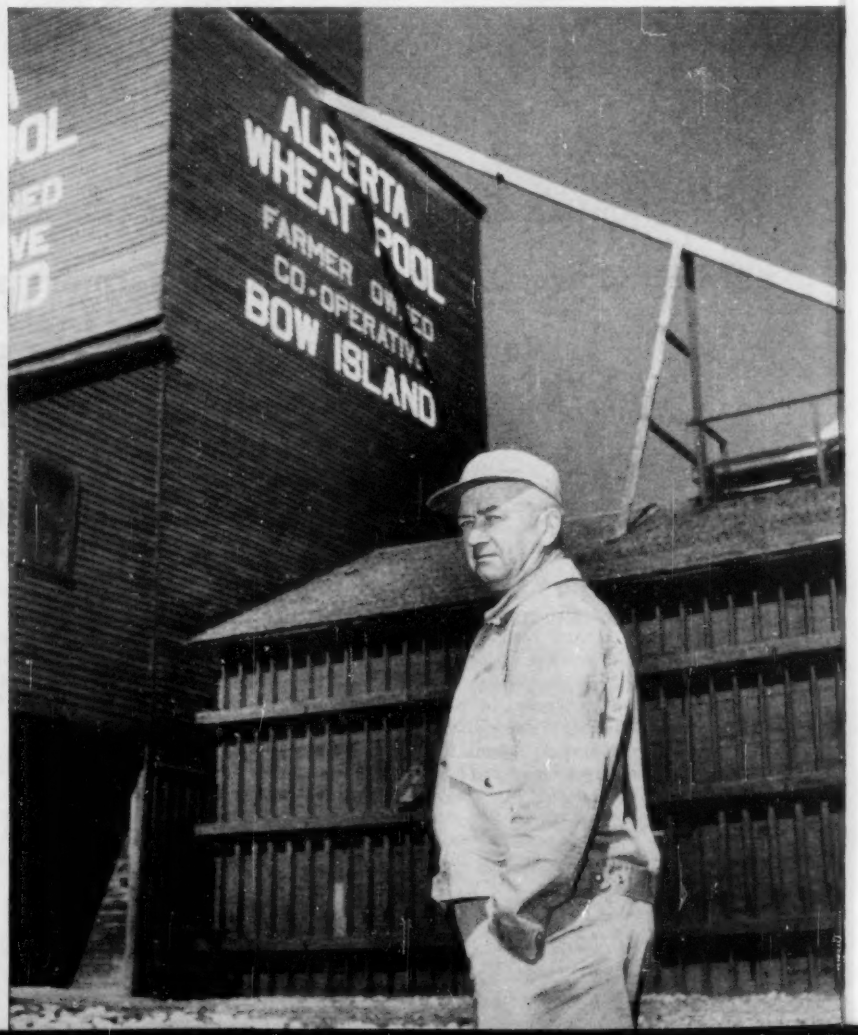
Bill Fisher has 5,000 bushels left from 1953 on his farm near Swift Current.

As wheat piles up some farmers say "Give it away . . . Cut the price . . . Abolish Ottawa control."

Bill Perry of Chin, Alta., stores crop in shed he built for his tractor.



Cece McNeely shipped the last 1951 grain from this elevator only last summer.



TOO MUCH WHEAT (continued)

of prosperous years until a year ago, can afford to wait.

Many farmers aren't so sure.

Bill Perry, a husky 32-year-old with a small farm near the hamlet of Chin in southern Alberta, told me recently he had grossed only \$1,500 during the last year and a half, since selling his 1952 crop, and has only \$1,000 in sight for this year. At that, he considers himself lucky because he has and will be permitted to sell about \$700 worth of barley in addition to his \$300-plus wheat quota.

Early in 1953 when the demand for wheat was still good, Perry built himself a new stucco bungalow that ate up all his savings. Now his wife, a former schoolteacher who gave up her school seven years ago, has returned to teaching. "If it wasn't for her teaching salary we'd be eating wheat to live," Perry said. He had to leave unfinished a machine shed he started to erect for his tractor—"I ran out of dough"—and now he is parking his tractor outdoors and using the uncompleted shed for storing five hundred bushels of 1954 wheat, because he can't afford to build proper granaries.

When a series of bumper crops and a slowdown in exports plugged the grain elevators in 1953, the Wheat Board cut the wheat delivery quota back to seven bushels per cultivated acre. This means about fourteen bushels per acre of crop because most farmers keep about half their land lying idle in summer fallow. Big farmers were better off than small ones under this system, for their expenses per acre are lower and the bigger deliveries they were permitted made selling easier, since a single big farm's quota was enough to attract a buyer and close a deal.

With the wheat movement even slower this fall, the Wheat Board decided that elevator space would be so limited that it might as well put every farmer

was also talk of hard times. I found "No Credit" signs popping up in village store windows.

R. E. Walker, manager of the Saskatchewan Retail Merchants' Association, said more than four thousand retail stores in Saskatchewan were operating on a strictly cash basis. Roy C. Marler, president of the Alberta Federation of Agriculture, said farmers were in a precarious financial position and he doubted if many could continue borrowing enough from banks to tide them over the next few critical months unless some form of government credit assistance was instituted.

In a normal year wheat puts close to half a billion dollars into the pockets of the west's 240,000 grain producers—dollars that play a big role in keeping the nation's industries humming and nourish Canada's second largest export industry, exceeded only by newsprint. When this was written, there were no statistics to show exactly where our wheat stocks stand this year, for the size of this year's crop was still not definitely

known. Heavy September rains and the worst outbreak of rust since 1935 had cut the yield back considerably from the big crop promised early in August. But in spite of the rust and rain loss, the prospects were that Canada would begin the winter with around 900 million bushels of wheat on hand. Whatever the 1954 crop, it could only pile higher on an unsold 1952 and 1953 carryover that already had supply lines plugged right back to the farm granaries. Whatever the final inroads of rust and rain, this year's final inventory will show either the biggest or second-biggest early-winter wheat stock in Canadian history.

With every elevator from Lake of the Woods to the Rockies plugged, farmers can deliver and receive their initial payment from the Wheat Board only when the loading of a railway car at an elevator makes space for new grain. Across the west this fall they are watching the elevator sidings for trains to drop off empty cars as they watched for rain clouds in the

Continued on page 67



Carmangay, Alta., schoolhouse is piled with wheat.



Wheat agent Carlo de Maria inspects classroom.

But most farmers insist the world will keep eating bread and will buy their wheat eventually

on an equal basis, letting everybody realize a bit of cash regardless of farm size. The Board is letting each farmer deliver a thousand bushels of oats or barley (because these are in greater demand as livestock feed) and three hundred bushels of wheat—if he can find the elevator space in his district for it. Most prairie farmers grow only wheat, so for thousands the oats and barley quota might as well be rice or coffee beans.

Under this present quota system the situation of 1953 has been reversed. Now it's the large farmers who are hit hardest.

Mike Stanko of the Readymade district southeast of Lethbridge had 2,200 acres in wheat this year. He also had around \$50,000 worth of unsold 1952 and 1953 wheat still in storage on his farm when he began his harvest. With the 1954 crop in he expects to have close to \$100,000 worth of wheat on hand and he faces a quota that, for the present, will let him get rid of only \$350 worth. "We're in the worst mess ever," he said. "All I can do is keep building more and more granaries and hope something will break soon. That 300-bushel quota is nonsense. It won't pay my harvesting costs for two hours."

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In a 2,500-mile air and motor tour of the west in September I found unsold grain being stored not only in skating rinks, old homes and schoolhouses and on the ground but in chicken coops and woodsheds. In a land where wheat has always meant money, wheat was everywhere, yet there



At Barons, Alta., sportsmen are paying for an ice plant by storing grain in community skating arena.

With cash money tight, storekeepers like G. A. Whittle at Indian Head, Sask., restrict credit.





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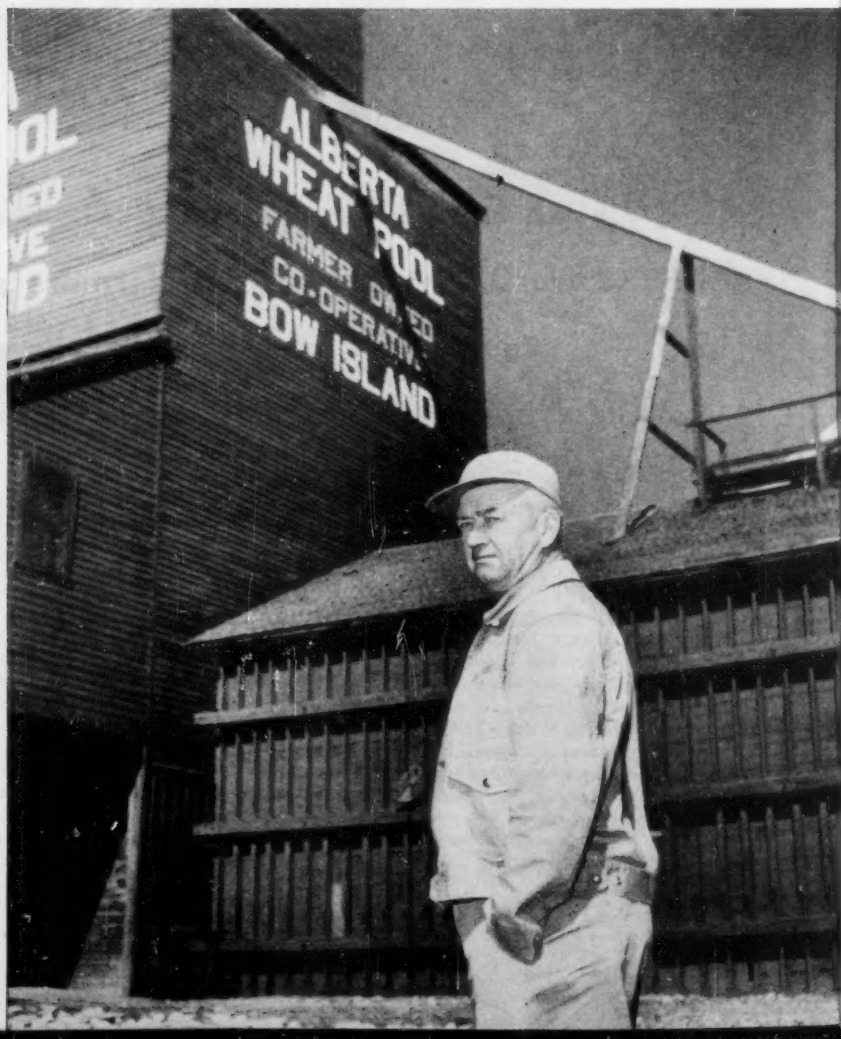
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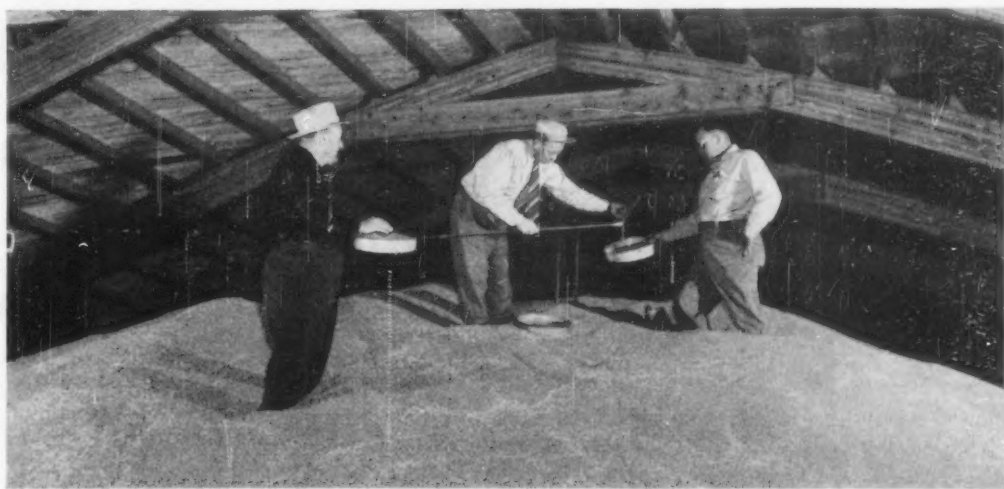
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How Marilyn swam the Lake

"Her stomach was an aching knot . . . She was crying and wanted to quit . . . Her coach saw her legs were moving again and told the boatman, 'Pull away!'" Here's the incredible ordeal of Marilyn Bell in Lake Ontario and the bizarre and hectic events surrounding it

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

THE DAY that sixteen-year-old Marilyn Bell swam across Lake Ontario was a cold, sunny ninth of September. The small, tousle-haired Toronto schoolgirl swam forty miles from a log retaining wall in Youngstown, New York, to a slimy concrete breakwater off Sunnyside, Toronto's merry-go-round area, and thereby collected for herself whatever immortality awaits pioneer marathon swimmers, plus approximately \$50,000 in contracts, prizes and gifts from Canadians who were moved by her courage.

While the lustre of her achievement cannot suffer, the swim will be best remembered by those who watched it firsthand for the petulance and undignified bickering of the officials around it and for the weird newspaper war it provoked between the Toronto Star and the Toronto Telegram. No other human interest event in Canada since the Moose River mine disaster has stirred a reading and listening public so deeply and no other event has

had such a bizarre and hectic setting for its drama.

At one point, with the girl's heavy, aching arms flogging the water between them, and her brain almost unconscious with exhaustion, a Canadian National Exhibition official and Marilyn's trainer engaged in a sharp, shouted debate over the most advantageous spot for her to land; at another point, Star and Telegram reporters pushed and connived for possession of the stretcher and ambulance that would carry the pale, shaking swimmer from the dock. Every now and then, rarely and wonderfully, someone showed real concern for Marilyn Bell.

Marilyn's swim had been planned by the Canadian National Exhibition sports committee as a crowd-drawing spectacle to demonstrate the prowess of Florence Chadwick, a 34-year-old American considered by many to be the world's greatest woman swimmer. The CNE paid Miss Chadwick a \$2,500 advance of the \$10,000 she was to collect if she succeeded in swimming the lake.

Two Canadian swimmers, Winnie Roach Leuszler, 28, who had swum the English Channel three years before, and Marilyn Bell, 16, dove into the lake behind Miss Chadwick to demonstrate something or other to themselves and their friends. Neither expected any reward if she failed but Mrs. Leuszler had hopes that a large hat would be passed among CNE spectators if she succeeded. Marilyn Bell, who was the first woman to complete a 25-mile swim eight weeks before off Atlantic City, expected nothing.

The expenses of both Canadian swimmers, including a \$700-a-day rental for the two boats to shepherd them across the lake, were being paid by the Toronto Star, which could not fail to cause havoc on the other two Toronto papers, the arch-rival Telegram and the morning Globe and Mail. Marilyn's coach Gus Ryder had offered the Telegram an opportunity to sponsor his swimmer at the same time as the Star but the paper refused.

None of the imperfections in the drama of the race were evident around four o'clock in the afternoon of the day it happened, when Toronto learned that Marilyn was the only swimmer left in the lake. Half-hour bulletins on two Toronto radio stations, CKEY and CKFH, relaying broadcasts from boats beside the swimmer, suddenly whipped the city into a frenzy of excitement. The highly vaunted Flo Chadwick had been pulled out of the water, sick and retching, at four-thirty in the morning; strong, heavily built Winnie Leuszler had quit in agony from cramps ten hours after her second start. A five-foot-one, 119-pound child was still swimming seventeen hours after entering the water at Youngstown, New York.

Offices began to empty and a traffic jam formed between downtown Toronto and the grandstand the CNE had built overlooking the lake. Radios everywhere were tuned to those stations which offered live coverage. Toronto's two publicly owned CBC stations, which had remained aloof from the swim, began frantically to pirate news bulletins. Marilyn Bell's Grade XII classmates at Loretto College School, who had been fretting through History, Latin, Geometry and French, had already been dismissed in the middle of Chemistry so they could buy flowers and take them down to the lakefront to meet Marilyn.

In the CNE's press building near the lake phones were jingling. One report, from an air-force navigator, claimed that Marilyn was five miles out; another, from the official press boat Ned Hanlan, claimed two miles. Most people preferred to believe the press boat.

Down at the lakefront several thousand people were gathering on the plank seats of the grandstand. Most were in summer clothes, with their arms crossed over their chests to keep off the cold wind from the lake. A hoarse voice on the public address system was intoning a description of a water skier performing between the breakwater and the shore. "Watch him, watch him, ladies and gentlemen. See how beautiful the boat rides. He's still on a single ski but in a minute you'll see . . ."

"They've got a lot of nerve, putting on skiing now!" said a fat lady in a polka-dot dress indignantly as she pushed her way to the wire fence at the water's edge and squinted at the horizon.

Far out on the grey water was a smudge that some people thought was a group of boats. A newsboy cried: "Read all about it—Marilyn only an hour away!" Pink flares, sent up by the CNE, cracked high in the sky to guide the swimmer in. A pink Telegram fluttered in the stiffening wind. "2 MILES TO GO!" screamed the headline.

Beside one of the grandstands was a floating wooden dock and a small square of lawn fenced off and guarded by policemen. Inside, reporters, cameramen, CNE officials and television crews were milling around in a swelling excited babble of conversation. Fragments of talk spilled over the fence.

"I just talked to a guy who's got a brand-new thousand-dollar bill he's going to give Marilyn," said Dave Price, a radio and television sports commentator. "Everyone wants to give her something."

The donor, a jeweler named Ernest Fine, was showing the bill to some reporters, being careful to hold it firmly. "It's the first one of the new bills," he announced. The reporters admired the bill, cherry pink with a pastoral landscape on the reverse side.

"I hear," said the Telegram's sports editor Bobby Hewitson, "that the Sportsmen's Show is giving her \$500 and somebody else too, I forget who."

"Diamond Taxi is giving her a thousand," Price broke in.

"I'm giving her \$500 myself," a former politician named Fred Hamilton was saying with emotion. "I just thought it was wonderful that she is making this swim for Canada. That little Canadian girl is just showing them that we . . ."

"You wouldn't even give me a quarter to jump into Lake Simcoe," interrupted his wife.

She fought 12-foot waves and numbing cold. "If I feel an eel I'll scream," she said. But she punched them away.



Marilyn rubs aching legs with liniment from a paper cup; 14 miles out she found she couldn't move them.



With a stick her coach Gus Ryder fed her corn syrup and Pabulum; amazingly strong, she gained a pound. Her best friend Joan Cooke jumped in when Marilyn, almost asleep after 18 hours, was ready to quit.



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How Marilyn swam the Lake

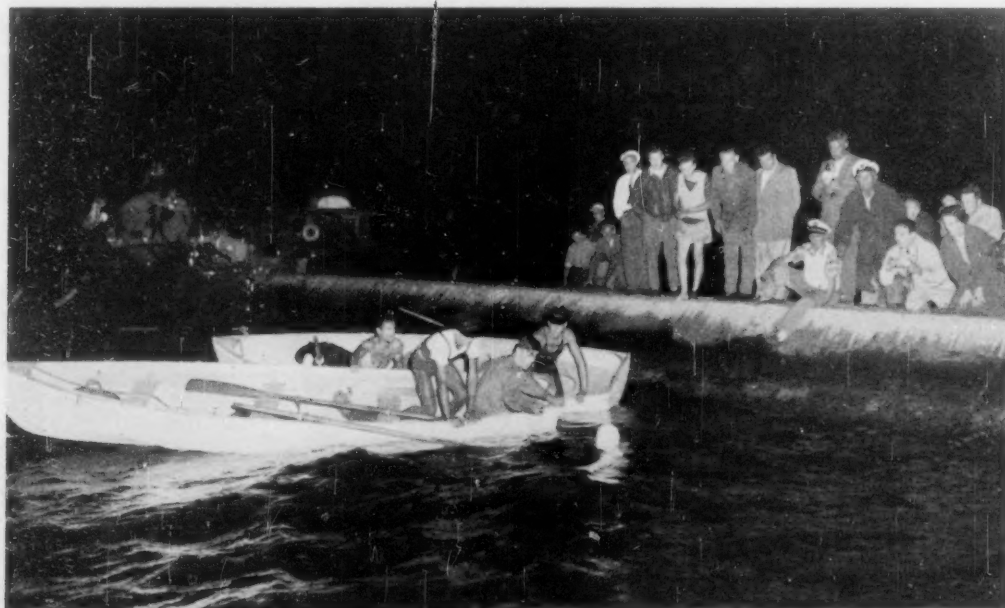
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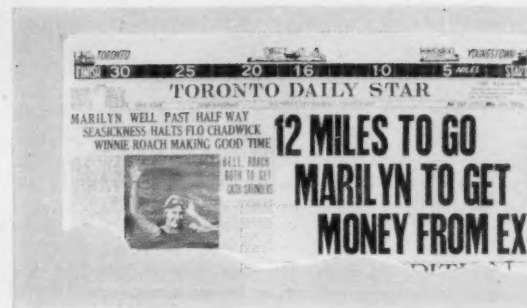
"\$7,500 if you finish," coach Ryder wrote to encourage Marilyn, and later: "If you quit I quit."



In sight of Toronto's sky line the Harbor Commission sent lifeguards in dinghies to keep an eye on her.



Rockets filled the sky, horns blared, thousands cheered and some wept as Marilyn reached the finish.



All Day the Headlines Shouted.

"All marathoners now swim the Australian crawl," former Canadian diving champion Alfie Phillips was explaining to a feverishly scribbling girl reporter. "It's a full overarm combined with the beat of the feet, six or eight beats for every circle of the arms. Flutter kick. Develops muscles in the shoulders and legs."

A small man sat near the fence and listened, a lump working in his cheek from the sandwich he was eating.

"I wanted to get Marilyn for my swim show here at the Ex, but she was busy training," continued Phillips, examining the smudge on the horizon through binoculars. "When those boats get a little closer I'm gonna go out there and see if I can make a deal to have her appear tomorrow night. Give her a good fee and maybe a percentage of the gross, if I have to."

The little man got up when Phillips moved away. "That's the way it goes," he said softly. "I've got a dog act and everywhere I go the SPCA is on my neck: 'Don't work the dogs too hard . . . Feed them properly . . . Where are they sleeping?' Big deal to take good care of dogs! But they put a sixteen-year-old kid in the water and tell her to swim forty miles and everyone cheers. Do you get my point?"

Rumors of the brewing newspaper battle kept Telegram reporters at the lakefront anxious. Marilyn was known to be accompanied by Star boats and it seemed likely that an attempt would be made when she landed to keep her away from the Telegram. One story had it that a Star launch would pick her out of the water as soon as she touched shore and take her to a hiding place. The Telegram hired an ambulance to stand by and planned to have stretcher-bearers hustle her from the water when she touched the CNE jetty. They would take her to a Telegram hiding place. In the



The end: after 21 hours she touches breakwater.



Everyone Waited for News About Marilyn and Papers Fought a Weird War for her Story

meantime the Telegram printed 3,000 extras with the headline MARILYN DOES IT! and hid them near the grandstand, to be sold as soon as Marilyn arrived. The Star had 10,000 extras, with the headline MARILYN MAKES IT!, hidden in Star trucks around the CNE grounds.

A loudspeaker blared "Marilyn Bell has been pushed west by the strong wind . . . for every hundred yards north she swims, the waves push her two hundred west but she's still in the water!"

George Duthie, CNE sports director, pushed through reporters as he climbed out of a motorboat. "I've just seen her," he said gloomily. "She's in bad shape. She'll never make it."

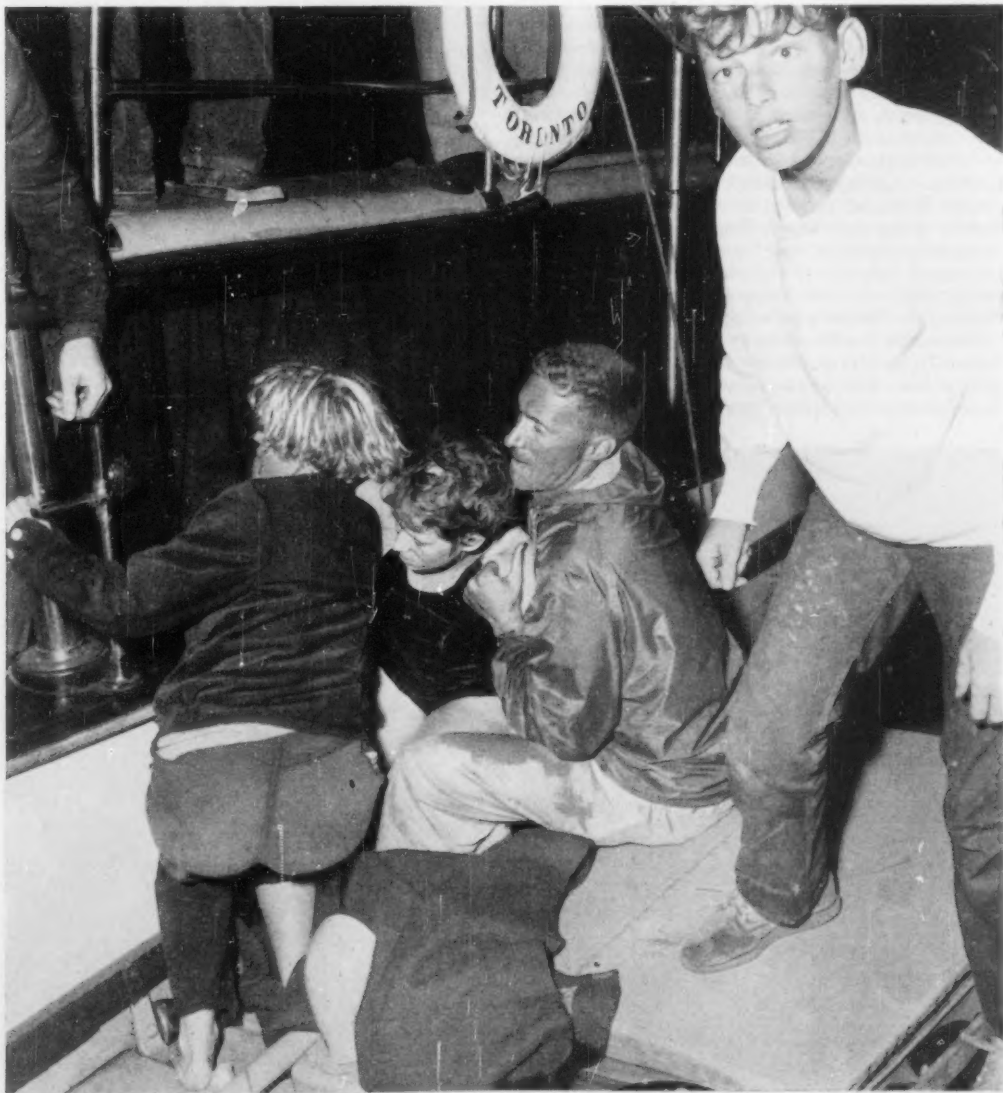
Seven miles out in the lake, across choppy water being blown almost parallel to the shore, Marilyn Bell was ready to quit for the fourth time. She

was treading water, swimming two strokes and stopping to tread water again. She could sometimes see the grey shoreline past the heaving waves and for hours it hadn't been getting any closer.

By now she had been in the water eighteen hours. Florence Chadwick's contract with the CNE had permitted her to pick her own time to make the swim. This meant that she also picked Marilyn's starting time and Winnie Leuszler's. Both Canadians had envisioned the swim as a race and they wanted to start at the same time as Florence Chadwick and touch Canada ahead of her. Miss Chadwick announced at nine o'clock Wednesday night that she would start at 10.30. Marilyn Bell, who hadn't slept all day, promptly climbed into the loose black silk-and-nylon suit distance swimmers always wear; it's low under the arms and high over

the legs to reduce friction. The suit bore the crest of the Toronto Lakeshore Swimming Club and had two-inch-wide elastic straps over the shoulders. Jack Russell, a professional boatman who was to operate the outboard motor on the lifeboat that would guide Marilyn, gave her a lucky four-leaf clover and she wrapped it in wax paper, put it on top of her blond, boyishly cut hair and pulled a white-rubber shower cap over it. She was ready.

At eleven o'clock Florence Chadwick, escorted by a detachment of U. S. soldiers, had emerged from a U. S. Coast Guard building, walked sternly through reporters and Youngstown citizens who had collected in a drenching rain and slipped feet first into the water. She began swimming immediately, a strong, beautiful stroke *Continued on page 72*



Joan Cooke and reporter George Bryant help Marilyn from lifeboat. She didn't know she had finished.



Happy fans sent hundreds of gifts. Photographers packed them into this big room and took pictures.



But all Marilyn wanted was to go back to school.



The two lives of J

Some months he's a Hollywood

actor earning \$350 a week and hobnobbing with the

idols of the bobbysox brigade

BY ROBERT COLLINS

ON THE morning of last February 5 a deadpan Cree Indian named Jonas Applegarth arrived at Calgary airport in rumpled brown slacks, a zippered windbreaker, a green cowboy shirt, a battered felt hat and worn shoes. He checked a small dilapidated suitcase and a bedroll at the baggage scales, answered a newspaper reporter's questions in toneless monosyllables and eyed his Los Angeles-bound plane with the suspicious air of a man who had never been near an aircraft before—which, indeed, he hadn't.

On the night of May 7 a debonair Cree named Jonas Wildhorse alighted from a Los Angeles flight into Calgary, resplendent in double-breasted grey gabardine suit with a razor-sharp crease, black silk shirt, hand-woven tie, jaunty tropical hat and thick-soled brogues. He waved airily from the gangway, claimed a natty traveling bag, kissed his astonished wife in front of the other passengers and when a photographer called "How about a picture, Jonas?" he graciously tilted his right profile and flashed a toothpaste-ad smile.

He looked and acted like a Hollywood actor—which, indeed, he was. It was the same Jonas of thirteen weeks before but now Jonas was in the movies.

The transformation of Jonas Applegarth, of Hobbema, Alta., was a remarkable feat even for Hollywood. In thirteen weeks movieland remodeled him from a farmer with no money, no education and no future into a Sunset Boulevard habitué with a stage name, an agent and a salary of \$350 a week. Most Hollywood hopefuls struggle years for what Applegarth attained in three months.

Until last February he had never ventured outside Alberta, he lived in a farmhouse or tent, generally traveled by horse and buggy and attended an average of two movies a year.

Since then he has traveled ten thousand miles by plane and by Warner Brothers Cadillac, seen California, Arizona, Mexico, Florida and the West Indies, lived in Hollywood's finest hotels and acted in his third movie. Playing an Indian each time, Applegarth has battled his way through two Alan Ladd movies—Saskatchewan and Drumbeat—and Battle Cry, in which he joined Van Heflin's U. S. Marines in fighting the Japs.

Six studios have interviewed him with future roles in mind. He's a member of the Hollywood Screen Actors' Guild. Bobbysoxers have even asked for his autograph.

In spite of this, Applegarth, a 33-year-old six-footer with strong white teeth, sharp bronzed profile and a 210-pound wedge-shaped frame, is still a

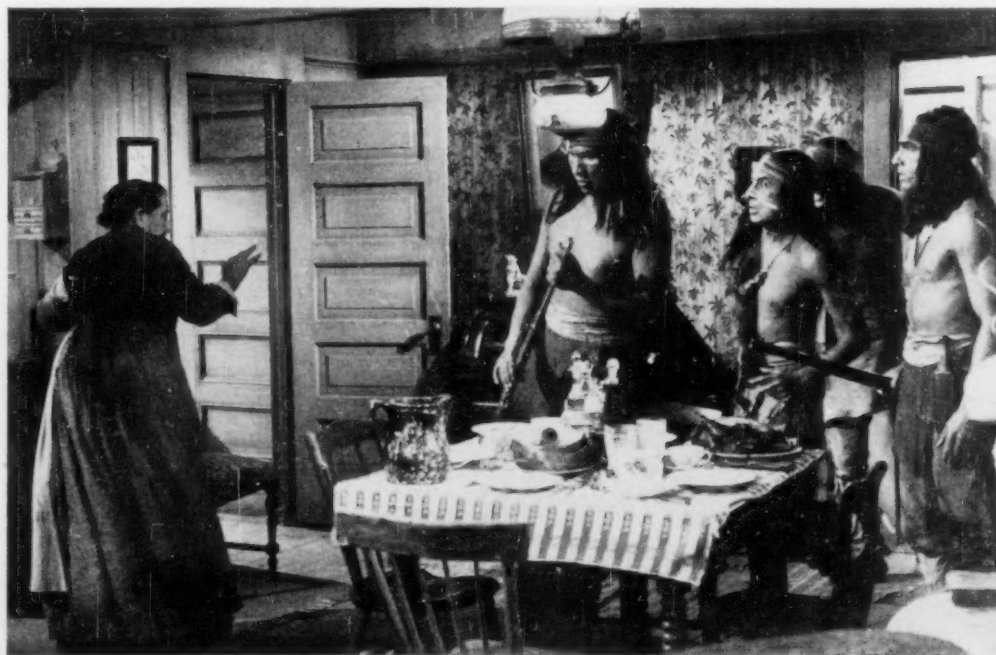
Hobbema Indian and proud of it. Between movies he hurries home to his Cree wife and neighbors. He still uses the name Applegarth off screen and will probably retain it on screen too. When he returned home in May his tribe vetoed the stage name, Wildhorse, bestowed upon him by the Warner Brothers publicity department. The Hobbema Crees feel a man should not change his given name even for Hollywood. But he'll never completely return to the old life, which wasn't very interesting. In fact, the contrast between his past and present career is a more intriguing tale than most of his movie plots so far.

Applegarth was born on the Cree reservation, fifty miles south of Edmonton. He was orphaned at seven and adopted by a farmer neighbor, Sam Buffalo. Applegarth didn't care for school and almost immediately went to work in the fields. He speaks fluent self-taught English, apart from occasional lapses into "dese" and "dose." At sixteen he turned rodeo rider and roamed the Alberta fair circuit each summer for a decade spurring mean broncos and learning to take falls.

He caught the eye of many a girl but plump dark-haired Helen Crane, the Hobbema chief's daughter, caught his. Ten or eleven years ago—Applegarth is not sure which—they were married. Chief Jim



Applegarth (white shirt), an Indian in the Marines, watches Aldo Ray water tent garden in Battle Cry.



In Drumbeat a ferocious Applegarth leads a war party into a pioneer home. Alan Ladd stars in this one.

f Jonas Applegarth

Other months he's a penniless
Cree farmer and part-time rodeo broncbuster on
the Hobbema, Alta., reservation



Applegarth bought this truck with his movie money. Daughter Bernice doesn't seem to like photographers.

Crane helped his son-in-law set up housekeeping on an oats-and-barley farm. Applegarth settled down to raising a family and living the humdrum existence of the other sixteen hundred Indians on the reserve.

Aside from rodeo season he never traveled beyond the bleak little settlement of Hobbema with its four grain elevators, white-painted grocery stores, community hall, coffee shop and billiard hall strung out along the Edmonton-Calgary highway. He cared little for the other towns, where white men glanced disdainfully at him and his people. On rare occasions his wife coaxed him to a movie at nearby Ponoka but Applegarth preferred a good poker game and couldn't tell one movie star from another.

Although as an Indian he could not legally buy a drink, he enjoyed a swig of homemade wine now and then. He kept out of trouble with the RCMP, attended mass on the reserve fairly regularly and was a devoted father to seven-year-old Rachel and two-year-old Bernice.

Applegarth's first experience of movie life came in the summer of 1953 when Warner Brothers filmed Saskatchewan in Banff. The studio sent a man around Alberta to draft Indian extras to ride horseback, shoot Mounties, be shot themselves and mutter fiercely in crowd scenes. It seemed like

pleasant work at \$9.80 a day. Since Applegarth had nothing else to do he hired on with a hundred or so others from Hobbema. For six weeks he obligingly bit the dust or fell in the river as the script prescribed. The work was easy for an ex-rodeo rider and, at ten dollars extra per fall, Applegarth fell with enthusiasm. Director Raoul Walsh was impressed.

"When Mr. Walsh wanted men I always pick Jonas first 'cause I knew he wasn't afraid to take falls," says John Johnson of Hobbema, who, as vice-president of the Alberta Indian Association, took charge of the Banff Indians. "Pretty soon Mr. Walsh always asking me, 'Where's the big fella? Where's Jonas?'"

When Saskatchewan was filmed Applegarth and his friends took a bus home, gloated over their adventure a while, then forgot it. But Hollywood hadn't forgotten Applegarth.

During the winter Walsh began casting for the war movie, *Battle Cry*. Lead roles went to Van Heflin, James Whitmore, Aldo Ray and Nancy Olson. The minor role of Shining Lighttower, a Navajo Indian in the U. S. Marines, called for "a full-blooded young Indian, tall and husky, with a nose like the Indians on the old buffalo nickel." Walsh remembered Applegarth, who fitted the description to a nose.

One stormy day in early February a neighbor delivered a telegram by sleigh to the Applegarth farm. Could Jonas come to Hollywood? Jonas, remembering the \$9.80 a day, thought he could. He took a sleigh to Hobbema, a bus to Calgary and arrived there shortly after 11 p.m. Arthur Hersh, the Calgary Warner Brothers representative, had reserved a room for him in a better-class downtown hotel. But when Applegarth appeared the night clerk said he hadn't been able to hold the reservation. A second hotel also turned them down. Finally Hersh found a tolerant night clerk across the railway tracks.

It was not an auspicious beginning and, by morning, Applegarth was afraid he had made a bad move. At the airport Calgary Herald reporter Myron Laka asked, "You pretty excited about going to Hollywood and acting with all the stars?"

"Don't think I'll like it," said Applegarth.

But that evening as he stepped from his plane at the Los Angeles airport a uniformed chauffeur moved forward and touched his hat.

"Mr. Applegarth?" he said. "I'm from Warner's. Your car is over here."

A company limousine whisked him to the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel and a ten-dollar-a-day room. There was no prejudice there. Applegarth began to cheer up. He dropped his luggage and went out to "look at dat town." He was dazzled by the blaze of neon and the colored searchlights that sweep the Hollywood sky. *Continued on page 54*



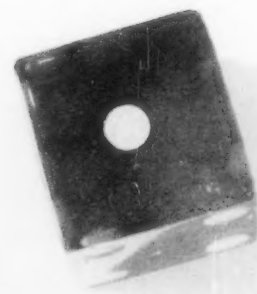
With his pals—the Swampys, the Buffalos and the Soosays—Jonas (at left) whiles away a day at a rodeo.

Dice have no memory.

Cards have no friends or enemies.

**How they turned up last time has nothing
to do with how they'll turn up next time because**

Your Luck always starts from Scratch



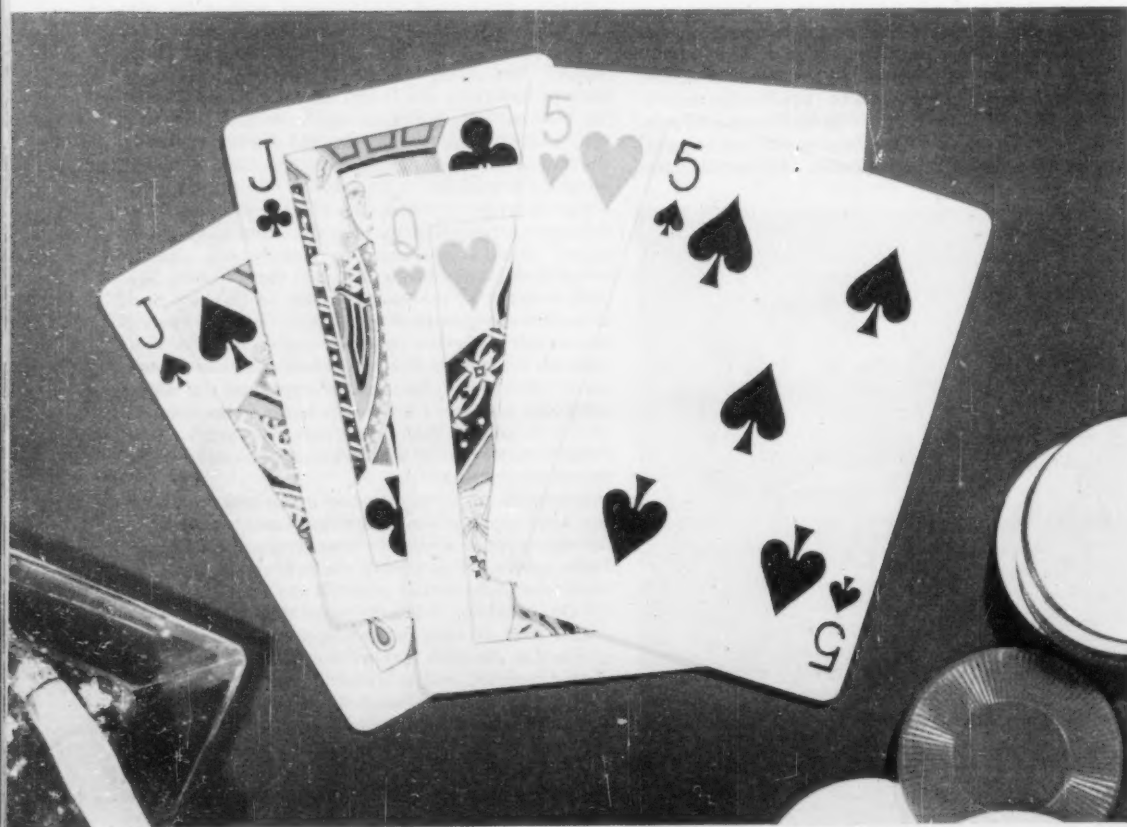
BY DR. LIONEL RUBY

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, on his visit last summer to the U. S., was interviewed by a reporter who asked him, "If you had it all to do over, would you change anything?" . . . "A nostalgic look flitted over the great man's face," the reporter wrote later. " 'Yes,' he said, 'I wish I had played the black instead of the red at Cannes and Monte Carlo.' "

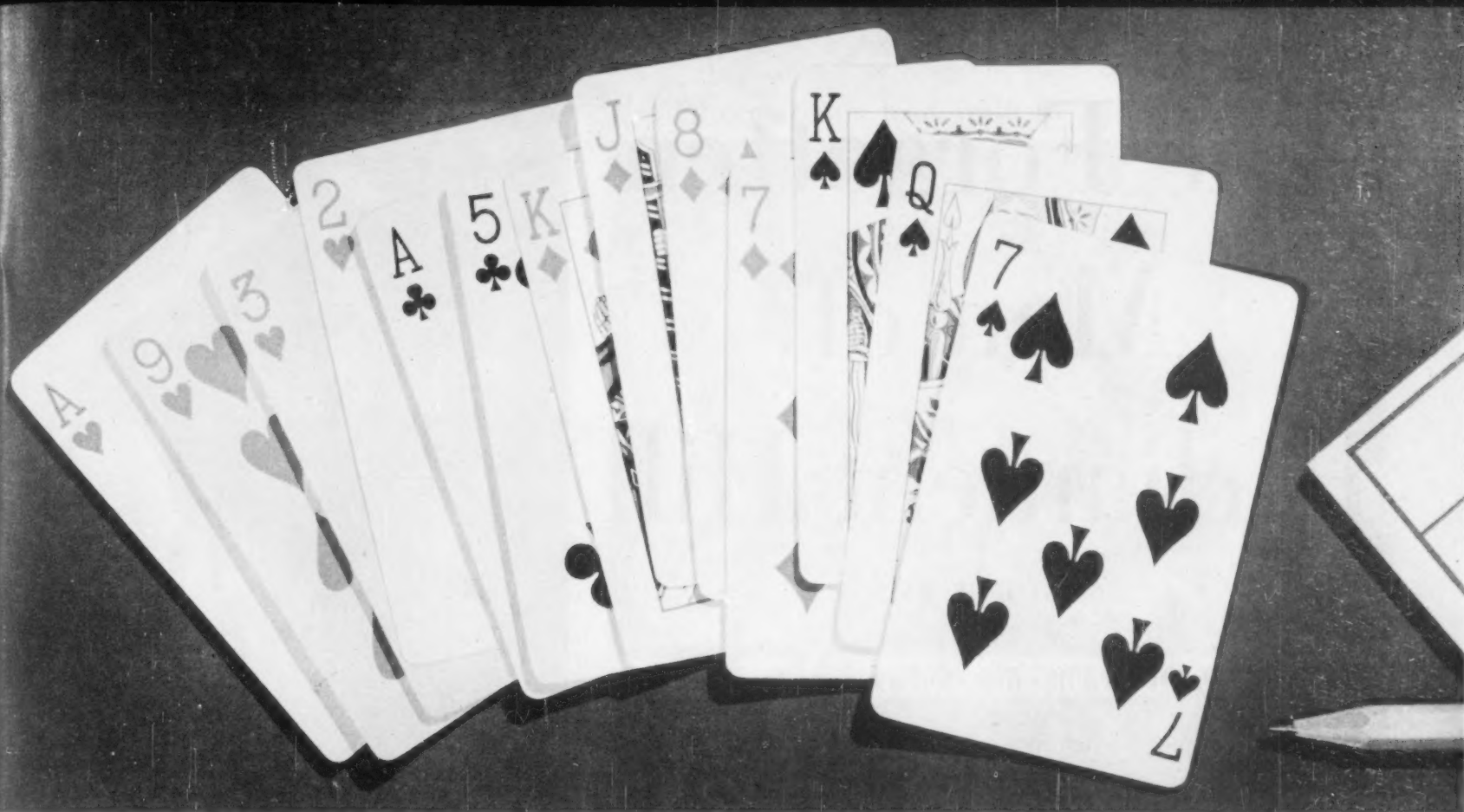
That Churchill should have carried such a vivid memory so far from the tables was not unusual for anyone who gambles—and, in one form or another, almost everyone does. That he should have indulged publicly in hindsight on his play was equally commonplace. Win or lose, the gambler has never lived who was not certain that if Lady Luck had smiled more beneficently he would have come out better. The fact is, however, that even figuratively there can be no such mystical lady as Lady Luck. Gambling is a perfectly cut-and-dried proposition, and your chances of winning and losing can be calculated by a logic of probabilities as cold and immutable as a used statistic.

Let's examine this logic, as well as some of the logical fallacies that afflict the thinking of many gamblers—in particular an error which has been christened "the gambler's fallacy." Our illustrations will be drawn from some popular games of chance: bingo, lotteries, roulette, slot machines, dice, cards, and horse racing. We shall not be concerned with the moral aspects of gambling, nor with the many deplorable consequences that often flow from the human desire to get something for nothing. And we won't say that a person should not gamble, even though, as we shall see, those who engage in public gambling such as horse racing are almost sure to be taken for a ride—and not on one of the horses!

We begin with the logic of probabilities. The modern study of probability theory began about three hundred years ago, during the seventeenth



High-school mathematics can tell the chances of drawing another five or jack on this poker hand. But the deck is never "hot." Unless someone is cheating, the odds on any draw never change.



This hand is somewhat better than the average you'll get in bridge. That doesn't mean the next hand is likely to be somewhat worse than average.

century, when the Chevalier de Méré, a famous gambler, called on his friend Blaise Pascal, a distinguished moral philosopher, and a brilliant mathematician. The Chevalier asked Pascal to work out the probabilities in games of dice for him, so that he would know how to place his bets in the most advantageous manner. Pascal became interested in the problem, and his study of the odds in gambling led to the development of an important branch of logic and mathematics known today as the "theory of permutations and combinations."

We can illustrate the general principle with a penny. I toss it in the air. It may fall heads, or it may fall tails. There are just two possibilities, and if I desire heads then I have one chance in two to win. My chance of getting heads is thus 50-50, or one half. If I cast a die (plural: dice) my chance of getting a given number, say 5, is 1 in 6 ($\frac{1}{6}$), since there are six faces on the die.

The simple principle illustrated in the coin and the die applies in the most complicated computations. But before we go on from here, let us note that when we speak of the probabilities of getting "heads" or a "5" on the coin or die, we make at least four assumptions:

1. We assume, first of all, that the coins or the dice are evenly balanced in weighting, so that they do not tend to fall one way rather than another. This includes the assumption that the dice are not loaded. But crooked gamblers, as we know, use loaded dice. The logic of probabilities assumes that there are no influences of this nature.

2. We assume that the coin and the die are not manipulated or controlled by the thrower. The hand is quicker than the eye in gambling as well as in legerdemain, and we rule out such influences. Where such influences are present, the laws of chance are irrelevant. Slot machines, for example, have three wheels, each with twenty slots. If there are three jackpot symbols on one wheel and one each on the others, then the mathematical chances of hitting the jackpot would be 3 in 8,000 spins—provided that the machine is not fixed. But all slot machines are reputed to be regulated or fixed, and if they are, then the mathematical

probabilities are inapplicable. The fixer, like the fates, controls the destinies of the wheels. Thus, when he was asked, "What would you do if you saw someone cheating at cards?" a British nobleman addicted to gambling once replied: "What would I do? Bet on him, to be sure."

3. We make the assumption that the desires or thoughts of the thrower have no influence on the result. Not matter how hard you may concentrate on winning, no matter how much you may need to win, no matter how many pairs of shoes your baby needs, and no matter how you may importune those familiar characters known as "Little Joe" and "Big Dick," these considerations have no influence whatsoever on the probabilities.

4. And finally, we make one further assumption when we say that the coin will fall heads or tails. This assumption may be illustrated by a story about the man who always found it hard to decide whether to have just one more drink before going home. He would debate the matter with himself, and finally toss a coin to decide. The coin would settle the matter in the following way: If it fell heads, our friend would have another whisky, straight; if it fell tails he would have another whisky with soda; but if the coin landed on its edge, then he would go home. We, too, assume that the coin won't land on its edge.

Why You Don't Win at Dice

Let us now go on to some more complicated examples of mathematical probabilities. Probabilities are stated in arithmetical fractions. Thus, our chance of picking a spade from a deck of 52 cards is 13 in 52, or $\frac{1}{4}$, since there are 13 spades in a deck. The principle is the same as in the cases of the coin and the die, and the same principle applies in the most complex computations. The chance of a coin falling heads twice in a row is $\frac{1}{4}$ ($\frac{1}{2}$ times $\frac{1}{2}$); the chance of getting heads 10 times in a row is 1 in 1,024.

In a crap game it is more likely that the thrower will lose than that he will win. In 495 games the thrower will probably win 244 times and lose

251 times, the fraction 244/495 representing the probability that he will win. A mathematician with some time on his hands once figured out the probability of dealing four perfect hands in a bridge game, that is, each of the four hands having all of the cards in a single suit. The probability against this sort of thing happening is represented by a staggeringly large number, consisting of twenty-eight digits: 2,235,197,406,895,366,368,301,560,000 to 1. This is 2 octillions, 235 septillions, 197 sextillions, 406 quintillions, 895 quadrillions, 366 trillions, 368 billions, 301 millions, 560 thousand to 1! Another way of stating this number is that if a million bridge hands are played every day, this combination will occur once in every 3 quintillions of years, that is, once in every billion-times-three-billion years. It is unlikely that anyone now alive will ever see such a combination of cards, but it is not impossible. It may even occur tonight.

Let us now examine an extension of our basic principle. Suppose that we toss a coin a thousand times. How many heads and tails should we expect after completing our tosses? Obviously, we should expect five hundred heads and five hundred tails, since there is just as much chance to get tails as heads. We usually don't get an exact division even in a much larger series of tosses, but we expect a close approximation to an equal number of each.

Now, keeping in mind this point concerning the evenness of the chances, let us examine a widespread error concerning probabilities, an error to which logicians have given the name: "the gambler's fallacy." Let us assume that we toss a coin twenty times, and that it falls tails each time. There are some people who will say, "There is now more than an even chance that heads will fall on the twenty-first toss. If tails fall twenty times in a row, heads become 'overdue.'" This is the gambler's fallacy. It is sheer superstition to speak of heads being "overdue," if by this we mean that there is more than a 50-50 chance for heads to occur on the next toss.

We noted earlier that the chance that a coin will fall heads on a single toss is 1 chance in 2. It is *always* that. If the coin is properly balanced, and not manipulated, *Continued on page 45*

The Forgotten Man of Parliament Hill

By GEORGE BAIN

For ten years Ottawa has debated a minor mystery: why have both Toronto and its most successful Liberal MP been ignored in all cabinet appointments? Some say it's because Dave Croll is too outspoken or independent; others say it's simply because he's a Jew



When St. Laurent lauded Croll at a 1949 election rally it was interpreted as hinting a cabinet post for the Spadina MP. But the next session found him still a backbencher.

WHEN he overhauled his cabinet on July 1, 1954, to replace Douglas Abbott, Brooke Claxton and Lionel Chevrier, Prime Minister Louis S. St. Laurent left unoccupied the post of Associate Minister of National Defense and left sitting in the back benches a man who even to many non-Liberals looked like a natural for the job, David Arnold Croll, of Toronto Spadina.

To a large section of the electorate, Croll has looked like a natural for *some* cabinet post ever since he arrived in the House of Commons after the general election of 1945. But while the government has given him several important jobs to do, it has stopped short of giving him a promotion.

Only the Prime Minister himself could say why Croll has been passed up. But these are reasons which the record suggests might have figured in his having remained a backbencher: he belongs to the party's left wing, which is currently out of fashion; he is too outspokenly independent for the tastes of strict party men; he is a Jew. No Jew has ever been a member of a Canadian cabinet.

Before July, it seemed that Croll's appointment was certain. He seemed well qualified by military and parliamentary experience for the associate's job that Ralph Campney would be leaving to succeed Brooke Claxton as Defense Minister. Additionally, the thriving, populous Toronto area, in which Croll is the senior Liberal member, was long overdue for cabinet representation—at least according to the normal dictates of good party politics.

Its eighteen constituencies are more than those allotted to seven of the ten provinces. Yet Toronto has had no cabinet minister since the Liberals began their unbroken reign in October 1935. No Toronto Liberal MP has even become a parliamentary assistant in the eleven years since parliamentary assistants came into being. In the circumstances there were many Liberals who privately agreed when the Progressive Conservatives charged that a longstanding slight was being perpetrated against one of Canada's two biggest cities.

The July cabinet changes again ignored Greater Toronto and Dave Croll. At one time the absence of Torontonians from a Liberal cabinet could have been put down to the fact the city was Tory Toronto. It hasn't been since 1949. In the 1953 election, the Liberals took one more seat than the

Conservatives and Croll easily retained his seat in Spadina.

In 1949, at a great Liberal election rally in Maple Leaf Gardens, the Prime Minister so phrased an appeal for more Toronto members that it was interpreted as a hint that if more were forthcoming Toronto would get cabinet representation. At the same time he particularly praised one Toronto member he already had—Croll. "It was a reasonable assumption," The Globe and Mail said editorially four years later, "that Mr. Croll was headed for a post in the government, especially as he is easily the foremost man among Toronto Liberal MPs."

The latest cabinet shuffle gave the Conservatives ready-made material for use in the three fall by-elections in Ontario, two in Greater Toronto. Particular use of it was made by their national president, George Hees, a Toronto man himself. Was it because they were not good enough, Hees asked his audiences, that Toronto Liberal MPs were not chosen for cabinet or even parliamentary assistants' posts? Or was it something else?"

In his own opinion it was something else. "Comparing Dave Croll to the present members of the cabinet," he said recently, off the public platform, "I think that it would be the generally held opinion of all members of the House that he has more ability than two thirds of the ministers. He is infinitely more capable than some . . ."

The possibility that it's crocodile tears his Tory admirers keep shedding over the neglected Liberal, Croll, cannot of course be discounted. But, although they seldom express themselves so outspokenly, many of his Liberal colleagues feel uneasy about him too. They've seen many men go much further on much lesser heads of steam.

Croll was rolling impressively by the time he was out of his twenties. At thirty he was mayor of Windsor. At thirty-four he became a minister in the Ontario government of Mitchell F. Hepburn. At thirty-nine he joined the army as a private, and at forty-five left it a lieutenant-colonel.

By then he was known as a good speaker, sometimes an eloquent one. As he moved into federal politics he proved himself a skilful chairman of committees and a good political organizer. This was recognized by Liberal tacticians when they used him in seventeen ridings outside his own during the 1953 campaign.

Ringmaster and the ravaging lions

At the last parliamentary session he was chairman of the committee with the biggest job and the most danger of becoming embroiled in controversy—the Banking and Commerce Committee. Its primary task was to make the decennial revision of the Bank Act, an exercise in exploratory surgery on the body of Canadian monetary policy and banking practice, public and private. In 1944, when the last previous revision was made, the challenges to financial orthodoxy were many and varied, and occupied the committee through seventy meetings and 1,540 pages of testimony and argument. Under Croll it got through its work efficiently and quietly—so much so, in fact, that its sessions attracted little attention.

Not so his previous committee, an even more challenging assignment. The 1952-53 session was hardly a month old when the report by Accountant George S. Currie on investigations at the army's Petawawa camp burst on Parliament and the country. Currie told of wholesale thefts and a breakdown in accountancy, and, what was worse for the government, he blamed laxity higher up. The Conservatives, bolstered in their conviction that there was waste and inefficiency throughout the Defense Department, cried that the trouble was at the top. The committee's sessions were a continuous struggle between opposition groups seeking evidence of widespread mismanagement, and Liberals trying to make out that the faults were purely local—and not very bad at that.

Croll's position as chairman of the Defense Expenditures Committee was unenviably similar to that of ringmaster to a troop of hungry lions. When he presented his report in the House late in the session, he was able to say (not, of course, with the concurrence of the opposition groups) that, "What they were looking for was not there. It never was. Nobody hid it. Nobody took it away." The voting on August 10 indicated that whether the nation took his finding literally or not, Croll had steered his party through the enquiry virtually without damage.

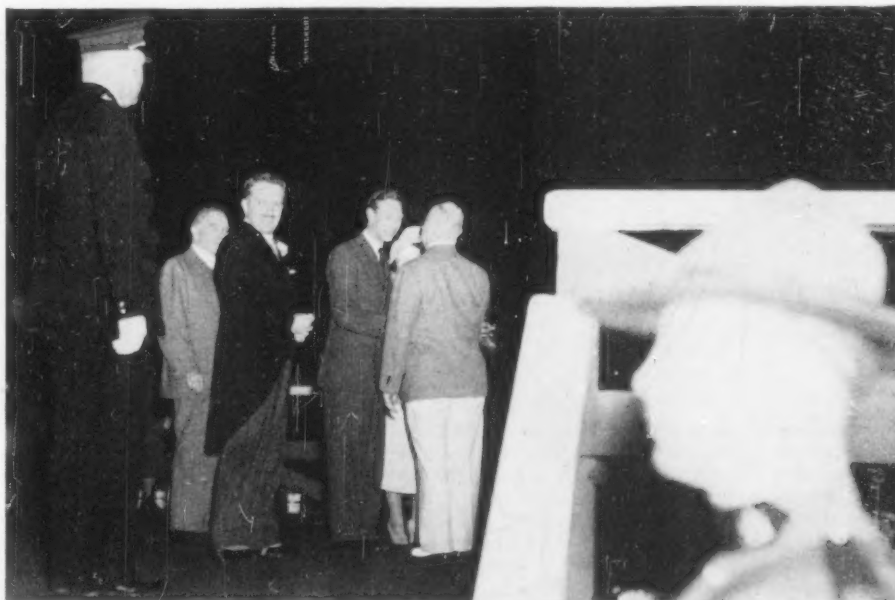
Committee chairmanships frequently are a stepping stone, sometimes the stepping stone, to cabinet appointment. Croll has had several—he was for three years chairman of the Defense Expenditures Committee. Excepting only Agriculture Minister James G. Gardiner and

Continued on page 51

Croll's crossroads lead only to still more crossroads



He was Quints' guardian before his fight with Premier Hepburn (right) over a strike.



When Royalty came, he was mayor of Windsor and on good terms with Mackenzie King (left).



From politics he switched to an infantry ranker.



As Defense Committee chairman in probe of army camp graft shrewd Croll steered Liberal Party through without damage.



IS STEALING A GIRL REALLY STEALING?

By P. B. Hughes

That brief long-ago summer in Newfoundland

Robert wooed Tom's girl with bouquets of white lies. Then he

found there's something stronger than love

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

AT THE END of my freshman year, when the examinations were over, I came home in the train to Oakville, where my father met me in the trap, and as we drove up the Seventh Line I told him about Galbraith, and my father looked thoughtful.

"Do you want to go, Robert?" he said.

I was a while answering. The young summer was bright around us and the fields were pale green with the new oats or shining with wheat, or the soft blue-green of pasture late in May, and I knew there was work to be done, hay for making, fallow to plow and harrow, and harvest to come, and that my place was home at Star-of-the-Sea with my father. But I could not put Galbraith from my mind.

"The work will be on the Newfoundland coast—away north on the east coast. It's lovely there in summer. If you've never seen the sea, you'd better come. All expenses and sixty dollars a month, paid by the foundation. You'll do because you're a farm boy and know about things that grow. We've got scientists by the dozen, but what we need is a man with sharp eyes and a bit of practical knowledge."

At length I turned to my father, "There's too much to be done, home."

"Lots there is to be done," he answered, "and there's a lot of the world to be seen, and not always the chance to see it. I should miss you sorely, Robert, but I've Eric, and we'll do well enough, with the girls to drive the team. Now answer my question."

So I told him I wanted to go. I wanted to lay eyes on the ocean and see strange places, and I went on, trying to explain the urge that rises in a man, and my father listened, his eyes ahead, over the mare's ears, and let me talk, and after we'd crossed Dundas Street and I'd come to an end he smiled, and said, a little wistfully, quoting Swinburne, though I didn't know where it came from, only that it seemed to say all that I'd been struggling with:

"The Thracian ships and the foreign faces, eh, Robert?"

THAT WAS HOW it was that I said good-by to my mother and sisters a few days later and my father drove me to Oakville again for the train, and I was off and it was five years before I came back, but neither I nor my father could foresee the way a job for the summer would stretch into so long an absence. I joined Galbraith and we went to Montreal and then to the Cape Breton Island port of North Sydney in the old Intercolonial Railway, and by steamer north, across the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and through the Strait of Belle Isle, touching the outports, and at last we entered the bay and went ashore at the mining settlement that was to be our home. And this journey was a great adventure, full of wonders, so that Galbraith, who was six years my senior, laughed at my pleasure in it.

"What did I tell you?" he asked, when we stood on the ship's deck and I could not speak for the awe of the sea that bore us.

The night we landed we put up at the staff house, and we sat with Tom Jarrold who was resident engineer and a classmate of Johnnie Galbraith's, and Thetis, Tom's girl, and that night was the beginning of the little comedy of calf love that was played with me as villain, a comedy that ended with the end of the brief Newfoundland summer, a grey wind blowing out of the western ocean with rain in its teeth, and winter lowering, the winter of 1914.

Long ago? Ah, it is, so long that wisdom says it is not she that comes back through time, not Thetis at all, that I cannot really remember her, nor indeed what myself was like, young Robert Laughlin, long since, like Thetis, dust.

Wisdom's the cold tea that's left when the wine cellar's empty.

I was the villain, but not by design, at least in the beginning. Love comes unawares, gently; how should a man know a small ache at the sea's voice, a catch in his throat as he listens to the thunder of the long seas breaking, are forerunners of the stress of love? Yet in those afternoons, while Tom taught me to jig a salmon, or Thetis to sail a boat, while we swam in the dark pool of Cartwright's Brook, or at night sat about our driftwood fire on the spit fathoming the depth of stars, love took me into possession and I became thrall and Thetis became my girl instead of Tom's.

Secret between us was the transfer, effected in solemn words spoken under the bright sky as we floated together in a dory on the bay. Ho! I remember the long

Continued on page 40

We kept clasped in our hands the love that had passed unnoticed from Tom to me.

It's time to bring back Canadian Football

This year television is bringing
a game called Canadian football to millions
of U. S. viewers. One man whose pride
is not stirred is this veteran official who
says American influence on our game
has gone so far that Canadian fans and
Canadian players are both being cheated

By HEC CRIGHTON AS TOLD TO TRENT FRAYNE



For 40 years Hec Crighton has been a football player and official and for half that time he was Canada's No. 1 referee. Two years ago he rewrote the Canadian Rugby Union rule book. Now he's a top CRU advisor on rules.



OLD CANADIAN favorite was this end run by Toronto Argonauts.

NEW AMERICAN way is to fill the air with passes as in the 1953 Grey Cup game (above). But is it football?





Joe Krol (55) helped it work. Author Crichton says U.S.-style coaching has ruined such plays and players.

ANYONE who reads a newspaper, looks at television or listens to his barber knows that Canadian football today is big business. A big part of that business this year was the \$350,000 the eastern Big Four received for television rights to games played by its professional teams in Hamilton, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto. For that money the American NBC and the Canadian CBC got permission to transmit certain games to an estimated 40 million viewers.

Anyway you look at them, these are impressive figures. Most people connected with professional football in Canada would like you to look at them

as a tremendous pat on the back for their game. I've heard that argument but I've also looked at a lot of other evidence. I don't think that what passes for Canadian football today deserves an unqualified pat on the back. If you'll go back with me to this season's opening game at Toronto's Varsity Stadium I'll tell you why.

In this game between Toronto Argonauts and Ottawa Rough Riders the play was somewhat dull just before half-time. Suddenly an Argonaut backfielder cut through the Ottawa wingline with the ball, swept toward the open field and ran 43 yards for a touchdown. It was done swiftly and expertly

and the Toronto fans, surprised and elated, clapped their hands and shouted acclaim for the runner.

And then, all around me, I heard people asking, "Who was it? Who's No. 89?" And the answer came, "It's Ted Toogood—a Canadian."

"Hey," I heard one man say excitedly to a neighbor, "he's a Canadian. It was a Canadian scored that touchdown."

You could have knocked me over with an onside kick. To me this was a good touchdown by a competent player who had scored maybe a dozen like it in his college days with Toronto Varsity. But to those around me the important thing about the touchdown was that it was scored by a Canadian. What's become of Canadian football when it's a sensation for a Canadian to score a touchdown?

It was at that precise moment that I began carefully to re-examine this game on which the American imprint has been stamped, to an ever-increasing degree, for twenty years. Now, on the eve of another Grey Cup game for the championship of Canadian football, I think I know what's become of our game. Its personality has changed over the years, sure; but so has its nationality. It's not Canadian football now so much as it's American football. The spectacle that five western and four eastern Canadian cities support with about four million dollars a year—and have every right to believe they own—is actually no more or no less than a good road show, largely written, directed and performed by our friends of the U. S.

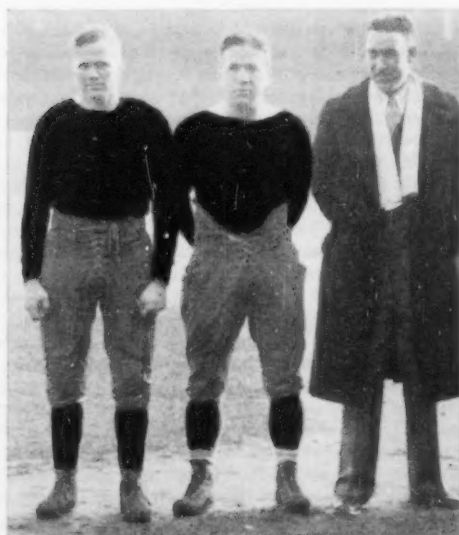
I say it's time to get the show off the road and get back to Canadian football.

I'm not saying our football has been ruined by Americans; in many respects it has been improved. Canadians are getting more money and better coaching, and the game as a whole pulls better crowds. But these improvements have also been gained at the expense of Canadians. There's room for fewer of them on the teams today and the jobs they get are unpublicized, underpaid (in relation to what U. S. players receive) and difficult, such as running back kicks or filling anonymous positions like flying wing or guard. (And there's another Americanism: middle wings, inside wings, snaps and centre halves have become tackles, guards, centres and fullbacks, and no modern fan would be caught dead calling them anything else.)

When the Grey Cup game comes up Nov. 27, two American coaches, who have American assistants helping them, will be matching brains. They'll both have American quarterbacks throwing passes to American ends. Holes will be opened by mammoth American middles (okay, tackles) and the key ball-carriers will be American backs. The rules they'll play will

Continued on page 57

To Beat the East the West Hired U. S. Help. Now Americans Run the Show in West AND East



In 1933 Winnipeg hired American Carl Cronin (centre) as coach. By 1935 imports paid off.



Frank Filchok led imports to big pay-offs (\$22,500 for two years).



Winnipeg's Jack Jacobs. Expert passers have eclipsed runners.



Most coaches stick to U.S. tricks; Carl Voyles won a Canadian way.



Game Control Officer Muldoon waits in a Nyasaland ambush for his quarry.

How we tracked

the Killer Leopard of Kota Kota

Three African villages each
reported a child mangled and slain. The
hunter waited beside human
bait as death stalked again in the night

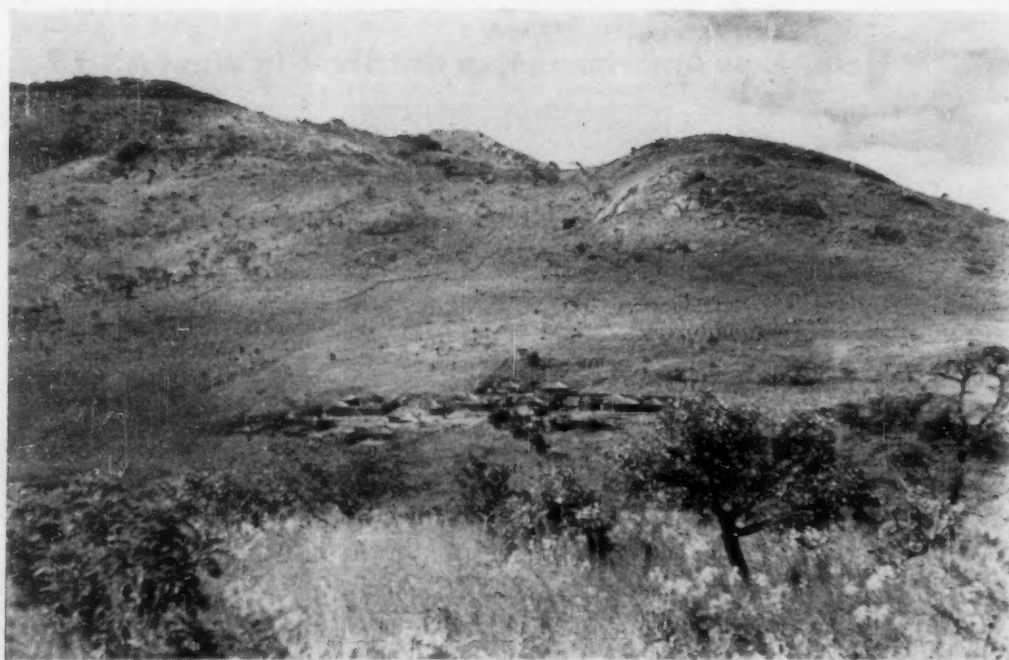
By GUY MULDOON



Akin: he shared the vigil.



Tribe: he prepared the trap.



The overgrown approaches to an African village provide good cover for marauding lions and leopards.

ONE NIGHT the people of Ungwe's village in Nyasaland heard the coughing of a leopard. It sounded far off, down by the Onze River, but it was not a lucky sound and they all stopped talking and listened. But nothing happened.

It was the same the next night and after that for nine successive nights. By that time when the leopard began his coughing the people didn't even bother to stop talking. Evidently the leopard was interested in some other village.

On the evening of the tenth night Headman Ungwe and his villagers were sitting eating around the small fires in front of their huts when they heard the leopard again. The children were playing a little way off near the fringe of the cassava garden waiting their turn, for it is not customary among Africans for youngsters to eat with the grownups.

All at once there was the soft rush of pads, followed by a child's screams, then they all heard nearby the dull crackle of cassava stems being snapped and pushed aside. The screams went on, quickly becoming fainter. Then there was silence.

Women began to shout and the startled village was soon in an uproar. The men ran into their huts for spears and axes and bows and arrows, and rushed into the cassava garden.

It was already dark and growing darker, but they could see from the trail of broken cassava plants where the leopard had dragged its victim through the garden. At the end of the garden the path taken by the leopard became harder to follow. Some of the men ran back to the village and fetched bundles of dry grass, which they lit, and with these flares they were able to pick up the trail again. A hundred yards farther on they came upon the victim, a boy of eight. The chase and noise had forced the leopard to give up its captive, but the child was already dead.

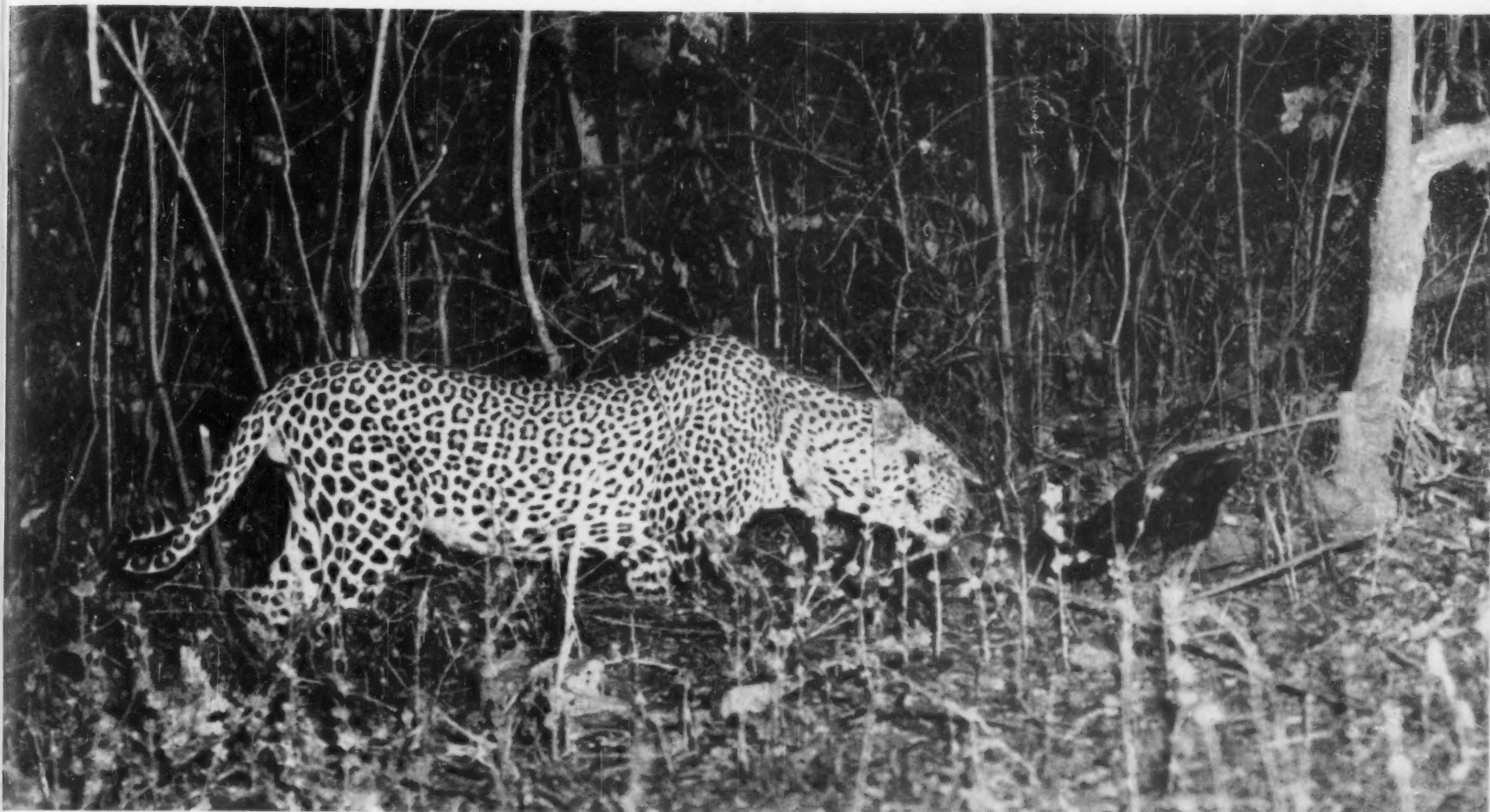
I heard of the incident next morning when the child's father came into Kota Kota to buy six yards of white calico from the Indian store. He needed this to wrap the body for burial. On the way he stopped at the Game Control office and told me what happened.

I told him I would deal with the man-eater and asked whether he knew where it came from, or anything about its habits. He shook his head.

"But when you catch the leopard, I should like to be there," he said, "I shall kill it with my own hands."

"I'll get him for you," I said, and then regretted the words. Not so much because I did not mean it, but because boastfulness seldom brings luck.

My education in big-game hunting began when I was six. A pride of lions had slain five oxen belonging to a neighbor who farmed eight miles from my father's six-thousand-acre cattle ranch in Northern Rhodesia. My father was asked to deal with the lions and took me along on the hunt, in spite of my mother's protests. After that he often took me on hunting trips. Later, in the Union of South Africa, I worked for an English farmer who was also a keen hunter. He took me on



From twenty yards away Muldoon and a Nyasaland photographer got this picture of a leopard returning to its kill. His sour smell filled their nostrils.

several trips to East Africa where we shot a lot of lions.

In 1944 I joined the Colonial Service as an agricultural assistant, stationed in the Hill Area of Kota Kota. Later I was appointed game control officer at Kota Kota, in charge of four thousand square miles of territory. More leopards are to be found in Nyasaland than anywhere else, and most of them are in the Kota Kota district.

It was soon after I joined the Colonial Service and was posted to Mvera Hill as an agricultural assistant that I realized how bad the leopard menace was. Headmen came along to me almost every week to ask for assistance, as I was the only white official for miles around. They told me that the leopards not only killed their calves and goats and sheep and dogs and fowl, but were so bold that they broke into storerooms on the verandas of huts, tearing holes in the reed-and-mud walls with their claws to get at domestic pets or poultry. The same day I was told about the killer leopard in Ungwe's village I set out to redeem my promise. I took along two of my *askaris*, Jairos and Mfumu, and my faithful assistant, Akin. We traveled by car for about nine miles and then left the vehicle under a tree and covered the remaining two miles on foot.

Both Headman Ungwe and the father of the dead child were on the lookout for us and came part of the way to meet us. They took us at once down to the cassava garden where the body was found in the long grass.

Having known villagers to jump to wrong conclusions and blame leopards for damage done by lions, I asked to see the child for myself. One look at the wounds satisfied me they were leopard's work. The chest and back of the shoulders were lacerated from the claws. There were punctures in the shoulder caused by the leopard's canine teeth while the child was being dragged away and there were marks on the throat that had also come from the teeth.

All they could tell me about the leopard was that they had heard it down at the river.

"It has never been in the village before," the headman said.

I had brought along a couple of obsolete service rifles for use in traps, the barrels having been cut down to twelve inches. I now sent Jairos down to the river to look for leopard spoor. Jairos had done plenty of hunting on his own before joining the Game Department and could read spoor like a book. If there were any tracks to be found, he would find them.

"I am going down to the next village, in case they know anything about the leopard there," I said.

The next village, that of Headman Bwana Feza, was about a mile away to the north. The leopard was no stranger to him. He told me, "Two nights ago it came here and was afraid of nothing." He took me to a storeroom, built under the veranda of a hut, where the leopard broke in, stealing three chickens, one at a time.

"It took one and went out and ate it. Then it came for the second one. And then for the third. Look, here are the feathers," Bwana Feza said.

The walls of the storeroom were made of tightly packed reeds. The leopard had ripped these apart with its claws, leaving a hole big enough to get through. The feathers were about fifteen yards from the hut. That was where the leopard had sat eating the chickens.

"What about the owner?" I said. "Surely the owner must have been inside and heard it all?"

"Oh yes, the owner was there. He shouted and beat the wall and made a big noise. But what more could he do when the leopard took no notice?"

When I asked the headman if he knew anything of the leopard's movements, he nodded. "I think I can help you," he said and led the way along a footpath out of the village and turned down towards the river. Akin came with us. Where it joined another path, there were numerous leopard tracks.

"Our women saw these this morning on their way to fetch water," Bwana Feza said.

"Where does this other path lead?"

"To the next village."

I looked around. There was plenty of cover and it seemed a good place for a trap. I marked off a site and asked the headman to send back to his village for men to help with the work. At the same time I sent Akin to fetch my second *askari*, Mfumu.

They soon arrived and started at once building the trap. After making sure everything was going satisfactorily, I left Mfumu in charge and returned with Akin and Headman Bwana Feza to see how Jairos was getting on at Ungwe's village.

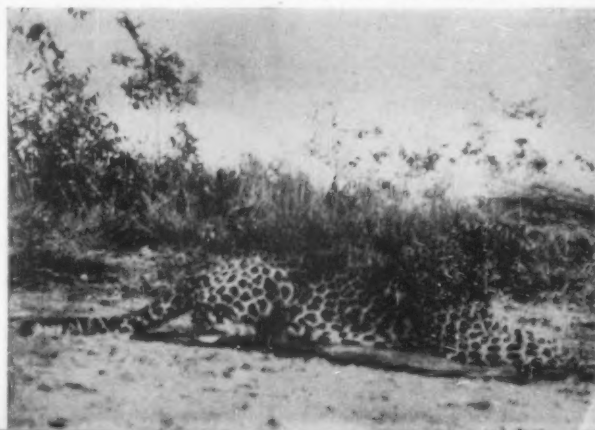
Jairos was waiting for us. He was the only man there at the time, since almost everybody else had gone off to the funeral of the child.

"I have found where the leopard has been," Jairos said and we went down with him towards the river. He showed us leopard tracks that led into a thicket. He also marked a place for a trap and I looked at it and approved. Bwana Feza agreed to provide another working party from his village to build this trap also.

Since there was not much more that I could do myself for the time being, I decided to return to Kota Kota, leaving Jairos and Mfumu behind to protect the villages. They were both experienced men armed with service rifles.

All night long I kept thinking about that leopard, wondering where it would

The villain of this story killed three children and was himself killed by Muldoon at point-blank range.





IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



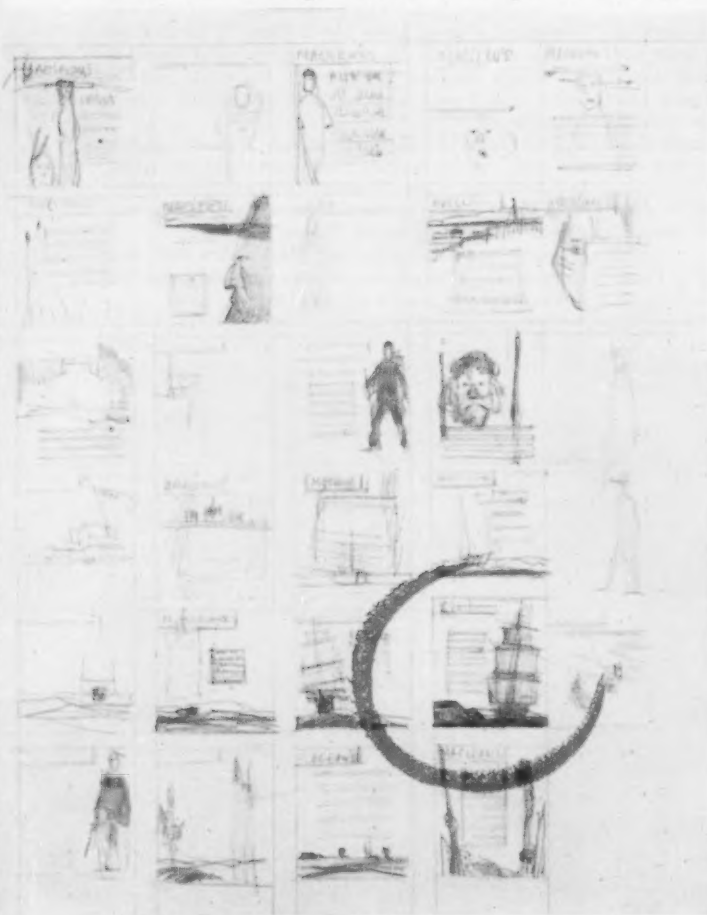
Arbuckle's sketches for The White and The Gold

Showing how one of Canada's best artists recreated the birth of Canada in the biggest art assignment in the history of Maclean's



For his first installment Arbuckle had to dream up a likeness of Champlain's wife (top of page). Ideas above were later built into a full-page illustration.

A Cover Emerges from a Page of Doodles



Step by step Arbuckle built Champlain's ship from imagination.

ONE RAW DAY before the early spring sun had melted the Montreal snow a slightly suspicious character was noted circling around the waterfront. He would stop on a corner, check some data in his notebook, gaze upward and all around, then stumble over the ice to the next corner. Finally he entered the office of the Montreal Harbor Commission and persuaded a caretaker to take him up to the roof. Once out in the icy air he turned his back on the river to look expectantly at Mount Royal. But he couldn't see a thing—too many tall buildings in the way.

Thus did Franklin Arbuckle, RCA, OSA, try to pin down the exact spot where Maisonneuve founded Montreal in 1642.



He was trying to see the same profile of Mount Royal that Maisonneuve reported. Alas, Montreal has grown somewhat in the last three hundred years and a skyscraper jungle now obscures the "mountain." However, Arbuckle is sure that the Harbor Commission building is within a hundred yards of the exact spot.

This great capacity for taking pains, plus a superb talent at the easel, mark all of the illustrations that Arbuckle did for our long serialization of Thomas B. Cos-

tain's *The White and The Gold* which concluded in our last issue. The pages from Arbuckle's sketch books which we publish here show clearly how a fine artist proceeds from idea to finished product.

For the fifteen installments of the Costain book, Arbuckle did many hundreds of individual sketches, most of which were swept into his wastepaper basket. For more than six months he did little else but scour libraries, archives and museums for authentic detail of the period, work late into the night at his studio on Cote des Neiges Road, then drive madly to Windsor Station to express the finished art to Toronto before the next menacing deadline expired.

He wasn't always successful. One snowy night, with the last train already snorting at the platform, he was fishing for his car keys outside his house. He placed his artwork momentarily on the roof of his car to free his hands for the search. He found the keys, jumped in and drove to the station. He made the train all right, but where was the precious artwork? With mounting dread he made four circuits between his house and the station. No luck. Next day a chap in the Sun Life Building phoned him to say he'd found the package in a snowy gutter. Just in time to save the sanity of our art director, Gene Aliman.

Another time, a photographer-friend of ours, Ken Bell, was driving along a Toronto street when he saw a package fall from a railway express wagon. Bell stopped and saved the item from the menacing tires of huge transports. You guessed it—it was Arbuckle's illustration for the next installment.

But in spite of these near tragedies all headaches were healed and Arbuckle was finally free to go on to other things. You'll be seeing some of them too in our future issues. ★



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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

BROKEN LANCE: The rock-jawed old cattle baron with the rebellious sons is an overly familiar figure in Hollywood westerns, but Spencer Tracy makes him a vividly alive individual in this well-acted outdoor drama. Katy Jurado as his Indian wife and Richard Widmark as the most resentful of his brood are also outstanding. The camera work, in improved widescreen CinemaScope, is handsome.

DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS: Sex, sanctity and spectacle are shrewdly mingled in this whopping sequel to *The Robe*. Victor Mature, a Christian gladiator, defends his virtue against a pagan temptress (Susan Hayward) and wins an extremely close decision.

DRIVE A CROOKED ROAD: Mickey Rooney—completely rid, for once, of his Andy Hardy mannerisms—is an honest mechanic who falls in with bank robbers and a dame. Surprisingly good, and recommended.

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE: G. K. Chesterton's priestly sleuth becomes another superb characterization by Alec Guinness. A leisurely and civilized comedy-drama from Britain. Peter Finch as a super-thief, Cecil Parker as an urbane bishop, are eminent in the cast.

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION: No use arguing about this one; every customer evidently considers it either a profound inspirational drama or a rather maudlin soap opera about the golden rule. My own view leans to the latter persuasion, although I admit most of this Lloyd C. Douglas story is quite decently handled. With Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson.

THE RAINBOW JACKET: A smooth but superficial British comedy-drama of race-track life. Robert Morley stirs some chuckles as a lardy horseman, misfortune's chum.

SALT OF THE EARTH: All the bosses are monsters and all the workers heroes in this candidly pro-labor, anti-capital drama about a zinc-mine strike in New Mexico. As a piece of union-hall propaganda, it is well done.

WEST OF ZANZIBAR: Civilization's bad effects on primitive Africans are shown, clearly but far from excitingly, in this sequel to *Ivory Hunter*. Fine on-the-spot jungle photography.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

About Mrs. Leslie: Drama. Fair.
Adventures of Robinson Crusoe: Adventure drama. Good.
Apache: Indian western. Excellent.
The Bigamist: Drama. Fair.
A Bullet Is Waiting: Western. Fair.
The Caine Mutiny: Navy drama. Good.
Carnival Story: Sexy melodrama. Fair.
Dawn at Socorro: Western. Fair.
Dial M for Murder: Suspense. Good.
Doctor in the House: Comedy. Fair.
Executive Suite: Drama. Excellent.
Final Test: British comedy. Good.
Francis Joins the WACs: Farce. Fair.
Front Page Story: Press drama. Fair.
Garden of Evil: Drama. Fair.
Golden Coach: Farce-fantasy. Good.
Gypsy Colt: Farm-life drama. Good.
Heidi: Children's story. Good.
The High and the Mighty: Drama. Fair.
Hobson's Choice: Comedy. Excellent.
Indiscretion of an American Wife: Infidelity drama. Poor.
It Should Happen to You: New York satirical comedy. Excellent.
Jivaro: Jungle drama. Poor.
Johnny Dark: Race-car drama. Good.
Johnny Guitar: Western drama. Poor.

The Kidnappers: Drama. Excellent. (Formerly rated "Good." Re-rated after re-visit.)
Knock on Wood: Comedy. Excellent.
The Love Lottery: Comedy. Fair.
The Maggie: British comedy. Good.
Man With a Million: Comedy. Good.
Men of the Fighting Lady: War. Good.
New Faces: Broadway revue. Good.
On the Waterfront: Drama. Excellent.
The Pickwick Papers: Comedy. Good.
Princess of the Nile: Drama. Fair.
Prince Valiant: Adventure. Fair.
Rear Window: Suspense. Excellent.
Red Garters: Western comedy. Fair.
River Beat: Crime drama. Fair.
Riding Shotgun: Western. Poor.
Riot in Cell Block 11: Drama. Excellent.
Sabrina: Romantic comedy. Excellent.
Scotch on the Rocks: Comedy. Fair.
Secret of the Incas: Drama. Fair.
Security Risk: Spy drama. Poor.
The Student Prince: Musical. Fair.
Tanganyika: Jungle drama. Poor.
Them!: Science-fiction thriller. Good.
Three Coins in the Fountain: Romantic drama. Fair.
Top Banana: Burlesque comedy. Good.



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The Killer Leopard of Kota Kota

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

strike next. It could pick the place and the time for its next raid and there was nothing much one could do about it beforehand.

After prowling through villages regularly without effective discouragement—most villagers are too scared to venture out of their huts—leopards lose all fear of humans. This, in my opinion, helps turn a number of them into man-eaters. The failure of villagers to finish off wounded leopards is another factor. Sometimes a man with a shotgun will venture out and fire at a raiding leopard, and be quite satisfied merely to wound it.

While still feeling the effects of its wounds the leopard is compelled to concentrate on getting its food as easily as possible, and it will then attack children. Having tasted human flesh and realizing how easy it is to take humans unawares, it will continue to prey on them even after it has recovered from its wounds.

Although man-eating leopards seem to be on the increase in certain parts of Nyasaland, they rarely attack adults. I have not yet come across a case of an adult victim. Even children are not seized while actually standing upright; they have been taken only while sitting down or stooping.

Most victims have been seized at dusk while playing around the outskirts of villages. Villages with gardens of maize, millet and cassava growing between huts have suffered most. Mothers often leave their children behind in the gardens to scare off baboons and monkeys and birds, while they return to the huts to prepare the evening meal. That is the time the watchful man-eater has been waiting for.

The Punishment Killed Her

In the morning Akin returned with nothing much to report. But I had the feeling there was plenty of trouble in store. My misgivings were well founded, for later in the morning a headman named Moyo turned up to report that a little girl had been seized during the night at his village, about two miles north of Bwana Feza's. It was near the confluence of the Chimkoma and the Onze Rivers.

I asked Moyo how it had happened. He told me his people had spent the previous afternoon preparing new cassava gardens in a rich pocket of soil in the elbow formed by the two rivers, about half a mile from the village. When they returned to their huts just before sunset, one of the women found that her child, a girl of nine, had left a hoe behind.

As punishment for this forgetfulness the mother told the child she would have to go back for the hoe at once. The child wanted another girl to accompany her, but the mother would not allow this.

"You are the one who has been so careless," she told the child. "Therefore you go alone."

The sun had already set when the child left and she did not return. The mother, worried now, went to the headman. It was by then too late to search, and he told the mother nothing could be done until morning.

At dawn a search party went out and soon found leopard tracks among the cassava plants. Marks on the ground showed where some object had been dragged by the leopard. The villagers did not need to be told what had happened but they decided to follow the

spoor. Entering the more than head-high elephant grass a little distance away, they came on the remains of the child.

I asked Headman Moyo whether the body had been moved.

"Yes," he said.

Normally if a leopard is not disturbed at its kill it will return the next night to finish off the remains of the carcass. It is therefore helpful to a hunter if he can locate the leopard's kill for he can then wait near it with some certainty that the leopard will return.

Now I told Moyo I would go out as soon as possible and camp in the area until we got the leopard.

Eight porters loaded all the necessary equipment into a truck and I set out with Akin and another native hunter named Tribe. Again we traveled nine miles by vehicle before having to strike across country. I sent Akin and the porters ahead to set up camp in Moyo's village, where I was to meet him, and Tribe and I headed for Ungwe's village, where the leopard had seized its first victim.

Jairos had nothing more to report. The trap he had set was empty and there was no fresh spoor in the vicinity. I decided it would merely be wasting a man to keep him there and told Jairos to dismantle the trap gun. The leopard had moved his hunting ground north and that was now our best bet. We now went along to Bwana Feza's village.

There Mfumu, my *askari*, also had nothing to report. But as Headman Moyo's village, where the leopard had carried out its latest killing, was only a few miles away, I thought it best to let Mfumu remain where he was. There was just a chance that the killer might backtrack.

All that night and the next two nights I waited in Moyo's village for the leopard to show up, but saw no sign of it. During the day we visited the neighboring villages in case the leopard extended its activities, but there was no helpful news there either.

This lack of information was worrisome. The leopard was still calling the play. It was impossible to tell what its next move would be.

On the morning of the fourth day, Headman Chumo, whose village was about five miles north of Moyo's, arrived with a serious face and told us that the leopard had just killed a lad of thirteen. The attack occurred the evening before, but the remains were found only that morning.

"Knowing you were here, I came at once," the headman said.

I asked him, more as a routine question, than in the hope of hearing anything helpful, whether the child's body had been moved. When he told me everything was still, on his express orders, just exactly as his people had found it, I nearly let out a whoop. It was a rather grim thing to exult about, but I had a plan in mind and now here was a fair chance of bringing the hunt to an end. I asked Headman Chumo if he was certain no one would move the body in the meantime.

"No, no. I have left men on guard to see nothing is touched. We first want the Bwana to come and see everything for himself."

I clapped the headman on the shoulder and congratulated him on his foresight. Then I told him to go back at once to take charge personally, since I did not want to risk any mischance. "And hurry!" I said to him, and gave orders for the camp to be struck at once. Everything was to be moved to Headman Chumo's village.

When we arrived there a little later we were given the details of the tragedy. The youngster had the day before accompanied his father and a neighbor, both fishermen, to the river

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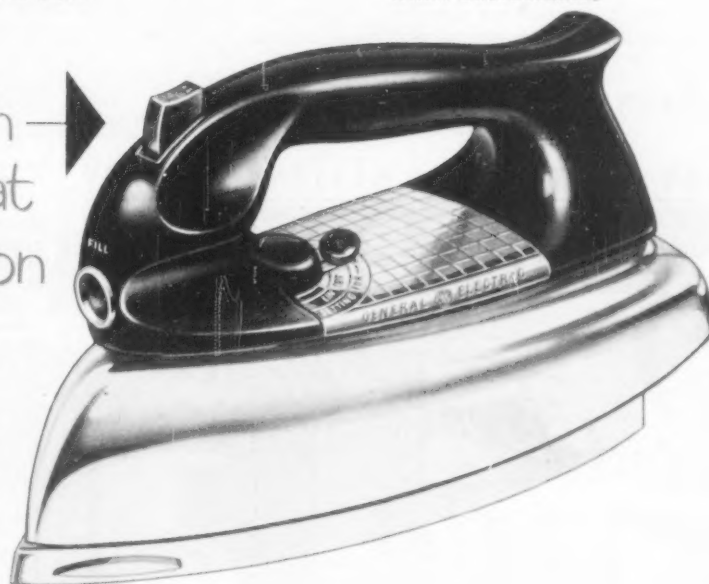
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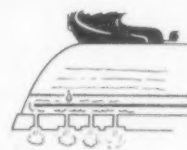


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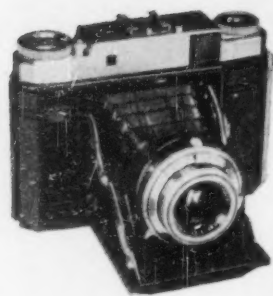
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to watch them emptying the nets and traps.

It was the time of the year when the fish were moving in great numbers out of Lake Nyasa and up the rivers to spawn. The villagers had thrown barriers of reed and bamboo across the stream and in these barriers openings were left for the fish to pass through. Back of the openings were the traps in which the fish were caught and it was necessary every day, usually in the late afternoon, for these traps to be emptied.

There was room for only two in the small canoe. While the men navigated it with poles towards the traps, the youngster was left behind on the bank. The attention of the two men in the canoe was occupied not only in getting the fish out of the traps but also in watching for crocodiles that usually followed the fish up the river and fed on them. They were a constant danger.

It took the men about three quarters of an hour to finish their task. When they returned to the bank, there was no sign of the youngster.

"He must have tired of waiting," the neighbor said.

"Yes," said the father. "He will be home by now."

Blood on the River Grass

The men were not in any hurry, for there was no special reason for them to suspect that anything was amiss. They put the canoe away in the reeds, took out the fish they had caught and made their way back to the village. The father stopped and chatted with neighbors. It was dark by the time he reached his own hut.

He was surprised when his wife asked him where their son was.

"Are you joking, woman?" he asked. When she shook her head he grew alarmed and made a quick round of the neighboring huts. There was no news of his son. He went along to the headman.

By then it was too dark to carry out a search, but next morning a party of armed men went down to the river. One of them noticed blood on the grass. Four hundred yards farther on they came to a clump of reeds near the water's edge. Here there were many marks of leopard. Inside the reeds they found the remains of the boy.

When I arrived the mutilated body

was still there, guarded by men with spears and axes. I could see at once that it was the work of a leopard. I called Headman Chumo to one side.

I had long ago made up my mind that the best way to catch this leopard was to wait over one of its kills. I had never before sat over the remains of a human being, and I did not feel so good about it. But here was the chance that would probably not come again for a long time.

"Listen," I said to the headman. "Leopards usually come back to their kill. That is why it should not be removed if we are to catch this leopard."

Chumo's eyes widened as he realized what I meant.

"No," he said. "No."

"There is no other way."

"But what you ask is impossible."

"As long as that leopard is free, it will kill more. If I wait here at the body, I can catch it."

"Look how the leopard has already eaten this child," the headman said. "Is that not bad enough? How can we do such a thing as to leave it to be completely eaten?"

I said to him, "I give you my personal promise that the leopard will not touch the child."

That reassured him somewhat.

"I shall speak to the father," he said. "I do not know what he will say, nor do I like asking him."

The father proved difficult and took a lot of persuading. He finally agreed reluctantly.

"Nothing will happen to your son," I promised, and got busy making preparations.

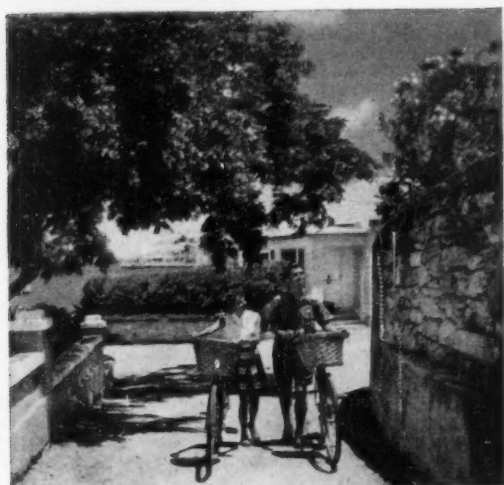
First I had a strong open framework of bamboo erected around three sides of the corpse. These three sides and the top were covered with thorn branches. That left only one side by which the leopard could get at the corpse.

Opposite the open side and only ten yards away, I had a pit dug, eight feet long, five feet wide and six and a half feet deep. I lined its sides with reed mats, keeping them in position with bamboo stakes. Then I had more bamboo stakes cut long enough to span the top of the pit. These were spaced six inches apart and covered with mats, and then these mats were covered with tufts of grass that had been pulled out roots and all.

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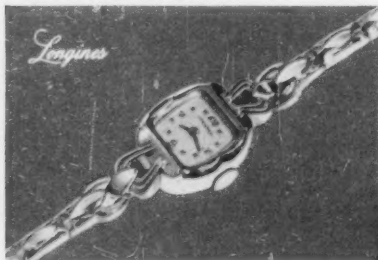
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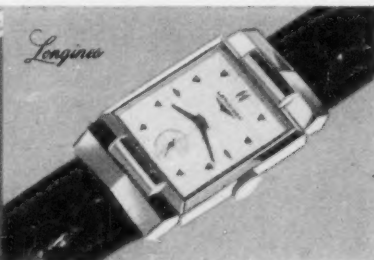
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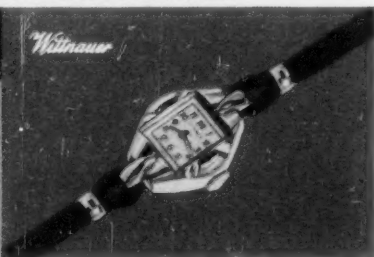
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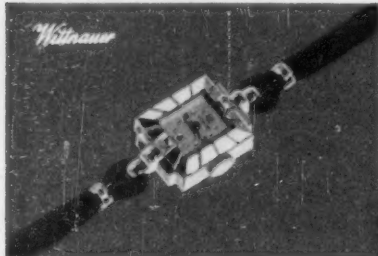
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Is Stealing a Girl Really Stealing?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

talking, the ripple and splash of water, the rise and fall of the boat on the ground swell, and the strange, rapturous way of speech between us, and I remember—wisdom to the contrary—the likeness and look of her, and the touch of her hand, but the words are lost and all the pattern of the fabric of dreams has escaped me somewhere along the years. And the deceit began that hour, innocently.

It was a curious relationship that existed between Thetis and Tom, begun in childhood, sustained, I think, without demonstration of affection, respected by everyone except me and Thetis' mother, who strove against it, she having some idea of an alliance with one of the great trading families of St. John's. The deceit lay in this: nothing seemed changed after Thetis and I had made our promises. We four were still together each day after Johnnie and I had put away our samples and catalogues and the whistle at the mine office had blown. Neither Thetis nor I told Tom that we were sworn, and I do not know why we did not, except that Tom had a bitter, derisive tongue when the mood was on him. Or maybe it was that the love between us was too precious for the world to know about or understand. First love is a terrible thing, for all that it's stuff for laughter, though I have thought that most men do their laughing with a small, secret twinge of remembered pain.

July ended and the fateful August came, and the world trembled with the guns' shouting, and still Thetis and I walked in our dream, unaware of the portent of what was happening. Even when the young officer from St. John's arrived and took up quarters at the staff house, entering up his list of volunteers for the Regiment, there was no reality in it for us. Johnnie Galbraith's sudden departure in the mid-August boat, leaving me to pack up our specimens and complete our notes, awakened us not at all. The wind blew softly and the sun shone, and the golden summer lingered, and our feet were set to the measure of the elemental music; there was neither tomorrow nor yesterday, only to each the presence of the other, and the sea singing, and so the days passed and August went its course. And then the time approached for me to go home, and we could no longer ignore the impending separation.

My passage was in the steamer in the first week of September, and about the first day of that month the rain came, cold and dreary, and the sea grew dark and foreboding that had sparkled in the sun for us. The samples were packed, the notes completed, and the lot transferred to the steamer shed, consigned to Johnnie at Toronto. It was material for a thesis on the occurrence of certain botanical species in the presence of metallic ores, or something like that... anyway, the thesis was never written, for Johnnie was killed at Passchendaele in '17.

THE SAILING was only a few days off when Thetis and I stood huddled together in the rain-swept road and formed our plan of a flight by sea and a marriage on the mainland, and a return together to my father's house. And the next day, having received my pay from the foundation, I booked a passage for her in my own ship.

That night I sat with Tom in the

staff house, and the officer from St. John's argued the Regiment up and down, while Tom held to his stand that war was a politicians' game and best left to them and the hotheads he'd already signed up to carry it on. It was the way he'd been all along. The officer said: "Well, Tom, it's still a free country, this, but if you're coming you'll have to look sharp, for we're sailing the day after tomorrow at crack of dawn for St. John's by the east coast outports."

"Day after tomorrow?" I questioned. "She's west coast for North Sydney. I know, I'm sailing in her."

"Both," he said, "for ours is a special trip. Both steamers sail on the same tide. Doesn't happen often in the outports."

It was a coincidence, and one that was to affect Thetis and me, but I didn't know it then. I said to Tom: "Let's go over to Thetis's." I knew he wouldn't come, the way things were between him and the mother, and so I went alone, for I was not considered a menace to any matrimonial plans, and I sat with Thetis and the family I was to rob, never thinking what a rogue I was. When I left, Thetis' mother followed me out the door.

"Tom Jarrold's signed for the Regiment, has he?" she asked when we were alone.

"No, ma'am, not Tom, I guess," said I, thinking how disappointed she'd be.

"He will. I know the Jarrolds of Carbonear." With that she left me, and I walked back to the staff house, putting two and two together, and arriving at a sum that made me afraid. For Thetis, leaving Tom here was one thing. She would think of him sometimes, think of him safe and sound in his ordinary routine of life, and gradually forget him—but Tom off to the wars, Tom with a sword in his hand, was another... Suddenly I knew a doubt of the constancy of a love sprung into flame in the magic of a summer and I said to myself, "There is another kind of love, that smolders and burns through long association and goes on forever, the kind the Prayer Book talks about, that you don't see, and perhaps she has such a love for Tom, and Tom for her, and they don't know it." And I answered myself: "There is no love like ours," and I went on, taking a resolution that I was soon to have to put into effect.

TOM WAS in his room. I went in, and I knew at a glance the old lady was right, what Tom was going to do. His books were off their shelves, and he was writing.

"Tom, are you going?" I said. He laughed. "For sure, lad. It's a stupid business, but we've got to show the world what the Island can do. Why don't you come along with me? You'll only be doing the same thing when you get home, and we'd do fine together. You'll pass for eighteen."

I stood there and thought, and then I asked him another question.

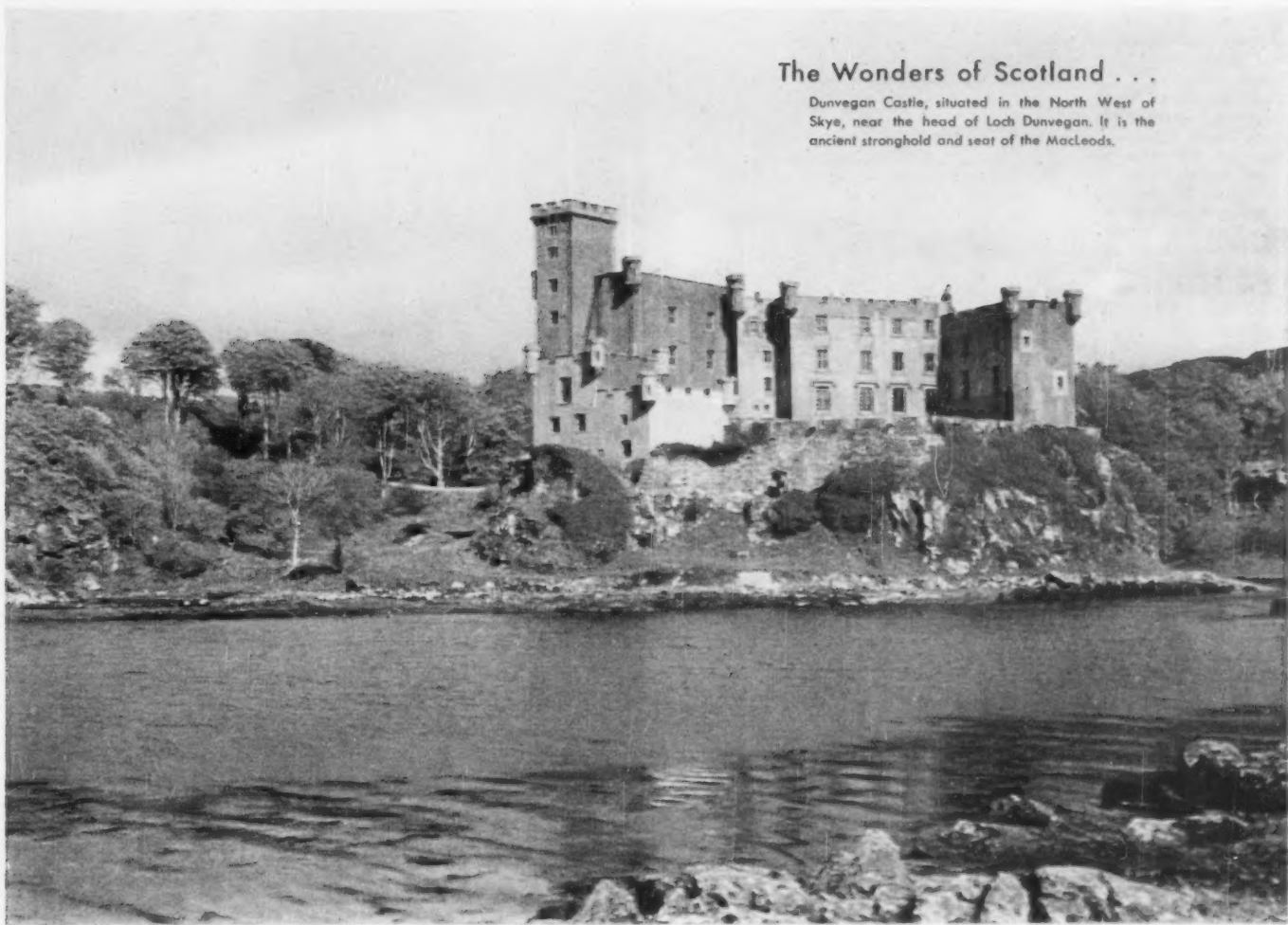
"When will you tell Thetis?" He kicked the wastepaper basket restlessly. "I dread it, Bob, and that's the truth. There'll be tears. I suppose it'll have to be tomorrow."

"Tom," I said, "would you like me to tell her for you? I'll get up there

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early, and I'll tell her to come down and see you after she's done any crying she's going to do, eh?"

He fell in with that, gratefully enough, and I, schemer and villain, went to my room and thought it all out again, and in the morning I went to Thetis' house, and first I saw her mother, and told her about Tom.

I told her cleverly, leaving her with one idea, that Thetis must not hear of it lest she run off with him to St. John's, and it wasn't difficult to hint such a thing to the mother's anxious and sympathetic ear and so I drew her into my conspiracy. Unaware she was of the real danger that stood before her, glib and sly, as she agreed that Thetis should spend the best part of this day with me at Cartwright's Brook.

"And when I bring her back," I said, "you must keep her at home by hook or by crook so that she doesn't meet anyone that will speak of Tom. Of course, she'll want to go down to the quay at daylight; there'll be a crowd to see the ships off, but I'll come for her, myself, if you like, and keep her close to me, and I won't say good-by to her till the ship's about to sail, and by that time the other will be sailing too, and she won't know about Tom before it's too late."

The old lady warmed to me. I knew I had a trustworthy ally.

IT WAS overcast but not raining and Thetis and I took John Arnold's dory and rowed to the brook, but we didn't fish, just sat side by side on the bank, the two of us on the brink of the great adventure, she a little sad for all the happiness we talked about, I preoccupied with my secret arrangements. In the early afternoon we set out for home, and on the way Thetis said: "I must see Tom. I cannot go without telling him."

And I, ready for this, said, "Should I not tell him first, and you can meet him tonight and say good-by?"

She bowed her head, thinking, I hoped, what a manly fellow I was, and when we landed and secured the boat I got her to go home by way of the woods and I left her with her mother. At the staff house I found Tom and said, "Tom, I'd better see you alone."

On the veranda, I told him what Thetis had said, that if he went to the Regiment she never wanted to see him again, and Tom swallowed it as I thought he would, trusting of the false friend, amazed and hurt and angry.

"She'll wait long, then," he said bitterly, "aye, long and long." And he turned away and went off to where the boys were gathered in farewell merriment. For me, I went off to Thetis' house again, welcome as I was now by the old lady, and I got Thetis alone after a bit, but I didn't speak at once, acting out my part.

"Oh, Robert, Robert," she said, "have you told him?"

"I have," I said, reluctantly.

There were tears in her eyes as she waited for me to go on, and the tears did not abate my resolution.

"He said you might go with me."

She waited still, and at length I spoke again. "And the two of us might go to the devil for all of him, so long as he never had to see your face again." I took her in my arms, for indeed I did not want her to see the lies in my face, and I felt her tremble. Then she sprang back, eyes flashing.

"I'll be ready, Robert, when you come, early in the day, and . . . and you can tell Tom Jarrold there is no friendship between us any more, now or forever, and that is the last time I shall say his name."

So back I went to the staff house and I sat with Tom through the rowdy

dinner that marked the last night, each of us forcing the pace to hide his own way of feeling, and we sang the old come-all-ye's of Newfoundland, and the night passed with comings and goings, and of the dozen lads that celebrated their departure there, not the half ever returned, and many a similar party was held in that autumn of 1914.

BEFORE daylight I slipped away, and Thetis was ready and we made our way to the jetty in the darkness, hand in hand, and at the shed, deserted by all but a handful of stevedores, I left her so that she might go aboard, and returned to join Tom, who urged me again to go with him to the Regiment.

I thought: "There's a loneliness upon him," and I relented not one whit, but told some more lies, I suppose, and after a while the wagon came for the hand luggage, and the little band started off for their ship, and I along with them for mine.

There was a drizzle of rain now, and as we came afoot down the hill in the faint, watery dawn, even the noisiest of us fell silent, and it was in silence we entered the shed, where a little crowd was gathered under the yellow, fog-shrouded electric bulbs. A woman sobbed somewhere, and you could hear the sound of falling water from the ships' sides, and the gulls crying beyond. Little groups formed, speaking in low voices. Tom looked neither right nor left, but headed straight for the gangway. He smiled a little when I wished him luck, but his face was dark as he disappeared aboard. My treachery had succeeded, and there was nothing more to be done, so I hastened to the steamer lying outboard, went over the side, and found Thetis waiting for me.

We stood together on the deck, and that moment comes back to me and puzzles me still, the drifting mist of early morning and the yellow lights, the smell of warm oil and steam from the engine room hatch, and Thetis, rain shining in her hair, and I suddenly speaking in a voice that was not mine. It was the voice of some vestige of honor, speaking aloud: "It is not true. I did not tell Tom. He's in the other ship. He's for the Regiment."

She turned from me slowly, and I stood with my arms stretched out, and then she was away, across the gangway and along the jetty, and I after her, both of us heedless of the warning shouts from the ship's bridge and the clanking of her windlass as the breast rope was hove in.

She flew up the gangway of the other ship, and there, turning forward, she found Tom on the fo'c'sle head, and then they were in each others' arms and I stood a little way off, aware that they were saying things that were not for any other to hear, except maybe God, and I was without volition, unaware of time or circumstance, unaware of the blast of a ship's siren as the North Sydney boat swung away from the jetty, engines astern on a taut spring, and moved off into the gloom. Then Thetis took my hand, and she kissed me, but no word was said, and she was gone. I felt the deck shiver under my feet, and I was walking aft with Tom, and the two of us were standing at the taffrail as the steamer moved towards the sea, and in that manner, half in a dream, I started for the Regiment and the unexpected years of absence from my home.

The vessel's quarter swung close to the people waving, and it was among them I saw Thetis for the last time, and I knew that the summer was ended indeed, knew for whom she wept as the waters swirled and widened between us under a leaden sky. ★

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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

will settle for even the bare illusion of a few years of peace.

America's first line of defense is no longer Europe. It is in Detroit, Pittsburgh, Washington, New York, in the air over Canada and the North Pole. And Europe's first line of defense is in the same place.

Then he proposed that there should be a drastic reduction in U. S. foreign installations, a withdrawal of all but

token forces and an end to "give-away" financial aid programs.

After which he proclaims, with the *naïveté* of a newly sprung debutante, "I am not suggesting that we should abandon our allies."

Well, that's damned decent of Simms. When we read his dispatch it was like hearing a stern father telling his son that he would be cut off with a shilling but that the parental love would remain unchanged. It could hardly be strange if the son replied in the English idiom: "Socks to you!"

One might have attributed Simms'

strange meanderings to a touch of the sun but the weather, last summer, was terrible all over Europe. Therefore, we must assume that he gave the matter deep thought and found that he agreed with Mr. Howard.

Let us now put his arguments to the acid test. We shall assume that Russia has atom-bombed New York and has simultaneously sent word to the British Government that we would not be attacked or harmed in any way if we remained neutral. The British parliament calls an emergency meeting and Anthony Eden, as Prime Minister,

risers to make the opening speech.

Carefully, laboriously, he recalls the long tension between the U. S. and Russia. The fault, he explains, is on both sides and certainly the Russians would have to bear the major share of the blame. But, he would go on, an atomic war is so unpredictable that it is the duty of those nations not directly concerned to stand apart so as to be able to restore the shattered countries when the war comes to an end. His peroration would presumably be something on these lines: "It is not that we are too proud to fight. It is simply that as trustees of civilization we must keep Western Europe, and especially these islands, detached from the conflict so that we can restore peace and tranquility to the world."

New York a shambles! Pittsburgh wiped out! Hundreds of thousands of Americans of all ages foully murdered and mutilated by guided missiles! And we stand aside as impotent, decadent, cowardly onlookers so that Russia, perhaps in conjunction with Germany, can take Europe when their clutching fingers are ready!

Agreement or no agreement we would not and could not stand aside. At its lowest it would be an act of lunacy. At its best it would be an act of cowardice.

How can a journalist of Simms' standing so misread the British nation? It is all very well to shout "Munich" but we had not given Czechoslovakia any guarantee. It is perhaps interesting to recall that before Munich the Dominion governments informed Britain that they would not necessarily support Britain in a war over the Sudeten territory of Czechoslovakia. As for Washington the silence could be felt.

Our pledge then was to France, and Britain keeps her pledges. How was it that Britain gave the world a virtual hundred years of peace between Waterloo and the 1914 war, except that Britain's word was doubted neither by her enemies nor her friends.

It is possible that both Mr. Howard and Mr. Simms have taken too seriously the anti-American speeches of some British socialist MPs. But these two American journalists are experienced enough to know that America is the ideological enemy of socialism and Communism. The prosperity of the U. S. in raising the wage rate of the workers to a height beyond the dream of the left-wingers is a rebuttal of the socialist faith. That is not only unavoidable but understandable.

And on the Conservative side the Americans should realize that a great power like Britain, impoverished by two world wars, must be allowed a certain jealousy of the nation that has superseded it as the greatest power. This is nothing more nor less than human nature expressing itself in the most normal terms.

Mr. Simms may think that we dislike Americans. Quite frankly we like some and we dislike others. There is nothing I enjoy more than showing American visitors over the Houses of Parliament but, at times, I wonder why

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nice American parents allow their young sons to wear shirts down to their knees and look like juvenile delinquents. Is that petty? Probably. But every tourist is an ambassador for his native country, and ambassadors should always take into account the susceptibilities and peculiarities of their hosts.

Our cinemas depend for their prosperity on the British liking for Hollywood films. For nearly fifteen years our greatest theatre, Drury Lane, has housed the operettas of Rodgers and Hammerstein. American stars frequently head the bill at the vast Palladium. When Adlai Stevenson came here after his splendid sporting campaign for the presidency we acclaimed him to the skies. When Walter Lippmann visits London we nearly always give him an all-party reception at the Commons.

We would be less than human if we did not from time to time regret the tragic policy of isolationism which was maintained by successive U. S. governments when the very word had ceased to have any logical meaning. And we think that Americans sometimes forget that within an hour of the bombing of Pearl Harbor we declared war on Japan.

The emergence of the U. S. as a world power ready to accept the burden of world leadership is one of the greatest events in all history. Nor shall we ever cease to pay tribute to that great American President—Harry S. Truman—for his inspired policy of aid to Europe and the swift brave answer to the challenge of Communism in Korea.

Ready to Die for Freedom

I do not deny that Britain has taken many decisions that looked as if she were abdicating her role as a great world power. But it had to be. History does not stand still and Britain could not deny to territories and countries the adult status for which she had trained them. We were patient beyond belief in Persia but patience won the day. In Egypt we drank the bitter waters of renunciation but it may be that in the process we shall regain the respect and the liking of the Arab countries.

Those of us who are commentators on the world scene and can command the alchemy of print must maintain a deep sense of responsibility. The one hope of tyranny is that America and Britain will become estranged. If we remain friends and allies, albeit with healthy dispute from time to time, then eventually man's instinct for freedom will prevail even in those countries that maintain a virtual police state. The soul of man demands freedom and there will come a day when he is ready to die for it.

Perhaps the most fundamental difference between Washington and London is that the Americans seem to believe that they can bomb a country into freedom. In Britain we believe that a war deferred may well become a war that does not take place.

But if it comes, and if the enslaved half of the world strikes at the U. S., then Mr. Howard and Mr. Simms need not fear that we shall stand aside or wait until the combatants are exhausted and ruined.

Once more I urge that President Eisenhower visit London. He would find the same welcome and the same nation as when he led the allied forces to victory in Europe.

As for Mr. Simms and Mr. Howard we hope that they will come as well. In the meantime I hope that their sleep will not be haunted by bad dreams caused by drinking too deeply of the wells of doubt. ★

Your Luck Always Starts From Scratch

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

then the probability that it will fall heads on any toss, regardless of what has gone before, is 1 over 2; no more, and no less.

But the gambler is not yet convinced. He will ask: "Suppose that we throw a coin a thousand times. Is it not likely that we will get approximately five

hundred heads and five hundred tails?" Our answer is Yes. "Well, then," he goes on, "suppose that the first twenty tosses are tails. Won't the heads now have to make up their due proportion, in order to come out even in the end?" To this the answer is No. When we say that in a thousand tosses we will probably get five hundred heads and five hundred tails, these are the probabilities in advance of tossing the coin. Probabilities refer to the future only. But if, in our project of tossing a coin a thousand times, we get twenty tails "right off the bat," it now becomes

foolish to expect that there will be five hundred heads and five hundred tails when we complete our one thousand tosses. For there are now 980 tosses to go. The probability is that the remaining 980 tosses will divide evenly into 490 heads and 490 tails, and the most probable outcome now is: 510 tails and 490 heads for the full one thousand tosses. This is the logical expectation after getting twenty tails in the first twenty tosses.

Perhaps an even simpler example will be helpful here. The chance of getting two heads in a row is $\frac{1}{4}$, in



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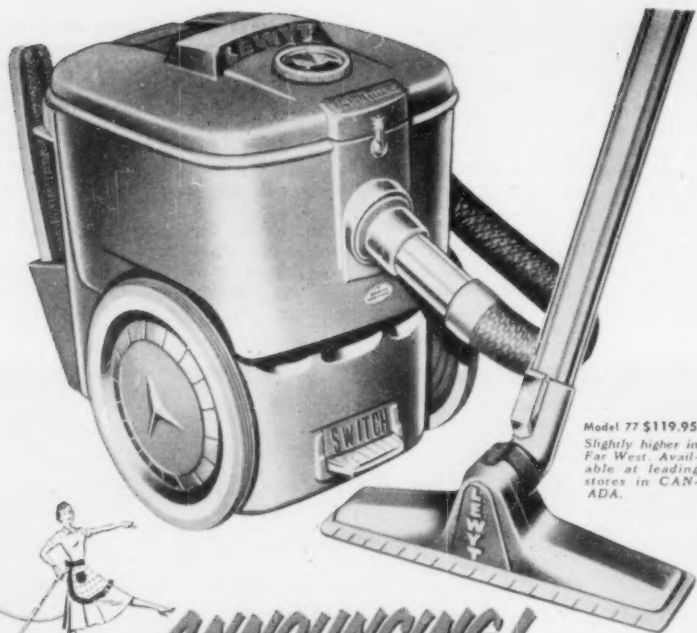
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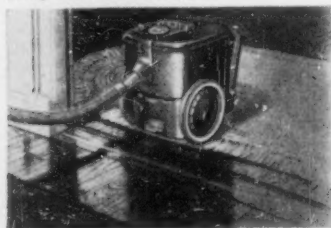
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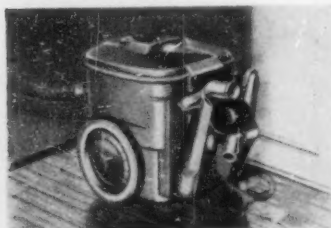
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advance of either toss. But suppose I throw the coin and get heads on the first toss. What are my chances now of making two in a row, including the first head? Obviously the chance is now $\frac{1}{2}$, since I need merely get a head on the next toss.

In other words, coins never "make up" for past performances. On any toss, the probability is the same. But the gambler is still unconvinced. He has a new argument. Is there not a "law of averages," he asks, which makes things come out even in the end? The answer, once more, is No. There is no law of averages which makes things come out one way or another. The law of averages, if it means anything, simply means the logical probabilities concerning future events, and in the field of mathematical probabilities these are determined without considering the past.

We cannot leave this topic without quoting John O'Hara's Pal Joey. When the night club in which Joey was employed as a singer burned to the ground he felt unjustly treated: "Ten thousand night clubs in this country but I guess they repealed the law of averages because they had to pick the one I was in to have a fire. I notice I never get that kind of odds when I go to the track." But a lottery ticket holder who has one chance in a million may win, and there is no need for a Great Power to repeal the law of averages in order for Joey's club to burn. Unlikely as it is, you may win the lottery, and your place of business may be destroyed. This is why fire insurance companies stay in business.

Dice Are Never Hot

Let us now go back to the gambler's fallacy. In a dice game, when a player has thrown several passes in a row, some players will bet more heavily than usual against him, believing that a loss is "overdue." This is the typical fallacy. But, curiously enough, gamblers also believe in another fallacy the exact opposite of the first one! When a player throws several winning passes in a row, the thought arises that "luck is with him," and that it will stay with him, because the dice are now "hot." Now, it is undoubtedly the case that the dice have some degree of warmth during a game, due to the transmission of the hand's heat to the ivory. But the dice are never "hot" in any mystical sense. The expression "hot" here can apply only to the past, that is, the dice were "hot," meaning that the player has won several times in succession. The same considerations apply to the notion that some people are luckier than others. All we can say is that some were luckier in the past; that is, they won; but for the future all of us are on an equal basis.

The two fallacies, then, are: (1) If a man wins several times in a row, bet against him, for a loss is "overdue"; (2) If he wins several times in a row, he is "hot" and you should bet with him. But neither notion is sensible, and amusingly enough, they cancel each other out.

The belief in a mystical kind of luck, of course, will not down, even though it is sheer superstition. When people gamble on the faith that this mystical kind of luck is in operation, and are fortunate enough to win, they are accounted as "shrewd." On July 22, 1953, the Chicago Daily News ran one of a series of articles on "The Business" of Las Vegas, Nev. In the Desert Inn's "deep-carpeted lobby," it reported, "locked in a glass case and resplendent on a red velvet cushion, sits the visible symbol of the Vegas gods. It's a pair of ordinary dice. Except that this pair, handled by a youngster in



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AROUND THE END of the last century, when aluminum was practically a precious metal, a famous racing stable had one of its thoroughbreds shod with racing plates of the weight-saving material. They were made at Tiffany's, the famous New York jewellery house.

Nowadays it is standard practice for "ace horses to run on aluminum shoes. Since the turn of the century the price of aluminum has been reduced to the point where it is now one of the most economical of all materials, extensively used for things like barns and boats and bus bodies. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan),

1950, made 25 straight passes at the Inn's dice table . . . But this youth was luckier than he was brave. He parlayed only \$750 . . . though the Inn dropped \$150,000 to shrewd on-lookers making side bets."

Now, were these "onlookers" shrewd to go along with this youngster? They won, but their shrewdness is determined by hindsight; they won \$150,000. Is one shrewd if he wins \$1,000 on the toss of a coin? In dice games, the odds on any pass are always the same: 251 to 244 against the thrower. The same probabilities hold on the first pass as on the twenty-seventh or nineteenth or seventh. After the event, the non-bettor bemoans the fact that he "didn't see it coming," that he lacked courage, or shrewdness. But this is just the superstition of gamblers who believe in the mystical Lady Luck.

There simply are no ways of "knowing" how to bet in games of pure chance. There are no gambling "systems" that will guarantee more than your mathematical chances. There are no ways of beating the probabilities. There are no magic numbers, nor any magic combinations of numbers. Gambling when the moon is full won't help, nor will it do you any good to touch a "lucky" person. Walking around a chair will not help, nor standing on your head, nor changing the deck in a poker game. Nor does one refute these principles by pointing out that someone did one of these things, and then won.

There is one exception to the rule that there are no systems, or rather, there is a system that would be unbeatable if it could be applied. This is known as the "Martingale." It operates as follows: Let us say that I bet \$1 on the toss of a coin, or on red or black in roulette. If I win, I put aside the dollar I won and bet \$1 again. If I lose, I bet \$2 on the next toss. If I win on the second toss, I am \$1 ahead on my two bets. If I lose twice in a row, I now bet \$4. I have now invested \$7: \$1 on the first toss, \$2 on the second and \$4 on the third. If I win now, I collect \$8 and am again \$1 ahead. If I continue to double up in this way, I will always be \$1 ahead when I win after any series of losses. But if a long series runs against me then I am in real trouble. For if a series of twenty-seven passes, or tosses, or reds or blacks comes up against me, that is, if I lose twenty-seven times in a row in craps, or flipping a coin, or roulette, then I must be prepared to back the twenty-eighth toss with \$134,217,727. If I can cover the next bet then I must have had an initial capital of \$268,435,455, and twice this if I lose on the thirtieth toss! If I lose three more times I will require a capital outlay of four billion dollars! All this to win that elusive single dollar! Anyone with this amount of money available would probably do better to invest it in tax-exempt bonds.

But, of course, one cannot use this system in any actual gambling house, for each house sets a maximum limit

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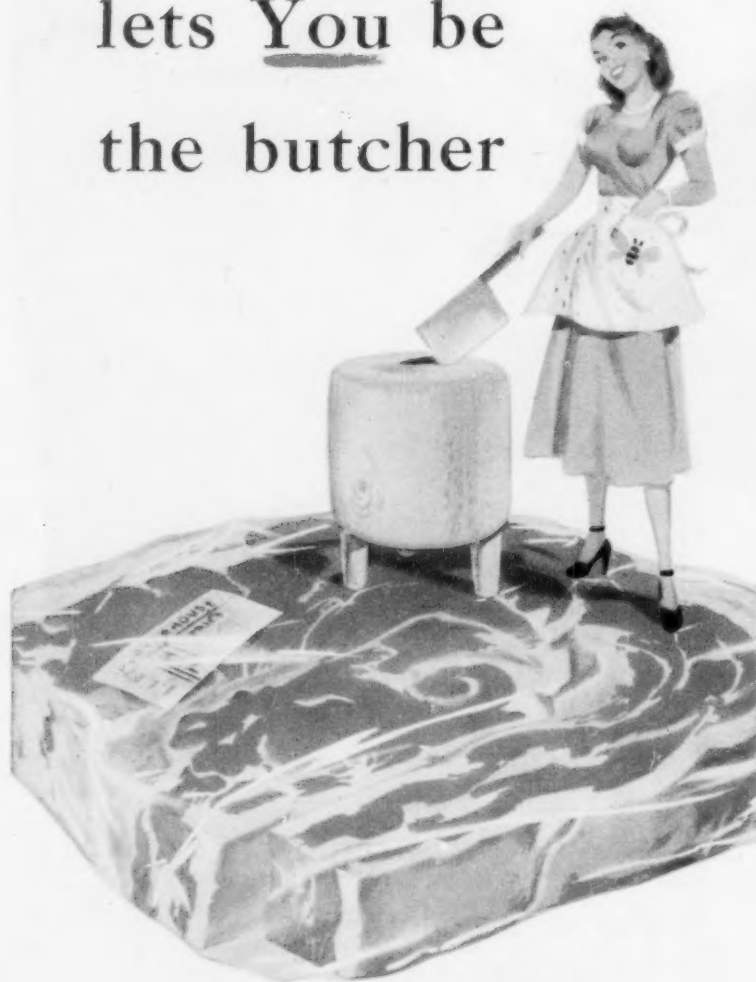
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on bets. In Las Vegas' Desert Inn, according to the story noted above, the limit is \$500.

There is, however, a more promising method for outwitting the house. This new method is based, not on a mystical belief in magic, but on ordinary physical facts. Several years ago newspapers reported that two college students were "breaking the bank" in Reno, Nev. They had no gambling system, so-called; they simply kept tab on the numbers that fell on a roulette wheel. They found that a certain number, let us say 19, was being hit more regularly than it should have been according to the mathematical probabilities. They inferred from this that the machine was imperfectly constructed. The laws of chance, you will recall, assume a perfectly balanced machine. These students then bet exclusively on number 19 and were apparently correct about the imperfection of the machine, for they were very successful until the management found out what they were doing and the machines were then replaced.

These students, be it noted, acted on a principle quite different from the theory underlying the gambler's fallacy. The fallacy tells us to avoid number 19 on the ground that it has already had more than its "share" of hits. The students acted on the basis of scientific or logical reasoning. Since no machine is perfectly constructed, the ball must fall more frequently in some slots than others, though perhaps not always to a significant degree. Their reasoning was sound in that they bet on the number that fell most frequently. The gambler in the fallacy says: "Bet on the numbers that have fallen less frequently than they should have in accordance with the laws of probability, for these numbers are 'overdue.'" The students, who were good reasoners, said, "It is a legitimate scientific principle that what has happened in a long series of runs on a particular machine is likely to happen again."

Let us now turn to a consideration of one's chances of winning in public gambling. The most important factor here is what is known as the "percentages." At a race track, for example, a percentage of the money wagered is retained by the track for itself and the State, so that the return to the players is the total amount bet minus this percentage. The odds are thus against the player by a certain percentage. Gambling houses also operate on percentages. A gambling house arranges the odds in its favor, and in the long run the percentage by which the odds favor it establishes the "return" for the gambling house on the total amount wagered. The percentages are the basic source of the fabulous profits of organized gambling. (There are a number of other factors—such as the house's larger capital—which also make it likely that it will win.) Thus, for the individual player, gambling is not only a form of risk-taking, but it is also a battle against the percentages. And the higher the percentage in favor of the house, the higher is the average rate of loss by the individual player.

The principle may be illustrated by a simple example. If you toss a coin and agree to pay \$2 every time it falls heads, and you receive \$1 whenever it falls tails, you would soon lose all of your money. You might win, in the sense that this is theoretically possible, but it is very unlikely.

Now, it is obviously foolish to play games of skill for money when you play with players who are more skilful than you are, for you are almost certain to lose your money. You don't have an even chance. You may be temporarily

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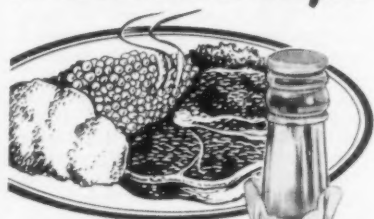
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lucky, and win, but in the long run your lack of skill, like the percentages, counts against you. Gambling houses do not rely on luck. And there are many forms of gambling in which the percentages against the player are so high that it is practically impossible for the player to win in the long run. I refer to bingo games, lotteries, the Irish Sweepstakes, and horse racing in general. In a bingo game, for example, the house may collect \$100 on each set of cards, and pay out \$50 in prizes. This means that on the average each player will lose one half of his total bets during an evening of play. Some players will come out ahead, but this means that others will lose *more* than half of their play. The odds against winning are formidably high.

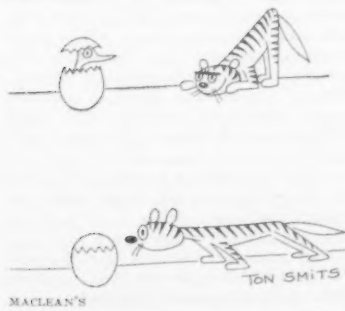
This principle may also be illustrated in its application to a form of gambling established in the United States in the year 1664 by Richard Nicolls, first Governor of New York. Nicolls said that he wished to stage horse races, "not so much for the divertimento of youth as for encouraging the betterment of the breed of horses, which, through neglect, has been impaired." Horse racing also offers other inducements besides the opportunity to improve the breed. When a man visits a race track, he enjoys an outing in a pleasant countrylike atmosphere; he can admiringly contemplate those things of beauty, the sleek thoroughbreds; he sees the graceful jockeys perched high on their mounts; and the silken colors of the stables make lovely patterns. And there is always the greatest of all inducements, an opportunity to lose one's money.

Horse Players Always Lose

The percentages against winning in horse racing are very high. The typical percentage (or "take") today is about fifteen percent. Of every dollar bet the provincial government takes a fraction (it's seven percent now in Ontario, although it has varied from province to province and from year to year), the track owners take a fraction (nine percent in Canada), and there is also what is called "breakage": in making payments, the track keeps all pennies down to the nearest dime. In winning a bet, for example, your share of the pari-mutuel pool might be \$5.08; under the "breakage" you would receive just \$5 while the track took your eight cents.

For convenience let's say that the total of track and provincial government "takes" is fifteen percent. This means that of every dollar collected by the track in bets only eighty-five cents is returned to the customers in pay-offs. As a result every player will lose, on the average, fifteen percent of whatever he bets.

Let us apply these figures to a typical situation. On a holiday, a big race track draws, let us say, forty thousand fans, and they bet \$4 millions. A fifteen percent take means that the track deducts \$600,000 from the total



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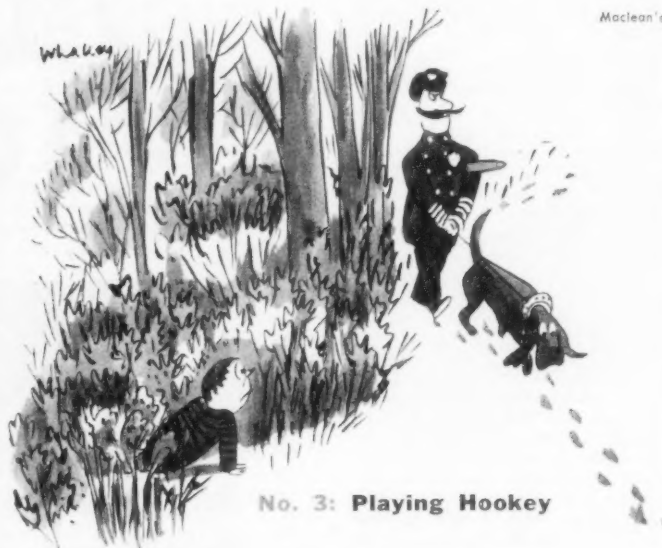
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I Remember School Days

By PETER WHALLEY



No. 3: Playing Hookey

amount bet. The customers, in other words, go home \$600,000 poorer than they came, if they are taken as a group, and they are taken! Divided among the forty thousand fans, we find that, on the average, each individual loses \$15. Now, some individuals will break even, and some will win, and this means that there are others who must lose a great deal more than \$15. If one man breaks even, another must lose \$30—if one wins \$15 another must lose \$45 to make up for the average loss of \$15 each, and the \$15 that was won. On this basis, the average bettor, over a season of 150 days, will lose \$2,250 a year on the take alone. Remember that on a single day all of us together are \$600,000 poorer than when we came.

Some Jockeys are Better

If you are fifteen percent better than the average in your skill in picking horses, or fifteen percent luckier than the average on a given day, then you will break even. Fifteen percent is a very sizeable amount, so this is really a rather remarkable accomplishment. Its unusual character gives point to the well-known story about the worried-looking gambler who was on his way to the race track. He met a friend who asked why he looked so worried. "I have to break even today," he answered, "I need the money."

Now, there is a certain amount of judgment involved in betting on horses, for a horse race is not a matter of pure chance in the mathematical sense. One may appraise the horses and the skill and experience of the jockeys. There are other factors not subject to our judgment which we cannot appraise, such as the possibility that a horse may deliberately be held back to ensure better odds in a later race. And then there are the notorious deviations from rectitude which may be hidden from us in a particular race. And then, of course, there are the handicappers, who seek to eliminate the element of judgment: the best horses carry the

heaviest weights. The best horses also carry the shortest odds, so that the chances of winning are equalized, and the value of good judgment greatly discounted.

The experience of some California race-news reporters at the Santa Anita track some years ago illustrates how hard it is to profit from even the best judgment. These reporters made their bets at special windows, and a record was kept of their total bets. They won three percent on their total "investment." Now, these men were experts and the results prove it, for their ability to judge horses and odds was eighteen percent better than the average. They were three percent ahead; the average bettor loses fifteen percent. If any one of these reporters bet \$100 then he won \$3, on the average.

But the ordinary bettor, whose luck is average or not at all bad, should expect to lose \$15 on every \$100 he wagers. These percentages are likely to prevail in the long run.

Such are some of the gloomy prospects confronting the person who indulges in public gambling. The odds are against us. But it would not be sensible to expect anyone to be influenced by anything that has been said about the foolishness of certain forms of gambling. Fond hopes are too ineradicably fixed in the human heart for us to be influenced by anything so inconsequential as a logical argument.

I am reminded of the story about the gambler who met a friend on the street of a small town. His friend asked him where he was going. "To Joe's gambling parlors," he answered, "to try my luck at the roulette wheel." "What!" cried his friend, "are you crazy? Don't you know that the wheel at Joe's place is fixed, so that you can't win?"

"Yes," sighed the gambler, "I know all that, but it's the only wheel in town." ★

This article is an excerpt from the book, *The Art of Making Sense*, to be published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Forgotten Man of Parliament Hill

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Justice Minister Stuart S. Garson, who were premiers of Saskatchewan and Manitoba respectively, no present member of the cabinet came to the House of Commons with a background equal to Croll's in provincial and municipal affairs.

Perhaps it's little wonder, then, that a favorite guessing game in Ottawa concerns the reason for Croll's persistent failure to break away from the back benches.

One reason might be his declared position as a reform Liberal, a party left-winger. Twenty-one years ago, Croll minted a slogan which Prime Minister St. Laurent was to repeat to good effect in 1949—that the CCF (Croll in 1933 included the now-defunct United Farmers of Ontario and the Labor Party) were only Liberals in a hurry. To some present-day Liberals Croll himself has looked at times to be in an indecent, un-Liberal hurry. He has pressed the government on old-age pension reform, and on immigration policy, which he has said should be more liberal; on unemployment insurance benefits which, in 1946, he called grossly inadequate, and on labor legislation. In 1948, with prices rocketing, he proposed that price controls be reimposed on essential foods, that the sales tax be abolished or at least reduced, and that an excess profits tax be reintroduced. None of this the government was disposed to do. It was already resisting, a little uncomfortably, considerable pressure from the CCF for just such actions.

No Help for Health Plan

In 1951, with the government still rosy from its exertions in bringing in a bill to provide pensions for all at seventy—it was to become effective Jan. 1, 1952—Croll went skipping ahead to what he conceived to be the next step in a well-rounded social security scheme, pensions for the permanently disabled. The step was taken this year. In December, 1952, he nudged the government about health insurance, a subject on which it always has been able to hear more than it wants from the CCF. Croll conceded that there were objections, particularly an objection that there were not sufficient doctors and nurses, hospitals and equipment, to permit a full health plan to operate.

"Of course we have not enough medical and health facilities; no country has," Croll declared. "But if we are going to sit back and wait until we do, then you know when we are going to get health insurance—just about never. I am convinced that greater health facilities will come with a health insurance plan." He finished on a properly loyal party note: "The Liberal party is the only party that can bring health insurance to the Canadian people because the Tories won't and the CCF can't." It is questionable whether this was sufficient to soothe the pain he had caused with the party—especially since the objection which he had sought to demolish had been advanced by the Prime Minister himself, among others.

In 1947, and again the next year, Croll sharply rebuked the government for maintaining portions of a wartime order in council restraining the movements of Japanese Canadians. It finally was rescinded in 1949. "On the grounds of principle I protest," Croll said on the first occasion, "because this puts an abnormal restraint on a Canadian citi-

zen. It is tinged with racial discrimination and must outrage the conscience of all Canadians. What is more, this is a precedent, a precedent which will plague us for years to come. So far as government policy is concerned today it is the Japs; tomorrow, well, who knows?"

In the last several years, many Japanese have moved into Croll's downtown Toronto riding, which contains probably more different national groups than any other. During the 1953 election campaign, a group of young Japanese who recalled his speeches presented themselves at his committee rooms and volunteered to help get out the Japanese vote. They did, in numbers.

Events like this underlie the charge that Croll has played the social reformer for the benefit of the home audience and championed certain causes and measures, heedless of any embarrassment which may be caused the government, with an eye to votes in Spadina. Croll denies this and claims he stood for social reform long before he represented Spadina. An immigrant who once sold newspapers and carried a shoeshine box on Windsor streets, he entered politics almost twenty-five years ago as a declared labor Liberal. He still considers himself one.

Croll's most spectacular break with party discipline came in a labor dispute in 1937. In that year, he and Arthur Roebuck, then Ontario Attorney-General and now a senator, were fired from the cabinet by the province's rambunctious, colorful Premier Mitch Hepburn. The break occurred over the strike of thirty-seven hundred workers at the Oshawa plant of General Motors of Canada. Croll took the position that the workers had the right to choose whatever lawful union they wished—including the United Automobile Workers of America, a CIO union—as their bargaining agency; Hepburn declared that the Canadian automobile industry was not going to be dominated by labor forces in the United States. The issue brewed quietly within the cabinet for some time until Hepburn himself brought it into the open. If any member of his government was out of sympathy with his policy, said Hepburn, that member could only resign. The next day he called for the resignations of Croll and Roebuck. Croll's letter of resignation was ready. After three years in office as minister of welfare and municipal affairs, and two years as minister of labor as well, Croll reverted to plain MPP.

Again in 1950 in the federal House, Croll went his own way on a labor question. This time it was in connection with another strike, that of the unions of non-operating railway workers. He objected to the compulsory aspects of the government's Maintenance of Railway Operation Act, the instrument by which the nine-day strike was to be brought to an end. The bill required the workers to return, assured them they would get at least as much as the last offer of the railways, and placed the remaining differences in the hands of an arbitrator. Croll argued that it set a precedent from which the right of labor to strike might be further curtailed on other occasions. On the vote, he stood against the government's measure. In 1951, on a matter of another sort, he risked the government's disfavor when he introduced for discussion—he did not ask for a vote—a resolution proposing consideration of wider grounds for divorce. It is a subject which the government, mindful of the strong feelings of its Quebec members, prefers to leave alone.

Has the fact that he is a Jew kept Croll out of the cabinet, or contributed to keeping him out? Persons in and

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close to the government flatly deny it. A highly placed Liberal outside Parliament pointed to the fact that the government has appointed Jews to the bench. Would it have done that, he asked, if there were prejudice? Croll himself does not believe he has been in any way affected by discrimination but there are those who do. The *Globe and Mail* in an editorial of June 20, 1953, in which it commented on the then recent appointment of John W. Pickersgill, said: "In his latest choice of a colleague, Mr. St. Laurent has again passed over Mr. Croll in favor of a civil servant who has never been elected to any office anywhere. The reason for this overlooking of Mr. Croll, as many people think, is that he is of the Jewish faith."

Among a representative group of parliamentary correspondents questioned recently, only one thought that Croll's being Jewish was no factor in his having remained a backbencher; some thought it was the dominant factor; most believed it was part of the reason. Others believe that Croll has been the victim of what might be called discrimination by procrastination: that he has been the subject of no decision rather than of an adverse decision. The theory follows these lines: no Jew has ever been a member of a federal cabinet; there remains here and there, notably in rural Quebec, considerable anti-Semitism which would be, or could be, aroused at such an appointment; the necessity of making one is not pressing; hence it remains unmade.

Towns Going Bankrupt

When he was appointed by Hepburn in 1934, Croll was the first Jew ever to take office in any government in Canada. Hepburn made the appointment against the advice of two of the biggest Liberal big wheels in Ontario. A man who was an official of the Conservative party at Queen's Park at the time said recently that displeasure at the precedent was not confined to the Liberals. In his opinion, had Croll not proved himself an extremely capable administrator, he would soon have been driven out of office. Croll proved himself in two of the most exacting departments of the day, welfare and municipal affairs, the second of which he formed. The first bore the problem of distributing unemployment relief—four hundred thousand persons were receiving direct relief in Ontario when he took office—and the second was concerned with the dozens of municipalities which were going bankrupt. After a year he was given a third portfolio, labor. The opposition to his appointment had almost no public expression. An official of the United Church who wrote to a newspaper a letter containing a statement "derogatory to the faith and race of Hon. David Croll," was instantly repudiated by the moderator of the general council of the church, who made a public apology.

Hillel Croll, Dave Croll's father, emigrated to Windsor from Russia in 1904 and had got started in a small way as a cattle dealer when he sent for his family two years later. There were then his wife, Minnie, and three sons, of whom six-year-old Dave was the oldest. In Windsor the mother soon was keeping a grocery store, behind which the family lived. Hillel and Minnie Croll, both now in their eighties, still live in Windsor. Across the river in Detroit, sons Leo and Maurice, who, like Dave were born in Russia, are in practice together as ear, nose and throat specialists. Both served in the U. S. forces during the Second World War. The fourth son, Sam, is a dentist. He also lives in Detroit as does the one daughter, Evelyn, now married. The

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youngest son, Cecil, practices law in Windsor.

In the beginning it didn't look as though the Croll kids would do nearly so well. Dave became a newsboy not long after the family reached Windsor, occasionally augmented his earnings from papers with a shoeshine box. Though he sold papers mornings and evenings, he still managed to play football, baseball and basketball at high school, and to graduate in the prescribed number of years. In 1917 he and a friend, Jacob Geller, made an unsuccessful attempt to join the Royal Flying Corps—they were seventeen and looked every day of it—and in 1919 together opened the newsstand that was to put Croll through law school. It was also Geller's start; today he has a successful magazine, periodical and book distribution business in Western Ontario. On his share of the earnings Croll went to Osgoode Hall in Toronto. In 1925 he graduated, married Sarah Levin, and joined a Windsor law firm. Two years later he formed his own firm, Croll, Snider and Kelly.

His introduction to municipal politics came through W. F. Herman, the publisher of the *Windsor Star*, whom he had come to know shortly after he began to practice law. Herman had no sons of his own and took an interest in bright and hard-working young men. It was at his suggestion that Croll took part in the 1926 and 1928 campaigns of Cecil Jackson for mayor. When Croll decided to try for the mayoralty himself in 1930, Herman did not think he could make it and told him so. But Croll won after a campaign which the *Star* described as "the most colorful in years."

He Helped the Hungry

No city was hit harder by the depression than Windsor; none was hit sooner. It was on Croll's doorstep when he took office. In 1928, motor vehicles produced in Canada had numbered 242,000; in 1932 the number was down to 60,700. The main weight of the blow fell on Windsor. But what made the impact of the depression heavier on Windsor than other cities was the decision of the United States to stop admitting commuting workers. It was estimated that in 1927, 15,573 residents of the Border Cities worked in Detroit. By 1933 the number was down to 2,200. Croll had a special appreciation for the plight of the commuters; he knew them personally. These people had been his newsstand customers, for his stand had been located at the corner of Ouellette Avenue and Sandwich Street, on the way to the ferry.

As the depression tightened its grip, tax collections sagged and relief costs soared. Eventually it became a choice between the city's going broke and the people's going hungry and at that point, Croll said recently, the city went broke. It stopped paying on its bonded indebtedness. At the same time Croll reorganized municipal relief on lines that attracted the overflow jobless from other places. He saw in his office, by a newspaper estimate, a thousand deputations in a year.

Croll had always had aspirations in the federal field. But when Hepburn asked him to contest a Windsor seat in the provincial election of June 1934, he agreed. He was elected in Windsor-Walkerville with a majority of more than five thousand. He continued to serve as mayor of Windsor after Hepburn made him provincial welfare minister.

Because the Ontario Infants' Act was under the jurisdiction of his department, Croll soon had an extra responsibility. He became guardian of the Dionne Quints. Over severe opposition

which said it was ignoring the natural rights of the parents, the government in 1935 took over the administration of the Quints' affairs. A board of guardians was set up, responsible to Croll. Contracts for endorsements of baby foods and the like were handled through the Attorney-General's Department, on approval from the board. In February 1937, Croll was able to report to the legislature that there was in the Quints' fund \$543,999 in government and government-guaranteed bonds; that contracts had been approved guaranteeing an additional \$200,000 in each of the next two years. Papa Dionne himself, who had once bitterly opposed the provincial guardianship, told an interviewer at the time: "We appreciate the protection of the government. We couldn't get along without it."

While Croll was still in the Ontario government the differences between Hepburn and Prime Minister MacKenzie King, which eventually were to grow into an open, bitter feud, already had begun to appear. Croll remained on friendly terms with the King administration, and counseled against the feud, but there was no clash between him and Hepburn over it. Their sympathies in the General Motors strike, however, were directly opposed. Hepburn declared that his government was determined to fight "these professional labor profiteers" and "foreign agitators," and said that, if necessary, he would "raise an army to do so."

His Worship Private Croll

Croll meanwhile had said that, as minister of welfare, he would not deprive the strikers of relief if they needed it; to do so would be to so undermine their position as to constitute strike breaking. There was no union strike fund; the union was too young. He also supported the right of the Oshawa workers to join the UAWA or any other legal union and to have it recognized by the company as their agent for bargaining purposes. Croll's resignation came in April, 1937. He left with the exit line: "In my official capacity I have traveled the middle of the road, but now that you have put the extreme alternative to me, my place is marching with the workers rather than riding with General Motors."

In 1938 he won another term as mayor of Windsor. He also continued to sit in the legislature, now as a private member. On Oct. 8, 1939, with the war a month old, he joined the Essex Scottish Regiment as a private. He was thirty-nine; most of the recruits with whom he drilled, did guard duty and messed, were in their early twenties. By the summer of 1940 he was in England, still a private, and it was as

a private that His Worship Mayor David A. Croll of Windsor, Ont., was entertained by His Worship and the Council of the Royal Borough of Windsor, England. The private, wrote a newspaperman, was received like a visiting general.

Croll had not been long in England when he was tabbed for an officers' course which he took at Sandhurst. After Japan had entered the war Croll was returned to Canada for duties as a training officer on the Pacific Coast. Subsequently he was posted to a senior officers' course at Royal Military Col-

lege, Kingston, and from there went overseas again, this time in military government.

He was at München-Gladbach in Germany when he received a letter from the Spadina Liberal Association, augmented by a message from MacKenzie King, asking him to be a candidate in Spadina. Samuel Factor, who had held the riding since 1930, had gone to the bench. Tim Buck, the Communist leader, proposed to run in Spadina, and seemed likely to win it. Would Croll come back and hold it for the Jewish people who made up, then

more than now, a large part of the population? Croll had thought himself through with politics. He had been defeated in absentia in the provincial election of 1943 and now held no office for the first time in fifteen years. When the invitation was renewed, he accepted and on May 10 flew home. He had already been nominated and Buck already had decided to run in an adjoining riding where he was defeated.

For a month Croll lived in a small hotel in the south end of the riding and began to get to know it. Spadina runs north and south through west central



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Toronto. Its main stem is the avenue from which it gets its name—the home of the garment industry. It is mixed not only in race and religion but also in levels of income. At the north end of the riding Croll has constituents whose closets hold mink coats stitched as likely as not by other constituents in the south end. Among its hundred and fifteen thousand residents Spadina numbers Jews and Negroes, Italians, Anglo-Saxons and Hungarians, Japanese, Ukrainians and other races. There are near-mansions and near-tenements and most types of dwelling between.

There are railway yards, loft buildings, shops, an infinite variety of restaurants, an airport and a summer resort—the last two on Toronto's islands.

The riding each time has given Croll staggering majorities—his smallest was his first, 7,130—and he has had majorities not only in the south end which is predominantly a workers' district, but also in the well-to-do north end. Croll himself is a resident not of Spadina but of North Toronto where he and his wife share an apartment in a district of fashionable apartments with twin daughters Constance and Sandra.

Another daughter, Eunice, is married. At Ottawa, Croll speaks as more than the representative of Spadina. He is the senior of two Jewish members of the House, and, as such, is virtually the official parliamentary spokesman of the Jewish people of Canada.

Last year, when Croll introduced the Fair Employment Practices Bill, an anti-discrimination measure, Labor Minister Milton F. Gregg, VC, did honor to "one voice from this side of the House that has been forceful, consistent and eloquent in its demands for action against discrimination..." ★

The Two Lives of Jonas Applegarth

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

He was dazed the next day when the studio fitted him into a Marine uniform, gave him a crew cut and tossed him a thick script. Director Walsh was so sure that Applegarth would be right for the role of Shining Lighttower that he offered him the part without a screen test. Five days later he caught a plane for Vieques Island, a scrap of land off Puerto Rico in the West Indies, where battle scenes were to be filmed.

Here several earnest young men and women proceeded to turn a Canadian Indian into a Hollywood redskin. After thirty-three years trying to learn proper English, Applegarth was encouraged to use a broken accent. Each morning at eight the make-up department darkened his dark skin and fastened on a wig. As Shining Lighttower, the Indian, he wore long braids. As Lighttower, the rookie Marine, he wore an army hairdo. In the movie script, after seeing himself in a fresh army haircut, Lighttower yelps, "I been scalped."

Each day Applegarth checked the list of scenes to be filmed and, if required, went before the cameras. "I was kind of bashful at first," he admits, "with three cameras rolling and all those guys watching me." But outwardly, as usual, he showed no emotion.

"He was never flustered," writes Carleton Young, a U. S.-army lieutenant-colonel, former Broadway actor and fellow player in Battle Cry, who befriended Applegarth. "What he didn't understand he asked about but he didn't let any of it rattle him."

Actors Were His Pals

Applegarth's rumbling bass voice was an asset. So was the new confidence and dignity that Hollywood imparted. For the first time in his life, he says, white men were treating him as a human being and an equal, rather than as an Indian. All his fellow actors were kind and considerate.

"That Van Heflin, he treated me like his brother," says Applegarth. Actor Aldo Ray sometimes coached him on his lines. A couple of friendly Texans, brash breezy Justice McQueen and six-foot-five Fess Parker, both fellow Marines in Battle Cry, seeing that Jonas was shy and lonesome, took him in hand.

Parker, a veteran of radio and movie parts, helped Jonas rehearse. McQueen cheered him up when he was homesick, a sometimes hazardous proposition. One day, when McQueen had snapped him out of the blues, the muscular Jonas draped an arm around the Texan's shoulders, squeezed and said, "Mac, I like you. You're a real friend." McQueen wheezed like a rusty accordion. He told Parker later, "He damn near broke my ribs."

Although Applegarth was gaining confidence he seemed to be perspiring unnaturally in the West Indies heat. It turned out he was still wearing woolen underwear. In Hobbema, he explained, he always wore winter underwear in February. After sweating it out for a few days in a hundred-degree heat he finally broke with tradition.

The cast and crew, discovering a sense of humor under his blank expression, included him in their jokes. Ancient Indian gags came out of mothballs but they were never malicious. The actors ribbed Applegarth, the Indian, the same way they heckled McQueen, the Texan. Once he realized

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this, Applegarth was a willing straight man.

One day the cast stood by while the cameras photographed Marine amphibious tractors storming ashore under simulated shellfire. A tall column of smoke mushroomed from a distant hill. McQueen, pointing to the smoke "signal," asked Applegarth, "What's he say, Chief?"

"Him say him scalp-um white man," grunted Applegarth in appropriate Hollywood-Indian dialect.

From then on he was "Chief" to his friends. One night actors Aldo Ray, Glenn Denning, Carleton Young and Applegarth shared a crowded tent. After lights out somebody grumbled, "This is a helluva setup. We'll have to make more room somehow."

"If we had a few cigars," drawled another voice, "we could stick 'em in Chief's hand and stand him outside the door."

Applegarth's chuckles kept them awake half the night.

Generally Applegarth let someone else do the talking. His economical "Yes" and "No" answers around the set and his built-in poker face, an asset at card games, caused the crew to dub him "Ol' Stoneface" and the "Indian Gary Cooper."

But one evening as the crowd sat sampling Puerto Rican rum and swapping yarns Applegarth said he'd tell a story. The room hushed. Applegarth began his joke—in Cree. He apologized and started over—in Cree. Finally he gave up in confusion, explaining that it was a good story but it wouldn't come out in English.

After three and a half weeks on Vieques, the cast returned to Hollywood for local Marine camp scenes and Applegarth began to live like a wealthy tourist. He had originally been promised \$110 a week but this was raised to \$250. He sent five hundred dollars home to his wife and bought a new wardrobe—slacks, sports shirts and two suits. On Easter Sunday he joined twenty thousand others for the annual Roman Catholic sunrise service in the Hollywood Bowl. He saw the stage musical Brigadoon and became a regular movie fan. He went to Grauman's Chinese Theatre four times and gazed at the footprints of Hollywood celebrities imprinted in the sidewalk outside.

McQueen and some friends drove him to Tijuana, Mexico, one day to see horse races and cock fights. Another night they took him to San Diego and his first burlesque show. He began to attend night clubs and discovered "you got to polish your shoes, wear a white shirt and a tie and comb your hair real good or they won't serve you." He could order drinks and enjoy Hollywood society like any white man. If newcomers seemed uncertain how to act when Jonas joined a party, Fess Parker broke the ice with, "Meet Jonas Applegarth. He's a Cree Indian from Canada. Myself, I'm a Comanche."

Around the Warner Brothers set he was acquiring prestige. He delivered his lines competently and sometimes new lines were written especially for him. One comedy scene in *Battle Cry* shows McQueen and Applegarth planning to become blood brothers. The original script called for Applegarth to silently produce a huge knife for the bloodletting, whereupon McQueen murmured weakly, "Let's wait till tomorrow." But Applegarth brandished his knife with such gusto that the writers gave him the line, "Okay, let's see some blood."

Another scene required Applegarth and his buddies to join in boisterous song in a bar. Jonas, no thrush at his best, hadn't rehearsed the music and his off-key version rose above the others like a doleful war chant. Fortunately it made the drunken scene amusing and realistic. Director Walsh was delighted and filmed the scene with few changes. Recalling that triumph, Applegarth rumbles happily, "Yeah, I stole that scene."

A stand-in posed under the sweltering lights until the cameras were ready; then actor Applegarth stepped forward, cool and composed. A stunt man took his falls, for Applegarth the actor was no longer expendable as Applegarth the extra had been.

He called the stars by their first names, went car riding with Alan Ladd

one night and gave his autograph to admiring little girls, big girls and old girls who frequently asked if he lived in a tepee all year around. He acquired an agent, Vernon Jacobson, who handles all his business matters for ten percent.

When *Battle Cry* was finished, Parker, McQueen and a few others held a party for him and advised, "Don't stick around Hollywood between pictures, Chief. That sort of thing has spoiled a lot of actors." Jonas needed no urging. He'd had fun but he was homesick. He picked up a cheque for

back pay and caught a plane home.

Back in Alberta he avoided large hotels, checking into a small place on the fringe of downtown Calgary. But in other respects it was obvious that this was a new, worldly and wealthy Applegarth. He chatted easily with reporter Myron Laka and conducted himself admirably in a radio interview.

He ran out of cash on a Saturday morning and since the banks were closed asked Arthur Hersh, the Warner Brothers representative, to cash the pay cheque.

"How much?"

She can't dance cheek to cheek with a bluebeard !

Why snip in the morning and then snip again at night to get rid of a blue chin?

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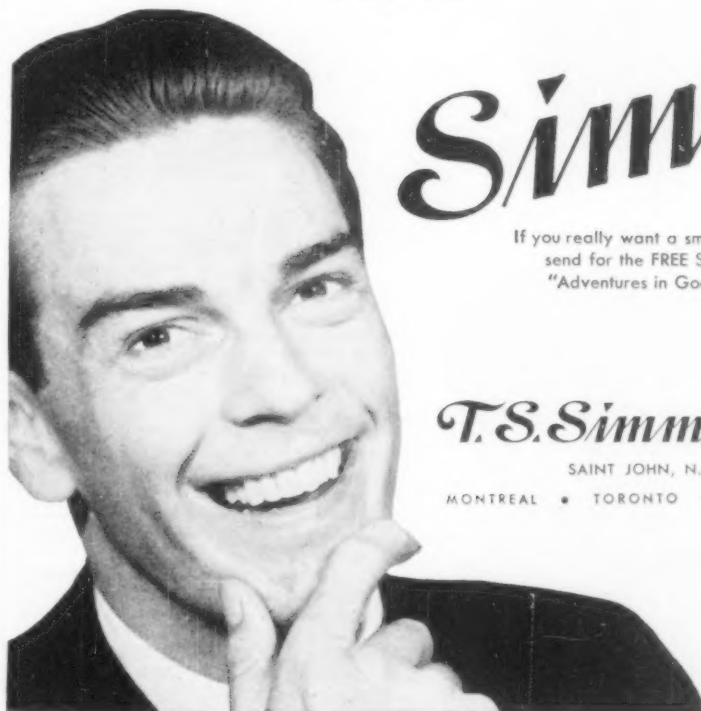
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VIPs In Verse: No. 5

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It is our fondest aspiration
To be a great exporting nation,
But aren't we more than slightly silly
Exporting talent like Bea Lillie?

P. J. BLACKWELL

"Fifteen," said Jonas casually.
"Fifteen dollars? Sure," said Hersh, fumbling for his wallet.
"Fifteen hundred dollars," said Applegarth.

Hersh gulped, replaced his wallet and finally hunted up a restaurant to cash the cheque.

At the reservation the Hobbema Cress held a dance in his honor. Jonas made a speech saying he would continue to do his best to give Hobbema a good name. He dropped in on his old cronies at Charlie's Billiards and answered eager questions about airplane travel and Hollywood night life. He also gave a talk for the Catholic school pupils. He bought new beds, chairs and a kitchen range for Helen, new clothes for Rachel and Bernice and a half-ton truck for himself. Two weeks later he flew south for a part in Drumbeat.

In Drumbeat, Applegarth was slated for a speaking part as a medicine man. He proved too young for that role and simply played an ordinary non-speaking Indian. For riding horseback, shooting cavalymen and generally conducting himself like a Hollywood Indian he earned \$350 a week for five weeks.

Taxes Took His Money

"Mr. Jacobson lined up a fine part for Jonas to start right after Drumbeat," says Carleton Young. "Also a fine raise in salary. But Jonas told me he didn't want to do the picture. Said he had to go home and farm. There was no use telling him he could pay someone well to do his farming and still have plenty of money left over, or that it was important to get himself well established while he had the chance. His mind was made up. He was going home and he did."

By mid-July Applegarth was sitting on a corral rail at the Hobbema annual rodeo, dressed in jeans, moccasins and felt hat like any other Indian. Like the others he camped at the grounds for the two-day event, sleeping in a tent, eating meals cooked over a wood fire, cuddling little Bernice on his knee and gossiping in Cree with his neighbors. Of Hollywood he said merely, "Oh, I'll be going back in the fall sometime. It's all right long as they pay me. Money's what counts."

By that time most of his money was gone. Taxes took some and Applegarth is not particularly thrifty. He was not worried, though, because he knows a lucrative career awaits him if he wants it.

At first glance last summer it seemed that Applegarth didn't want a career; that he was content to play the part of Cree farmer. But it soon became apparent that Hollywood is in his blood and that Jonas is a Hollywood hero in Hobbema. One evening on the reserva-

tion he produced a tangled armload of snapshots, press clippings and souvenirs for me, while his Cree friend John Johnson looked on admiringly.

There were photos of Applegarth and director Raoul Walsh, Applegarth and Aldo Ray holding a West Indies lobster, Applegarth in Marine battledress, Applegarth and Fess Parker reading Variety. There were postcards of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, the Hollywood Bowl and swank hotels. There was a card from a Mexican race track and an actors' guild membership card. From time to time Applegarth dropped a first name like "Van," "Aldo" or "Alan."

He thumbed through a Battle Cry script, proudly reading extracts: "... then Lighttower—that's me, Lighttower—pulls knife from his boot . . ."

Finally John Johnson could contain himself no longer.

"Boy!" he blurted. "That Jonas! He sure hit the jack pot." ★

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Canadian Football

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

be nominally Canadian but they'll be played with an American interpretation which, I insist, completely ignores the tremendous potential and flexibility of our rules.

That's because eight of the nine head coaches in Canada's two recognized professional leagues—the Western Conference and the eastern Big Four—are Americans. Annis Stukus, a former Toronto sports writer who coaches Vancouver Lions, is the only non-American tutor in Canadian professional football, and he has an American assistant and all the U. S. players the rules allow.

I think many Canadians in the stands will agree that the Grey Cup game ought to spread its spotlight on Canadians—equally with Americans, if you like, but not to the almost complete exclusion of Canadians that you'll see Nov. 27. The fact a Canadian scores a touchdown, instead of surprising people, ought to illustrate that Canadians can do many of the jobs Americans are brought in to do.

I might say that the main reason Ted Toogood hasn't been scoring touchdowns for two seasons with the Argonauts prior to this year is that he's been an obscure if effective defensive halfback. The same thing's true of Royal Copeland, once the greatest touchdown-getter in Canada. He's now in his third season as a defensive back with Toronto Argos. Do you mean to tell me that given the blocking that, say, import Ulysses Curtis got for three years from the Argos, Copeland couldn't have found the same holes?

To our detriment we've also for-

gotten about the onside kick, crowd-thrilling lateral passes, the kicking game that utilizes the single point, and wide sweeping end runs featuring lateral passing.

If we haven't gone too far in Americanizing our game already—and I rather suspect we have—then I say we've definitely gone far enough. The trend will continue because of television. When the Big Four sold television rights to the National Broadcasting Company and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, it also sold another little part of its Canadian identity. Just last March at the annual CRU meeting, the two pro leagues, in the latest move to control imports, agreed that each team could sign ten Americans, although only eight would play in any one game. It also agreed that the number of Americans who had played more than four consecutive years in Canada and thereby qualified technically as Canadian players, would be limited to three.

The first thing the Big Four did when it got its TV money was to increase the number of American imports from eight to nine. That meant that one less Canadian got to play the game. If TV rights are sold again next fall, what's to prevent the teams from importing still more Americans? And what happens if American television, while dangling a quarter of a million dollars, pointedly suggests that its viewers in the U. S. would like to see downfield blocking permitted in Canada, as it is in U. S. football?

All Backs in Motion

If the trend continues we might well see the same thing happen to our football as happened to hockey. Many people believe hockey—a Canadian game—was ruined by our blind insistence on catering to American tastes.

Well, you might ask, if our football is appealing to so many millions of people, what's all the shouting about? Just this: I feel the U. S. emphasis has sapped our game of the rich potential that our rules allow and the U. S. code does not allow. I feel that, instead of becoming a poor carbon copy of U. S. football, we ought to utilize the ability of American imports and Canadian home-brews in Canadian football. In a nutshell, I charge that American-imported coaches have adapted their game to our rules to the detriment of the Canadian player and, more important, the Canadian fan. The majority of American coaches who come to Canada are 49th-parallel blind.

Our rules permit a far more diversified attack than American rules permit. For one thing, all of our backfielders can be in motion before the ball is snapped. In the American game, only one man is permitted in motion. And that's the way the American-imported coaches are playing our game—with only one man in motion. They do this because under their standard offensive formations they have never learned to do anything else. In the T formation, for example, the quarterback is stationed right at the centre's hip pocket until the ball is snapped. Therefore all other backs, except the one permitted by U. S. rules to start running, stand motionless too, because they have to wait until the quarterback gets the ball to get the correct timing in their U. S. plays. Because American football has only four backfielders no imported coach has yet found a way to use our fifth back, the flying wing. He's a nuisance to them.

I insist that American coaches are stereotyping our game. Here's another example of their insistence on fitting their game to our rules:

The forward pass is symptomatic of

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American football thinking. With all except one man in the backfield stationary until the ball is snapped, the forward pass has become the standard way to open up the opposition defense. Thus we'll see more and more passes as defenses get tougher, and our kicking and running games—once the outstanding features of Canadian football—will be more and more ignored.

In the 1947 Grey Cup final Joe Krol kicked four single points for the all-Canadian Toronto Argonauts, three in the fourth quarter and one on the last play. That beat the Winnipeg Blue Bombers 10 to 9. Also, it perfectly illustrated the value of the single point in Canadian football.

In the 1953 Grey Cup game Winnipeg's Indian Jack Jacobs threw 49 passes, an all-time high. He completed 29. Although the Winnipeg team lost to Hamilton 12 to 6, big Jake was acclaimed as the game's dominant figure. But I suggest the game wasn't football. And I insist it wasn't Canadian football.

These two Grey Cup finals reveal how much our football has changed in six years. Kicking, which made household words of the names of Bummer Stirling, Steve Olander, Huck Welch, Charlie Harrison, Jack Isbister and Ab Box, has become a minor feature. The single point, which has no place in the American rule book, is all but dead in Canada now, dragged out only when a team can't pass or carry the ball across the goal line.

How Hamilton Won the Cup

Curiously, while American coaches complain about our rules—most of them would like to see unlimited downfield blocking (our rules permit blocking only ten yards past the line of scrimmage) and a few have campaigned for four downs (our game allows a team only three plays to make ten yards)—usually it's the Canadian player who must adapt to American methods. Canadian stars like Joe Krol and Royal Copeland, who were accustomed to moving freely around a backfield, suddenly found themselves tied down by the American practice, which doesn't permit backs in motion until the ball is snapped.

Perhaps this has made for winning football, but it has also seriously handicapped Canadian players, dulled the play itself and shortchanged the fans.

Only one coach in the Big Four—Carl Voyles of Hamilton—has shown that he appreciates the flexibility of Canadian rules. In one game last season Voyles came up with a truly Canadian play that indirectly led Hamilton to the Grey Cup. It was the kind of play that all of us used to see all the time and some of us would like to see still. Yet when Voyles used the play it was such a rarity that it caused a sensation. You may remember it.

With less than a minute to play in a league game last October Montreal was leading Hamilton 20-15. Tex Coulter, Montreal's great tackler who also kicks, had to punt from behind his own goal line. None of the Montreal players realized that Voyles of Hamilton wasn't worrying about his men blocking that kick. He was worrying about a specific Canadian rule and how his players could exploit it. Just before Coulter got his kick away Voyles had sent young Cam Fraser, the Hamilton kicking artist, into the safety position, where he would have a chance to receive Coulter's kick. He also told Ray Truant, the other safety man, to throw the ball to Fraser if Coulter's kick came to him.

That's what Truant did. And Fraser—in the tradition of great Canadian

punters—returned Coulter's kick and raced down the field after it. The ball landed near the Montreal goal line and rolled over the line and came to a stop at Tex Coulter's feet. In American football the ball would be dead at that point; in Canadian football it isn't. While Coulter, uncertain what to do, stood there, Fraser, the Canadian, raced into the end zone and with a headfirst slide recovered the ball for a touchdown.

That tied the score and Tip Logan's point after touchdown won the game, 21-20. Without that victory Hamilton

might not have gained the Big Four play-offs and the Grey Cup might not be resting in Hamilton.

Johnny Metras, who coaches the University of Western Ontario in the Inter-collegiate League, is another American coach who has learned it can pay to make use of Canadian strategy.

"They play lousy football in the Big Four," Johnny told me recently, "because nobody can run wide with the ball. The reason is that all the imported ends are pass-catchers. Few of them can block, and how are you going to run wide if your ends can't block?

They bring in tough defensive tackles, so the only place you can run is inside the tackles. Or you can throw it. And, man, how those Big Four teams throw it, and throw it, and throw it."

This adds weight, I feel, to my claim that American coaches fit their game to our rules to the detriment of our game and our fans. Our field is 65 yards wide. The American field is 50 yards wide. Now, I ask you, if all the ends are pass-catchers and few are blockers, how can the coaches possibly use that extra 15 yards of field? As Metras says, with nobody

to block for them, the ball-carriers can't go wide with any consistency. And there, precisely, is the answer to a question I've heard scores of fans ask, "Whatever became of the old Argonaut end run?"

That was a play in which three backs would run wide, flipping the ball laterally or, optionally, faking a lateral and then cutting in sharply. They could pass off that extension play. In fact, in the mid-Forties when the Argos were using Joe Krol, Royal Copeland and Byron Karrys as their halfbacks, Krol often used to quick-kick off it.

I must say here that western teams today seem to take a broader view of our rules than eastern teams. This is particularly true of Edmonton which has usually had a tremendous running game, largely because their offensive ends, such as Rollie Prather, are good blockers. However, even Edmonton has proven singularly inept in the Grey Cup. In the 1952 game, for example, Claude Arnold got a march going against the Argonauts that featured wide sweeps by Rollie Miles and Jim Chambers. They moved some 54 yards along the ground but when they reached

the Argonaut 17-yard line, quarterback Arnold suddenly forgot how he'd moved so far. He threw three straight passes, all of which were knocked down, and that ended the threat.

While fans have shown no sign of flagging interest in western Canada, there's definitely a touch of ennui in the east. Even the most loyal supporters of the Toronto Argonauts appear to be yearning for the old days of diversified attacks. There has been an average of 7,000 empty seats in Varsity Stadium for the past two seasons (just last Sept. 11, a crowd of

13,910 watched the Argos play Ottawa, meaning that nearly 14,000 seats were empty) and it's nearly always easy to buy tickets at game time in Ottawa and Montreal.

I mentioned earlier that I felt Canadians are underpaid compared with Americans. They're paid less because there are more seeking positions. Also, most of them have jobs and if they want to stick to them and still play football they have to play in their own city. The club managements realize these factors and consequently are able to keep the pay scale down. Americans are different. The majority move to Canada to play football and return home when the season is over. To entice them to Canada our teams must make attractive offers.

Canadians in the two pro leagues average \$3,000 to \$3,500 and American salaries are just about double. An outstanding Canadian lineman like Eddie Bevan, say, of the Hamilton Tiger-Cats will receive about \$4,500; playing right beside him, import tackle Vince Mazza is paid about \$8,500. Flying-wing Rod Smylie of the Argos, who got around \$3,500 last season, was replaced temporarily at that position by import Hal Faverty, who received about \$7,000. Some of the top-paid eastern imports last season were John Kissell of Ottawa and Tex Coulter of Montreal, both of them tackles who were paid around \$12,000. It is doubtful if any Canadian last year got more than \$5,000.

I don't feel a boy should be discriminated against in his own game simply because he lives here or works here and can go nowhere else if he wants to play football.

The fact he has to keep up his job makes it still tougher for the Canadian player. While imports are able to do nothing but play football—they make enough in a season to live for a year—the average Canadian works all day and then goes out for football. Take Rod Smylie of Toronto as an example. This is his tenth season in senior football.

Actually, Rod's not complaining. The extra money he's picked up in football has enabled him to make a down payment on a home for his wife and two children, and buy an automobile and a television set.

But let's see how Smylie earns the \$3,000 to \$3,500 he gets for football. Like most Canadians, he has a year-round job. He's in charge of the recreation program for 14,500 employees of the A. V. Roe aircraft company. He gets to work at eight in the morning and he's through at four in the afternoon. During football season, then, here's a typical day: he gets up at seven and goes to work. He goes directly to football practice when he's finished at the plant and practices anywhere from ninety minutes to two hours. He showers, changes his clothes and goes across the street from the practice field to the Diet Kitchen on Bloor Street where Argonaut players eat. By now it's nine o'clock. By the time he gets home in west Toronto it's almost ten. To enable him to go through another 15-hour day tomorrow, he's asleep by 10.30. That doesn't give him much time with his family and that's a schedule he follows every day from the middle of July, when pro teams start training, until, depending how his team fares in the play-offs, sometime in November.

A point to remember, if it appears that \$3,500 is pretty good money for four months' work, is that players usually are not paid if they're hurt during the six-week training season or in pre-season exhibition games. A broken leg would not only cost a player his place on the team but it could

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jeopardize his job. On most teams Canadians aren't paid during pre-season training; Americans get a living allowance of about \$50 a week.

Pro teams now carry ten Americans, plus the three Americans who have played more than four years in Canada and are thereby classed as "Canadian-Americans." During the season a coach is allowed to use any nine of his ten Americans in any game, plus the three "Canadian-Americans," plus 15 Canadians on his 28-man squad. Most teams carry another three or four Canadians to guard against injury. These attend every workout but, unless a regular is hurt, they seldom dress for a game. They are paid a basic minimum of around \$1,500 and get extra money if they dress. Consequently, on a squad of roughly 32 men, 13 are Americans and 19 are Canadians. On nine pro teams, then, there's room for about 170 Canadian players in all of Canada.

The game has become, as I've indicated, a high-pressure business in which victory is more important than the individual. Al Dekdebrun, who quarterbacked the Toronto Argos to the Grey Cup in 1950, was fired suddenly and dramatically early in the 1951 season because, his coach Frank Clair announced, "his arm is dead." Although Dekdebrun was a fine ball-handler, he'd developed a sore arm that apparently prevented him from throwing a long pass. He might as well have committed a hatchet murder for all the sympathy he got.

The First Forward Pass

It's a curious fact that this was our game long before the Americans ever heard of it. Soccer was the only football in the U. S. back in 1875 when Harvard invited McGill to Cambridge, Mass., for "a game of football." The McGills sent down their rugby team, and Harvard, in an effort to accommodate their guests, suggested half the game be played under American soccer—or "football" as they called it—and half under Canadian rules. Picking up the ball and running with it intrigued Harvard and in 1876 they invited Yale to a joust. Thus, the great Harvard-Yale football rivalry was born and thus, too, was the game introduced in the U. S.

Interest spread quickly in the heavily populated U. S., but in hockey-minded, sparsely populated Canada—except for Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston and Ottawa—poor teams played before poorer crowds. This was the era of two-bucks-and-a-kick and the forward pass wasn't recognized by the CRU until 1931. It had been in the American game since 1906.

The west agitated for the pass in the Twenties and the CRU gave permission to use it on a trial basis in 1929. In October of 1929, in a game between the Edmonton Eskimos and the Calgary Tigers in Edmonton, Jerry Seiberling, who had been imported by Calgary from Drake University (he was the first American import), threw the first forward pass in Canada. Calgary naturally won, 33-0.

Seiberling also was the first American to bring his influence to bear on Canadian football rules. At first, if a forward pass was incomplete the ball was dead at the point where it hit the ground and the defending team was given possession there. In one game between Calgary Tigers and the University of Alberta, the Tigers were on their own one-yard line and were forced to kick. Instead of kicking however they gave the ball to Seiberling and he threw it—85 yards over the heads of all his opponents. The ball thus became dead deep in the Varsity end

of the field. The rule was changed to prevent further skulduggery of that kind (the ball was returned to the line of scrimmage instead).

The CRU adopted the forward pass in 1931 and Warren Stevens, a Canadian who had graduated from Syracuse University, threw the first forward pass in the east.

After Seiberling's success other western teams began bringing in Americans. Regina imported Curt Schave from the University of North Dakota in 1931 and Winnipeg went south a year later to employ Russ Rebholz and Carl

Cronin to teach and play. In 1933 Winnipeg's three teams, St. John's, Tammany Tigers and Varsity, amalgamated under the name Winnipeggs and a line coach named Greg Kabat was brought in from Wisconsin.

In 1935 Winnipeg imported American beef in freight-car lots to plug up enough holes and open enough gaps to win the Grey Cup for the west for the first time. And in 1936 the CRU, struggling to cope with this wholesale importing, threw up a makeshift tariff wall by barring Americans from the Canadian championship unless they

had lived one year in Canada. The Regina Roughriders, who won the western championship with half a dozen players who could not meet this rule, refused to enter the Grey Cup final with a skeleton line-up and no game was played.

There was also a sharp division between east and west on playing rules. The western code had a ten-yard blocking zone beyond the line of scrimmage and permitted backs to block as well as linemen. The CRU, whose members were (and are) made up of delegates from all organized football leagues in



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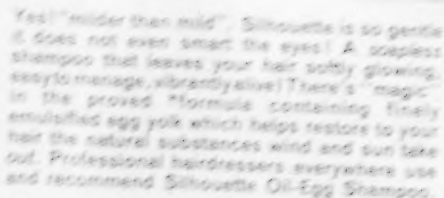
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So . . . to get back to the question . . . when we make an investment recommendation, we like to feel that it will meet the personal requirements of the individual. Experience has proved to us that a personal, confidential relationship between investor and investment adviser is the only sound basis for investment recommendations. Thus, of course, means personal service . . . the type of service which is available to our clients . . . available to you. You will be welcomed in any of our offices, or, if more convenient, we will be happy to discuss your personal investment program by mail.

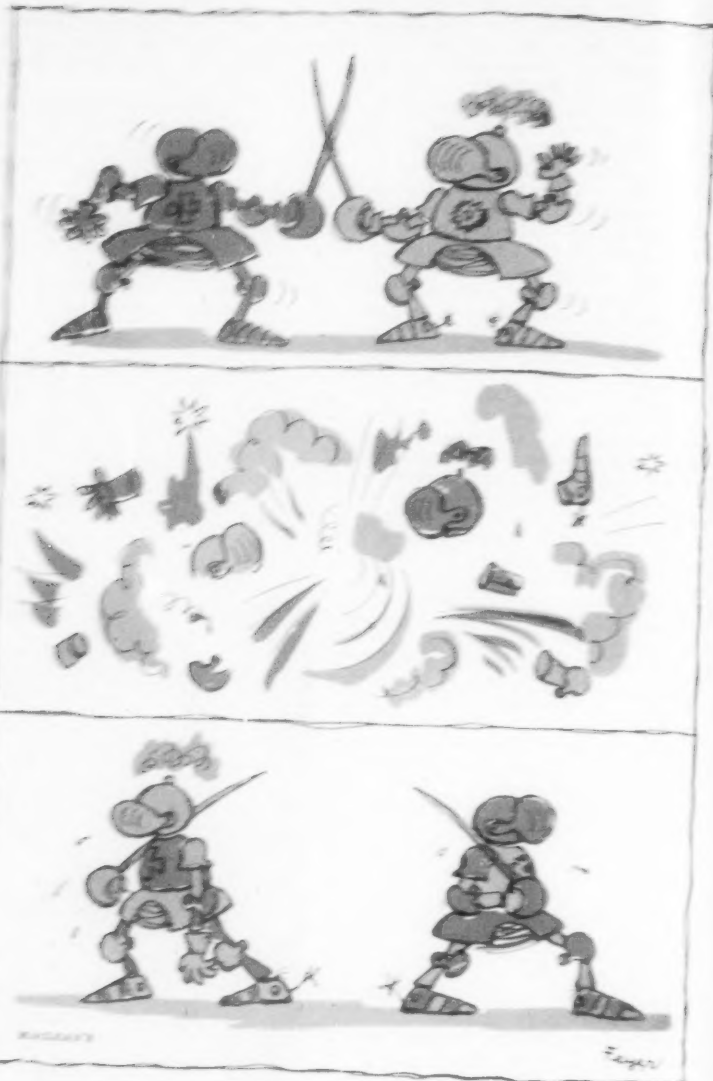
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*by SCHWARZKOPF OF VIENNA

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A black and white illustration of a perfume bottle. The bottle is dark with a light-colored label that features a small flower and the text "L'Esprit de Chanel". Above the bottle, a woman's face is shown in profile, with a flower near her mouth. The bottle is surrounded by a decorative border.



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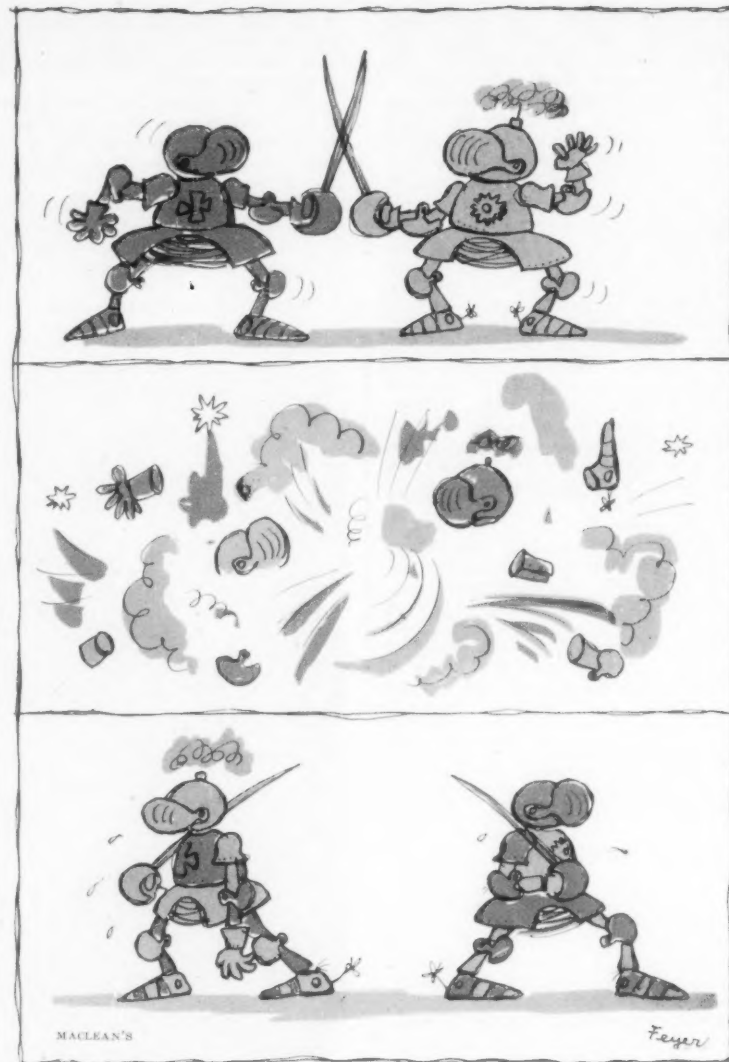


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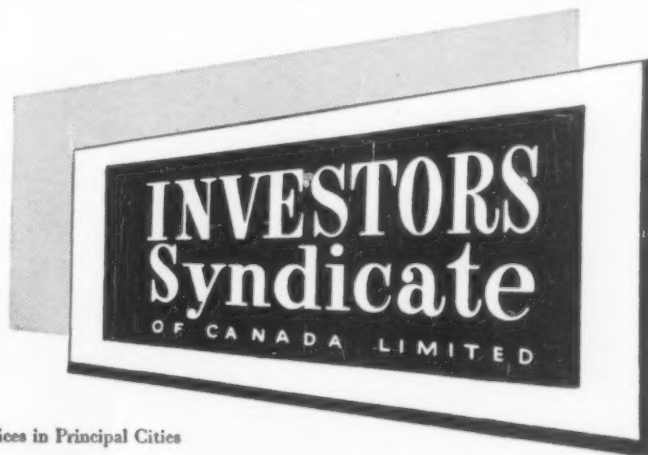
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Those Incredible Three Women

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Never have I heard or read anything in fact or fiction so incredible as Sidney Katz' article, *Three Women: One Body* (Sept. 15). Whence come these conflicting souls? The scientist would say from the brain; the priest might answer: the work of a higher power; for a million other doubting Thomases, such as myself, it passeth understanding.—B. C. Burton, New Westminster, B.C.

● It seems to me that there is too much of a mysterious aura surrounding the case. True, nature has capriciously produced many freaks, both physical and mental. No doubt as science advances we shall discover that nature is not as capricious as we had supposed. We shall understand the reasons for these conditions and how to treat them and even how to prevent them. In many diseases the application of a little common sense works wonders.

In this case it appears to me that either the author or the attending physicians tend to make it appear more baffling than it is. I am convinced that the three personalities are not quite as sharply defined as suggested. My diagnosis is that Eve White has been living a lie all her life. Her family and home life were very narrow and... occasionally she felt she just had to "kick over the traces" and became Eve Black. When she tired of this she went back to being Eve White. Her real desire is to be neither Eve White nor Eve Black and... as she got older, and presumably more mature, a better character emerges as Jane.

This sounds too simple perhaps but I should like to point out that we are all pretty complex personalities, with many facets. Our families, friends, acquaintances and workmates each see a different facet. As for what I refer to as "kicking over the traces" I should like to cite the case of the business or professional man (or even woman) who goes to a distant city to a convention or such like. He takes advantage of the trip to change from a staid, solid-citizen type to the man who frequents all the bars and night clubs, behaves foolishly and even consorts with women of ill repute... I am certain that once home again, he does not identify himself with the man who had himself a time at the convention... —E. J. Walton, New Westminster, B.C.

The Entertainment War

I hope your article on Walter Murdoch, the union dictator (Walter Murdoch and the Entertainment War, Sept. 1) will rouse public opinion...

Undoubtedly trade unions have served useful purposes, but they are now going beyond the wrongs they were intended to rectify. No union should become a coercive Colossus.—R. Oden Dahl, Caledonia, Ont.

●... No person should be forced to join a union to keep his job and, if he wants to join one, he should have freedom of choice. Dictatorship in union management is no more desirable than political dictatorship. Moreover,

no one in any foreign country should be able to control unions in our land... If stiffer labor laws in the U. S. are bringing the battleground between unions to Canada it is about time we had some of these laws in our country.—Miss M. Harnett, Ottawa.

Down on All Fours

After reading We'd Be Better Off On All Fours (Sept. 15), by Norman J. Berrill, I was angry, but had to laugh when I realized how ridiculous his claims were. I will continue to believe that we were put on this earth by God rather than his theory that we swung from trees and crawled from the sea.

Perhaps Berrill should practice what he preaches and try walking around on his hands and knees. He'll make an ass of himself, as he did in his article.—Ruth Melhus, Edmonton.

● Better off on all fours indeed! I have a hard-enough time holding in my middle standing up as Berrill suggests.



Lying on my back, my shape is fine. But on all fours?—bring me a corset. And has Dr. Berrill, who claims our feet and spine were not meant for it, ever followed the curve of a twenty-five-year-old horse, which is supposed to be a well-adapted quadruped?... —Rev. Robert S. Lederman, Catawauqua, Pa.

Some Light on the Subject

Discussing the "espionage case" suspects of 1946, Alan Phillips (*The Thirty Years' War with the Commies*, Sept. 1) writes, "But there were no glaring banks of lights!"

That is not true. According to the testimony of the RCMP sergeant on duty at the time, there were either four or six lights of I believe 300 watts each on the sides of both upper and lower bunks, and they were never turned off during the first 48 hours... The sergeant's testimony was given after an RCMP inspector had testified there were no such lights. The inspector later asked permission to change his testimony.—Paul A. Gardner, Toronto.

Bob's Little Monsters

Robert Thomas Allen's article, *Children are Monsters* (Aug. 1), was a masterpiece of wit, frankness and truth. At last someone has dared the wrath of naive mothers to question the behavior of their little monsters. If Allen should fall a martyr before the onslaughts of angry mothers I shall be the first to raise a monument in his memory.—George I. Hamilton, Three Rivers, Que.

● Hats off to Allen.—W. A. Craigie, Windsor. ★

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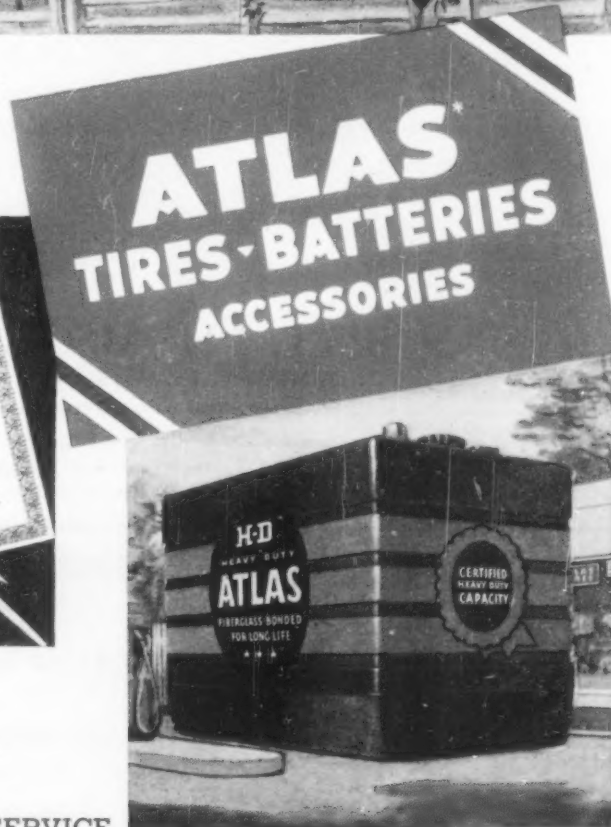
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DECEMBER 1

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

as Republicans to get this plan through Congress anyway. If the Democrats should carry both Houses, the President's chances of enacting his trade policy would be increased, not reduced, because more Democrats than Republicans are in favor of it.

On the other hand, if the Republican Party wins the 1954 elections it will be because Eisenhower's personal popularity and leadership were enough to offset the party's inner divisions and weaknesses.

According to the word Canadian officials get from their U. S. opposite numbers, this 1954 campaign has at last made President Eisenhower realize his own strength in the Republican Party. And if he can lead it to victory, they say, he can also lead it—by the scruff of the neck, if necessary—to do what he believes should be done for the unity, prosperity and strength of the free world.

OTTAWA IS ALSO more cheerful than Washington seems to be about the prospects for the unity of Western Europe, in spite of the collapse of plans for a European Defense Community.

Canada supported EDC as the best plan yet suggested for a controlled rearming of Western Germany, but Canadian officials have been pessimistic for a long time about the likelihood of its ratification by France. When France turned it down, therefore, Canadians were disappointed but not surprised, and they already had suggestions for alternative schemes.

These have already been put before the various governments concerned, and presumably will be discussed by

the North Atlantic Council. Details are secret, but the general principle is believed to be a strengthening of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Already, the machinery of NATO provides for a pooling of military information and to some extent of military forces. Up to now, of course, NATO members have been exhorting each other to do more—put more men under arms, spend more on planes and tanks and guns. But there is no reason the same machinery should not be directed toward restraint. It could just as easily set a ceiling for Germany as a floor for France.

The big question is: would France accept Germany in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization on any terms? If the French Assembly wouldn't ratify an EDC which was originally a French suggestion, why hope that the French would now agree to an arrangement which seems to control German power even less effectively?

In answer, the optimists point out that it's not quite fair to call EDC a French idea. True, it was proposed by a French Foreign Minister, but not quite spontaneously. It was his response to the sudden and somewhat peremptory demands of the United States, supported by Canada and to some extent by Britain, for the rearming of Germany in 1950.

France didn't want Germany rearmed. EDC was a compromise, put forward partly to stave off the 1950 drive toward restoration of German sovereignty. It wasn't so much a French idea as a Robert Schuman idea.

Any other scheme to bring a sovereign Germany into the western community will also be greeted with suspicion by the French; that is inevitable. But it is not necessarily inevitable, just because one plan was rejected, that all others will be. ★

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AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE



Too Much Wheat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

drought years of the 1930s. But the trains rarely stop. E. C. McNeely, manager of an Alberta Wheat Pool elevator at Bow Island, Alta., that is filled to the rafters with 112,000 bushels, shipped the last of his 1951 grain only a month or two ago. Carlo DeMaria, Wheat Pool agent at the southern Alberta hamlet of Carmangay, told me he had loaded only one car of wheat in the last four months.

A community dance at Grassy Lake, Alta., earlier this year broke up almost in a panic when a train stopped and unexpectedly spotted six cars—two each at the village's three elevators. No one paid much attention as the train's whistle signaled its approach, for a train hadn't dropped a grain car at Grassy Lake in many weeks. But in a few minutes there was sound of shunting, brakes squealed, and the news flashed around the dance floor that the train wasn't speeding right through.

Several men left hurriedly to find out what was happening. Then the news came back that not just one car was being dropped off, but six! In a matter of minutes only the orchestra and a handful of villagers remained at the dance; the farm population left en masse as sons and daughters rushed home to tell their fathers that there would be elevator space next day.

Midnight Rush for Space

Around midnight that night the farm lights were flickering on for miles in every direction from Grassy Lake and the rural telephone lines buzzed excitedly. Farmers, their sons and in many cases their daughters jumped into overalls, set up the loading augers and began filling trucks with grain. In another hour or two the prairie side roads flashed with the lights of grain-laden trucks converging on the Grassy Lake elevators. Long before dawn the trucks were jockeying for position in front of the elevator loading ramps. At dawn a hundred trucks were lined up with 20,000 bushels of wheat. The six railway cars when loaded made elevator space for only 12,000 bushels.

The storage problem is most acute from Regina west into Alberta. East of Regina, rain and rust cut the 1954 yield so seriously that most farmers were able to find storage space of some kind on their farms for the new crop. But in western Saskatchewan and southern Alberta every unused building that will hold grain now has wheat in it.

Good times for wheat growers started after the war and continued until less than two years ago. Many western farmers have built new homes. Those who left their old houses standing are now finding them invaluable for wheat storage. Several times on our recent trip photographer Mike Kesterton and I stopped beside abandoned houses, which stood like greying ghosts on the empty prairie, and peered between cracks in the boarded-up windows. There were always vast piles of wheat gleaming yellow in the shimmering streaks of sunlight inside.

Decaying architectural white elephants like old wartime airplane hangars and condemned schools have suddenly assumed great value. At a former RCAF base at Mossbank, south of Moose Jaw, Kesterton and I found three abandoned hangars with mountains of wheat inside. The hangars were rented by the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool. Each one contained about 400,000 bushels, enough to bury three

city bungalows completely in wheat. J. E. McArthur, assistant director of the Pool at Regina, told us two of the hangars were filled when the wheat surplus first began developing in the fall of 1952 and the third late in 1953. At current prices, they contain more than a million and a half dollars worth of wheat.

Another abandoned RCAF hangar east of Swift Current, Sask., was being used by the provincial government for hay storage under a livestock feed assistance program when the government decided it was more urgently

needed for wheat. The hay was moved outside and the Wheat Pool moved wheat in.

But we found our strangest story at the village of Barons, north of Lethbridge. Last year a Barons community committee headed by hotel proprietor Harper Parry and service-station owner Roy Lyon started soliciting funds for new skating and curling rinks. Then wheat deliveries came almost to a standstill; money was scarce and the rink campaign bogged down at \$9,000, far short of what the committee needed.

Parry and Lyon got an idea. They

put a proposition to several grain companies: if the community borrowed money and built the two rinks, would one of the companies rent one rink for grain storage to get the committee out of the hole? Before they were finished they had five companies bidding against each other for the rink that didn't yet exist. Citizens of Barons and district built two Quonset-type rinks side by side, accepted an offer of a half-cent per bushel per month for storing grain in one of them, and last December 150,000 bushels were piled twenty-eight feet deep in what will

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eventually be the skating rink. They have refused to rent the second arena—the curling rink—for wheat storage. With wheat-storage earnings from the one rink they plan this fall to put an artificial ice plant in the other.

A few years from now when both rinks have artificial ice and are joined by dressing rooms and a rotunda, the little prairie village of Barons, population four hundred, expects to have a civic ice centre worth \$85,000, one of the finest in southern Alberta. In addition to getting a new civic centre, the imaginative people of Barons have

made it possible for district farmers to deliver and get paid for an extra 150,000 bushels of wheat—a \$180,000 contribution to local prosperity.

I found two other southern Alberta communities following Barons' lead. Nearby Nobleford was renting its existing rink for grain storage and saving the proceeds for an artificial ice plant. And at Bow Island, druggist Elmer Bergh, secretary of the community centre committee, said the new rink just completed was soon to be filled with wheat and the town would eventually have an ice arena much

costlier than it could otherwise afford.

At Carmangay, another southern Alberta community, a condemned, two-story, 45-year-old school is earning \$1,200 a year from wheat storage. The money is being applied on a new school Carmangay built a year ago.

Some farmers argue that if the Wheat Board cannot sell wheat it should reimburse farmers for storage. Grain put in storage when it is hard and dry can be held several years without damage. The main hazard is dampness. This causes spontaneous heating which attracts hungry grain

beetles. Dr. Chris Farstad, a Dominion government entomologist, told me that in one survey sixteen out of every twenty bins sampled in southern Alberta had beetle larvae. "The hazard is there," he warned, "and with neglect it could explode into a beetle outbreak. But farmers know the hazard now, and I think they will keep insect damage down."

By drawing samples of storage wheat from the heart of the piles, farmers and grain agents keep close watch on the grain's temperature and moisture content. Occasionally when spontaneous heating begins the wheat has to be "turned over" into another bin and the act of shifting stops the damage. Since shifting grain in storage places like rinks and hangars is virtually impossible, only the hardest, driest wheat can go into such storage.

Most of Canada's astronomical grain surplus is in adequate storage and no significant fraction is in danger of being damaged or destroyed. In every abandoned building I saw being used for storage the roof had been made leak-proof. Some wheat was being dumped on the ground outdoors this fall but it was only a small percentage of the crop and in most cases a temporary measure. On Sun Dance Farms, leased from the Blood Reserve south of Lethbridge, I saw one large outdoor pile of 10,000 bushels but right beside it carpenters were raising new granaries to get the wheat under cover.

Three Phenomenal Yields

What caused Canada's big pile-up? Several factors are involved, but the chief cause is that for three years running—1951, 1952 and 1953—the prairies had phenomenal wheat yields, and produced the equivalent of five normal crops. During those years rainfall was far heavier than normal. The average wheat yield is 16 bushels per acre, but in 1951 it was 22 bushels, in 1952 it went over 26, in 1953 it was 23. Never before has the over-all prairie wheat yield exceeded twenty bushels an acre for three years running; only rarely has it done so two years in succession.

Looking back now, these three crops rank as fourth largest, largest, and second largest in history—all in a row. The 1952 crop of 664 million bushels represents the only time the prairies have produced more than 600 million bushels of wheat. An average crop is 350 million.

Last year, on the heels of the three big crops, came a sharp slump in wheat exports, a drop of 130 million bushels—from 386 millions down to 256 millions.

The Korean deadlock and the unsettled nature of world politics in 1951 and 1952 had induced many wheat importing nations, notably Britain, to begin stock-piling. Selling wheat in 1952 and early 1953 was as easy as selling life preservers on a ship that seemed about to sink. But the demand dropped when, about a year ago, the international situation improved and wheat importers began dipping into stock piles. Many normally heavy European importers also had big 1953 crops at home, reducing the demand still more. Britain, Canada's best wheat customer, dug deeper into its stock pile, postponing purchases, because it expected or hoped the Canadian and U. S. wheat price would have to drop. Canadian sales to Britain in the year ending July 31 were lower than in any year since 1921-22 with the one exception of 1937-38.

Some farmers contend we would be exporting in volume now except for government bungling during the summer, which saw the Dominion Bureau

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Britain won't buy our surplus wheat because it finds the price too high

of Statistics predicting another gigantic Canadian wheat yield for this year. DBS was still predicting a huge crop in August, many weeks after it had become obvious to western farmers that rust was destroying a good deal of the crop. Britain refused to buy, its buyers pointing to DBS figures and claiming that another big yield must inevitably push down price. "We've got wheat-surplus troubles enough, without Ottawa making the surplus bigger than ever on paper," said Gordon Brown who farms 2,800 acres at Riceton, southeast of Regina, one of the biggest wheat farms in Saskatchewan.

Four suggestions for reducing the surplus have been made: 1. Give it to the hungry peoples of Asia and Africa. 2. Reduce the price. 3. Abolish government control of marketing, on the theory that the open market did a better job. 4. Enforce a reduction in wheat acreage.

Philanthropy is Costly

Opponents of the first solution argue that farmers have already invested something like fifty cents a bushel to produce the wheat, that shipping costs might be another fifty cents a bushel and therefore that it would cost Canada around a dollar a bushel to give its wheat away.

I heard a few farmers argue that the Wheat Board's basic price of \$1.72 per bushel for No. 1 Northern was unrealistic, that a lower price would sell more and encourage acreage reduction.

Under the International Wheat Agreement, renewed last year, some forty importing countries agreed to buy specified amounts of wheat each year from four exporting nations—Canada, Australia, the U. S. and France. But the importers are obliged to take their quotas only at the minimum IWA price of \$1.55 a bushel. "With exporters holding out for \$1.72, the agreement for all practical purposes is void. Britain had already withdrawn from IWA last year, because it felt prices under the agreement were too high.

The present price is not entirely

Canada's creation, but results from an agreement among IWA exporters which draws its main support from a U. S. government price-support policy. It is now lower than it has been at any time since 1946 and Canada's Wheat Board regards it as fair and reasonable. If Canada started underselling, it would reap bitter antagonism from other exporters, most of all the U. S.

Many experts are of the opinion, anyway, that a price reduction would neither induce farmers to cut their wheat acreage nor alter the long-term export situation. They argue that the history of western wheat growing shows farmers will expand acreage when prices go up, but won't decrease acreage when prices go down. Wheat is the pace-setter of agricultural economics and when it goes down other farm commodities usually go down with it, so there is no incentive to grow something else. The wheat trade is also peculiarly slow to react to price changes, because it is governed in the long run by the rate of bread consumption, a matter of habit that is not materially influenced by price. Wheat Board officials admit that a lower price this year would move more wheat—but only, they insist, at the cost of moving less next year, because price never affects the basic demand.

The third most commonly suggested solution is the abolition of government-controlled marketing under the Wheat Board and a return to the open wheat market which operated through the Winnipeg Grain Exchange until 1943. In free-market days grain prices fluctuated sharply, responding quickly to changes in the world's agricultural, economic or political scene.

Often, opponents of the free market point out, the fluctuations were artificially imposed by speculators. Farmers began to distrust the open market in the 1920s and set up the three prairie Wheat Pools to market their own grain outside the Winnipeg Exchange. With the crash of 1930 the pools found themselves \$24 millions in debt, their world marketing organization folded, and they now survive only as the



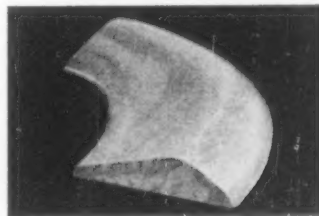
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"Wheat in store is like money in the bank. Someday the world will need it"

grain-collecting and storing co-operatives. They agitated for government-managed wheat selling and in 1935 the Canadian Wheat Board was set up, although farmers could still market wheat on the Winnipeg Exchange if they wished. With the shipping shortage and wheat surplus of the early war years there was agitation for the total removal of wheat from the free market, and in 1943 farmers were compelled to sell wheat through the Board. Canada now had full state-controlled marketing and price-setting, and it came about primarily as a result of demands from the producers.

Although the Board has smoothed out price fluctuations, Stanley Jones, president of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, contends that this has been done only by accepting a wheat price

shipping, and everyone knew that when the war ended there would be a vast market to fill." Now, according to Brown, we have an even bigger surplus in a period of prosperity, and there is no vast vacuum to fill. At this writing exports are still slowly decreasing. And hanging over our heads like a huge black storm cloud is a U. S. wheat surplus almost twice as large as our own.

"Washington might get panicky, pull its price supports and let the wheat price drop out of sight," Brown warned. "Britain is waiting, expecting that to happen, and Britain knows a thing or two about wheat economics."

But the Canadian Wheat Board and, I believe, a majority of western farmers are optimistic.

"Wheat in store on the farm is like money in the bank," said Woodrow Wagler, an official of the Alberta Wheat Pool and a farm owner. "Someday the world will need it. Farmers are hard up but they can ride out this storm. We've had good years since the war, everybody has new machinery, farms paid for, no debt. And the brightest feature is that under the Wheat Board it is a controlled surplus; there won't be any panic-selling and a crash."

A Wheat Board spokesman told me: "Nature has a way of correcting surpluses, whether they are rabbits or wheat or whatever you choose. As sure as night follows day, poor crops must follow good crops. But wheat consumption changes little; the market may appear to go up and down, but in the long run it is a constant thing. People just don't stop eating bread."

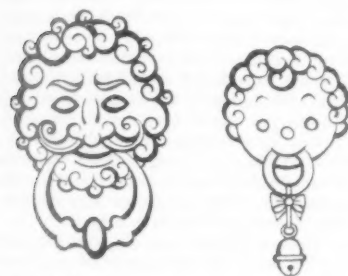
For the immediate future, the Wheat Board claims there are promising signs. The Board believes Britain has used up its stock pile and must soon return to normal buying. Wheat stocks of importing countries, especially Britain's, are closely guarded secrets, but the Board claims that Britain's current wheat-buying policy indicates that, as far as wheat is concerned, it is living hand to mouth. Britain can obtain wheat via the all-sea route from Vancouver slightly cheaper than via Fort William and Montreal, although it must wait twice as long for the Vancouver shipments. But the small amount of wheat it is buying this fall is all through Montreal. "It is paying more to get wheat faster," a Board official said. "We believe this means its reserves are gone."

Another factor expected to boost Canadian sales is the poor grain yield this fall in Europe. Heavy rains destroyed much of the British crop; West Germany had the lowest wheat yield in thirty years. Europe harvested low-grade wheat which will increase the demand for Canada's high-protein wheat as a mixer to keep flour up to standard.

For these reasons, the Wheat Board is confident exports will increase this winter.

The last-minute reduction in the 1954 crop caused by rust and wet weather has given the Board a breathing spell. The wheat surplus may be reduced somewhat by next harvest-time. Then, if the 1955 harvest is average, we could be back to normal. If it is another thumping 25-bushels-an-acre crop the western farmer will be right back where he is this fall: rich in wheat, poor in dollars.

As always, the prairie farmer's erratic and crotchety partner, an unpredictable Mother Nature, will play the deciding card. ★



MACLEAN'S

ROY DAVIS.

considerably less than farmers would have averaged on the open market, especially between 1946 and 1952 when it was a sellers' market.

Gordon Brown, the big Riceton grower, is among the farmers who agree with Jones.

"Canada can grow wheat in open competition with any country," he said to me. "We don't have to hide behind a government-set price. Let the price find its own level and we would have no surpluses as we have today."

But it is an undeniable fact that a vast majority of western farmers still prefer government selling to the open market. In a score or more prairie towns I asked elevator agents and farmers the question: "What proportion of district farmers support the Wheat Board?" I received estimates as high as 95 percent; the lowest I heard was 75 percent.

The fourth suggestion for reducing the wheat surplus—an acreage reduction plan—is regarded by most farmers as haphazard. In a land where yields can easily go up 100 percent or down 50 percent from one year to the next, tampering with acreages to the order of 20 percent or so often becomes futile, they insist.

Of the suggestions, then, for getting rid of our surplus wheat—give it to the hungry, cut price, return to an open market, reduce acreage—not one is likely to be tried, at least this crop year. If we merely sit tight, and it looks as though we shall, what are the prospects for the future?

It is not hard to find pessimists in the west today who are sure that nature and the Wheat Board, between them, have put Canada in a jam. Gordon Brown said: "When Canada accumulated a large wheat surplus in 1943 no one worried. The cause was



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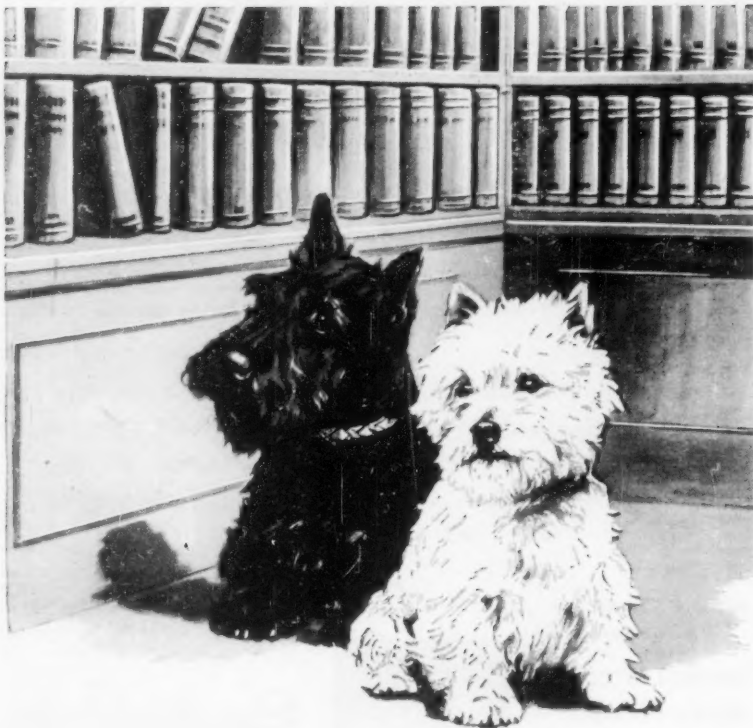
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How Marilyn Swam the Lake

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

that invoked cheers. Marilyn watched her as a spotlight followed her in the black water, then she slipped off her robe, kissed her parents good-by, walked to the edge of the Coast Guard lawn and dove off the retaining wall. It was 11.07.

Marilyn started off rapidly, like a sprint swimmer. Her simple purpose was to get ahead of Chadwick, and stay there. For a while the searchlights shone on the two women, joined a few minutes later by Winnie Leusler, and then they were lost in the blackness of the night.

This was the part of the swim Marilyn had dreaded most, swimming in darkness for the first time in her life. Ahead of her she could see only the flashlight held in her tender by Gus Ryder, her trainer and the outstanding swimming coach in the country. She had said earlier, "If I feel an eel on me, I'll scream!" but when the first eel, a little one eight inches long, struck her stomach and hung there she kept calm and punched it off with her fist. In the next few hours three more clamped to her thigh and she beat them off without any hysteria. Ahead of her, beyond the falling and climbing water, was the white pencil line of a CNE searchlight that burned all night as a guide to the swimmers.

What Gus Ryder later called the crisis came around four in the morning, at almost the same time that Florence Chadwick quit swimming. Marilyn, exhausted from fighting the twelve-foot-high waves, stopped swimming and looked pleadingly at Ryder. "I'm

cold, I'm numb," she called in her light child's voice.

"Marilyn," Ryder shouted back, "you've swum all night and that's really great. If you can do that you can do the rest. In another hour the sun will come up and it will be really nice." He fastened a paper cup into a ring at the end of a six-foot stick, poured corn syrup into the cup and passed it to the girl. She stood in the water, treading lightly to keep afloat. She sipped the nourishing drink and tried not to cry. Ryder didn't offer to take her out of the water and after a moment she let the paper cup float away in the darkness and started swimming again.

When dawn came Marilyn was fourteen miles into the lake. Ten feet away from her was the 24-foot lifeboat Mipepa, steered by Jack Russell, carrying Gus Ryder, a Star reporter-photographer named George Bryant, and a thirteen-year-old boy, Peter Willinsky, whose father owned the boat. Some distance away, and well behind the Mipepa, was the parent yacht Mona IV with Marilyn's parents and Star reporters and photographers aboard.

As the sky lightened, everyone in the lifeboat was shocked by Marilyn's appearance. Her normally pretty and gay face was haggard, the muscles around her mouth slack and her eyes glassy. She said later, "My arms were tired, my legs ached, my stomach hurt in one big awful pain and I couldn't get my breath. I wanted to quit. When it gets to your stomach, marathoners say, you're through." For more than an hour she had been swimming with her arms alone, dragging her legs motionless in the water behind her.

George Bryant noticed that she was crying and found himself crying too. "If it had been my decision," he later told friends, "I'd have got her out of there right then."

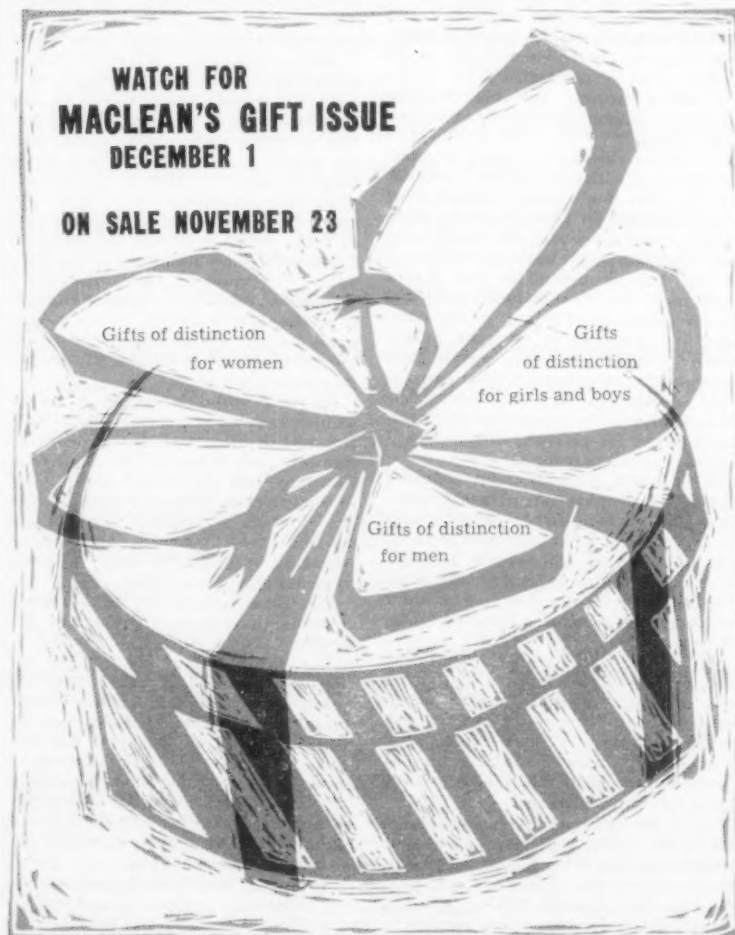
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Ryder passed Marilyn more corn syrup, but her hand was shaking so much the cup spilled into the water. Next he passed her some liniment he had scooped out of a jar and dropped in a paper cup. Under his direction, she rolled over on her back and rubbed her legs with the liniment. She continued to cry.

"Swim over here, Marilyn," Ryder called. "We'll take you out."

The girl began to swim and Ryder watched her closely, noticing that her legs were moving again. "Pull away, Jack," he ordered. Jack Russell moved the throttle and the boat moved away from Marilyn. She kept on swimming, still crying.

"That's a bad sign," Ryder told Bryant softly. "If she keeps on crying, I'll have to take her out." After a while she stopped crying and as the sun began to climb she was swimming strongly.

More Boats and More Men

The nautical phase of the battle between the Toronto Star and the Toronto Telegram began a few hours later. The cold war had been joined in Youngstown, where the Star had three yachts, at \$350 a day each; the largest was the 52-foot Mona IV, owned by Dr. Bernard Willinsky, which had been delegated to follow Marilyn. The Telegram had one boat, Jay Bee II, which was much smaller than any of the Star's fleet, a class distinction the Telegram felt acutely. In addition the Star never had fewer than twelve reporters and photographers in Youngstown and sometimes as many as twenty: the Telegram started with six and on the night the swim began was down to three.

In Youngstown, Telegram reporters discovered that Marilyn Bell and Winnie Leuszler were living aboard the

yachts rented by the Star. Because of rough weather, Miss Chadwick delayed the swim from Monday until Wednesday night, leaving 48 hours for the tension between the two factions to mount. Telegram reporters stood watch on the Star boats and were afraid the swim had started every time either of the swimmers slipped into the water for a dip. It was small consolation that Star reporters were occupied chiefly with housekeeping problems, such as shopping for groceries. Winnie Leuszler brought with her nine relatives, who lived with her aboard the yacht Norlaine, hired by the Star.

The Star, on the other hand, was having its own problems with CNE officials who had promised Florence Chadwick that her swim would be an exhibition, not a race. The officials, particularly George Duthie, the sports director, tried to persuade the Canadians not to spoil the arrangements. "That lake is no place for a youngster," Duthie told the Star indignantly.

On Tuesday night the Telegram planned a harassing action and roared their boat past the silent Star boats into the darkness at the mouth of the Niagara River. They popped off camera flashbulbs and were repaid by the spectacle of Star reporters, in great agitation, racing around the decks of their boats.

On Wednesday a Telegram photographer making a routine patrol of the Star boats on the jetty ran into a Columbus, O., distance swimmer named Jerry Kerschner, who remarked dolefully that if he had a boat to accompany him he'd swim the lake himself.

The Telegram, delighted to have a swimmer to follow at last, and one all its own, had Kerschner greased and in the water half an hour later, stroking determinedly for Toronto. Kerschner

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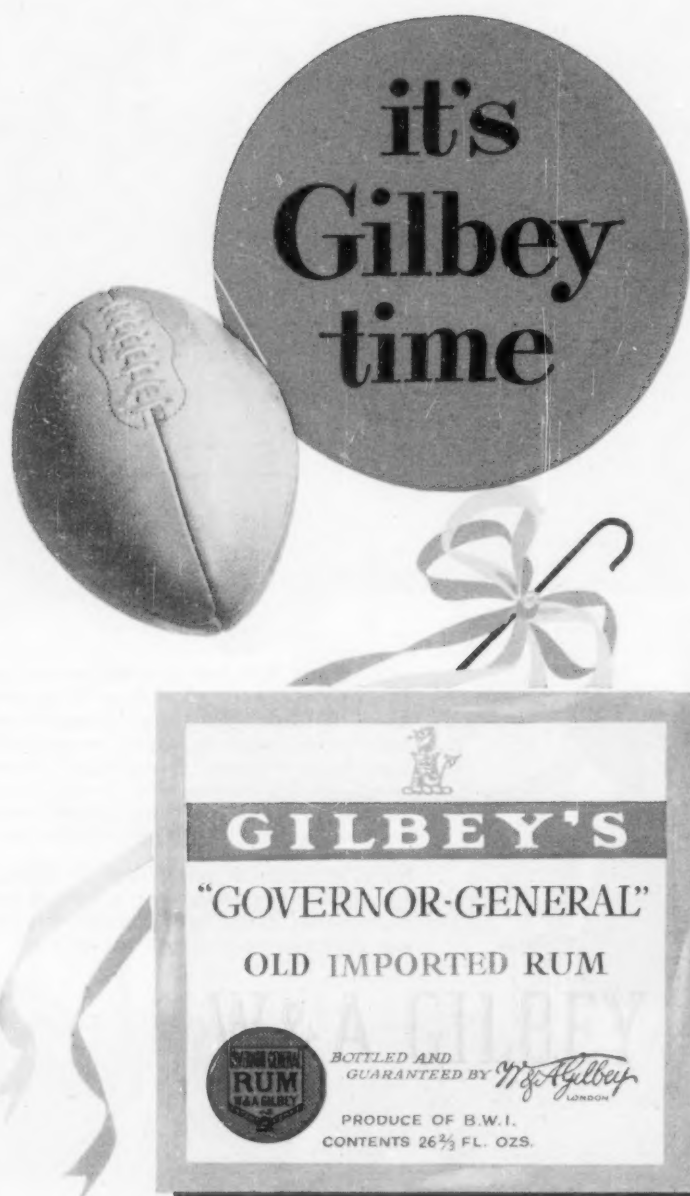
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thus became the first human ever to make a serious attempt to swim Lake Ontario.

"We meant him to be a one-edition wonder," a Telegram reporter explained later. "Swim a few hours, long enough to beat the Star's noon edition, and then come out so our boat could go back and wait for the girls again."

Kerschner, a gallant swimmer who three years ago won the ten-mile CNE marathon, lasted eight hours and fifteen minutes. "I don't think anyone can swim that lake," he told the Telegram's Bob Hesketh. "Certainly not a woman. Why, it will tear that little girl's heart out."

Kerschner had gone more than half-way across the lake when he quit, so the Telegram took him to Toronto, the nearest port, and arrived there just as Chadwick left Youngstown. Telegram reporters stranded at Youngstown didn't become water-borne until dawn, when they managed to crowd aboard the CNE's press boat *Ja-Su* and charter another boat, the Commander, from Hamilton. They began looking for swimmers.

The swimmer easiest to find was Winnie Leusler, who was sitting on the dock at Youngstown wrapped in a blanket. In the excitement of the swim, Winnie had mistaken another boat's lights for her own and half an hour after the start found herself entirely alone in Lake Ontario. Her father, pulling fiercely at the oars of the rowboat that was to be her tender, was some distance away shouting "Winnie! Where are you?" into the darkness. Mrs. Leusler hailed a passing motorboat and decided to return to the dock and wait for daylight to start again. She dove in for the second time at 6.30 and lasted until 3.50.

As dawn broke, Star and Telegram boats crossed paths as they attempted

to find the ferryboat that Florence Chadwick had hired to follow her. They could find no trace of it. Four hours after Chadwick had been pulled from the water, both newspapers discovered her at the National Yacht Club in Toronto. After that it was Marilyn's swim, with Winnie not a serious contender.

At eight in the morning the naval engagement between the two newspapers began when the Telegram contingent aboard the CNE press boat *Ja-Su* decided to get their first close-up pictures of Marilyn in the water. They found the schoolgirl, swimming strongly beside the lifeboat *Mipepa* with Jack Russell at the helm. Gus Ryder was crouched beside him and red-haired George Bryant, legs astride and camera in hand, was standing in the middle. Flanking the *Mipepa* snugly were two Star yachts, *Mona IV* and *Manana III*.

The Water Was Warmer

The *Ja-Su*, carrying four Telegram reporters and photographers, was crowded to the rear by Marilyn's escort. A dinghy was lowered with the photographers and rowed to within camera distance of the swimmer. Later, when the Telegram's second boat, Commander, with two reporters and a photographer aboard, found the flotilla, tempers grew shorter. The Telegram sought to wriggle between the Star boats and there was talk of ramming. A woman on the *Mona IV* threw a pop bottle at the Commander, missing a newsreel photographer by inches. The *Manana* and the *Ja-Su* lightly collided. The Star later explained that its boats had been trying to protect Marilyn Bell from "eager fools in powerboats" who were jeopardizing her safety.

The water temperature, which can be a bitter 50 even on a late summer

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day, kept between 60 and 70, the only break the lake gave Marilyn that day. Though her navigators were unaware of it at first, currents were pushing her west of Toronto. Towards noon the waves began to quiet.

At 10.30 Ryder noticed Marilyn tiring again. He scribbled on a blackboard the news he'd been saving for such a crucial moment: "FLO IS OUT." He held the board so she could read it. Marilyn, delighted to learn she had outlasted the world's greatest woman swimmer, swam with renewed vigor. When she faltered again, towards noon, Ryder wrote some more notes in chalk: "SWIM FOR ME" and "DON'T LET THE CRIPPLED KIDS DOWN." Marilyn stared at the notes, put her face in the water and began swimming again. Her stomach was a steady pain and her legs ached.

Gus Ryder, who has trained almost all the new crop of young Canadian marathon swimmers, is better known in Toronto for his passionate devotion to teaching handicapped people to swim, which helps to minimize most afflictions. His Lakeshore Swimming Club has three hundred crippled and blind students with lifetime passes to the pool where they get free lessons. He teaches boys with polio to use their withered arms and cerebral palsy victims to control their legs. He once taught a fifteen-month-old child to swim the length of the pool and an armless woman to swim a mile. The reminder of these students, whom Marilyn helps to teach once a week, kept her moving in the water. Ryder refers to his chalked notes to Marilyn as "blackboard psychology."

Could She Get to Shore?

In Toronto, CNE President Robert Saunders announced that since Florence Chadwick was out of the water, forfeiting \$7,500, any swimmer who finished would get "a substantial amount of money."

Around four o'clock in the afternoon the Star boats heard the news on their radios that Winnie Leuszler was out of the water and that Saunders had announced Marilyn would get \$7,500—the balance of the Chadwick fee—if she finished.

It seemed doubtful, to everyone but Ryder, that she could finish. She had been in the water for seventeen hours and she hadn't slept in thirty-one hours. The Toronto Harbor Commission, concerned that she might drown before anyone could reach her, dropped two dinghies into the water with life-guards at the oars and they began to row beside her, watching her steadily. As she swam, relaxing her arm when it was in the air and pulling it hard through the water, relaxing the other and pulling, relax and pull and kick, kick, kick, she began to fall asleep. During the Atlantic City swim she had hummed O Canada and The Happy Wanderer to break the monotony; this swim she hadn't felt like humming at all. The voices in the boat began to seem far away.

"Marilyn! Marilyn!" shrieked

Ryder. She opened her eyes and read the blackboard he was holding: "7,500 IF YOU FINISH." Her heavy blood-shot eyes read the figure \$750. "I'll split it with you, Gus," she called. "Never mind that, honey," said the 56-year-old trainer, choking up. "You just finish."

Earlier it had struck Ryder and Bryant that Marilyn needed extra encouragement. They asked the Mona IV to locate Marilyn's best friend, a tow-headed member of the Lakeshore Club named Joan Cooke. One of the Star boats hurried to Toronto, picked

up Joan and manoeuvred a few hundred yards from the Mipepa. There was no small boat to take Joan across, so she stripped off her shoes, jacket and watch and dove into the water wearing a blouse and knee-length slacks. Ryder and George Bryant pulled her into the Mipepa and she stood in the boat, shivering in her wet clothes and yelling, "Atta girl, Marilyn." Bryant remembered his duty to his newspaper and took a picture of Joan as she was hauled into the boat; it was the last picture he took that day as the anguish of rooting Marilyn home blotted out

everything else. He neglected entirely to keep a notebook. He and Ryder and Russell stayed awake twenty-one hours in an open boat and forgot their own weariness to such a degree that it occurred to none of them to open the gallon Thermos of coffee someone had provided. They ate nothing.

The summoning of Joan Cooke turned out to be fine strategy. Towards five o'clock Marilyn began to falter again, clawing the water with no strength. Her legs no longer hurt—they had no feeling at all—but the pain in her stomach was steady. Ryder asked Joan



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to jump in and swim beside Marilyn.
"I can't swim in slacks and a blouse," she protested.

"Take them off," suggested Ryder. Joan looked around at the twenty large and small boats fanned out behind the Mipepa—most of them were festooned with photographers, their collars turned up and their hands gripping cameras. "They won't take a picture of you," Bryant assured her.

Joan looked quickly at the two husky, tanned young lifeguards in the dinghies a few feet away. The guards began to study the horizon closely. Joan pulled off her clothes and dove into the water in her panties and a brassiere.

The splash of her dive woke Marilyn, who had been dozing again. She looked at her friend and laughed. "Don't touch her, Joan, you'll disqualify her," screamed Ryder. Joan nodded and called briskly to Marilyn, "Come on, let's go." She began swimming quickly and expertly. Marilyn's stroke picked up and a tiny flutter of white water behind her showed that her feet were kicking. Joan stayed in the water a few minutes more, then climbed back in the Mipepa and wrapped herself in blankets.

No Sleep for Two Nights

At five o'clock Ryder pointed to the Toronto sky line and wrote on the blackboard, "WE ARE TAKING YOU STRAIGHT IN." In spite of this, Marilyn's stroke slowed from the sixty-four strokes per minute she maintained at her best to fifty strokes a minute. She stopped twice in two minutes, staring dazedly at the boats collecting from Toronto and Hamilton. The wind grew stiffer and colder and the waves pushed her west of the pink flares popping over the Exhibition.

Two seaplanes dipped overhead and roared away: The Toronto Star had hired two planes to carry photographers and reporters with walkie-talkie sets and the Telegram had one plane. News-men covering the swim were beginning to realize they hadn't slept for two days and a night and they watched the child in the water with wonder.

The radio coverage seemed to people listening in their homes and cars a phenomenon in itself. "She's swimming now," the hoarse voice of the announcer would say. "Now she's stopped and Gus Ryder is holding up the blackboard. It reads 'One and a half miles to go' but we estimate it is closer to four. Probably trying to encourage the girl who . . ."

CKFH's announcer was the station's chief engineer, working from the Star's yacht Manana. The CKEY announcer, a twenty-year-old college student named Dick Ballentine who had been acting as a summer announcer, had a more complicated problem. When the swim started from Youngstown the CNE could not provide him with a boat. The tug Ned Hanlan was sent from Toronto to pick up stranded press and radio men but the captain veered off just outside Youngstown harbor because he was worried about immigration red tape. Ballentine then bundled into a water taxi which roared around the lake—passing Telegram reporters who were roaring from Toronto to Youngstown to pick up the Commander—and caught the CNE-hired press boat Moby Dick, which eventually found the swimmers around four in the morning.

Ballentine broadcast every hour and sometimes every half hour through the long day that followed. His broadcasts were picked up by Buffalo, Kingston and Ottawa stations and phoned to a Regina station. Throughout the CBC radio building in Toronto, staff an-

nouncers and operators were listening to CKEY. Officials of CBLT, Toronto's television station, dallied with the notion of sending their mobile unit to the lakefront to photograph Marilyn's arrival but decided against it. The unit was needed to cover a scheduled prom symphony concert that night.

As the afternoon wore out Ryder huddled in his jacket in the stern of the Mipepa. Bryant stood beside the blanketed Joan Cooke. The two lifeguards, one clad only in his bathing suit, pulled steadily at their oars. All of them unceasingly watched the rise and fall of the white arms in the water, the bathing cap that turned and became a grey face gulping air and then became a bathing cap again. Once, when she faltered, Ryder wrote on the blackboard "IF YOU QUIT, I QUIT."

Behind them was the queerest collection of ships Toronto's harbor had ever seen: Sleek, luxurious yachts, dumpy, shabby motorboats, sailboats, the monstrous tug Ned Hanlan belching smoke, a motorboat carrying several adults and two starry-eyed boys of four and five, another with several men in business suits, a woman and a year-old baby girl dressed in pink. On the fringe were kayaks and rowboats.

A fast motorboat suddenly detached itself from the loose half-moon formation behind the swimmer and whirled near the Mipepa. Allan Lamport, Toronto's former mayor and a member of the CNE sports committee, was standing up in the boat yelling at Ryder. A few minutes later Lamport climbed aboard the Toronto Harbor Commission launch to the left of Marilyn.

"I told Ryder that we'd give her \$7,500 if she qualifies, but she's got to qualify," Lamport explained to Harbor Commission chairman W. H. Bosley. "I don't think he'll let me down."

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In passing, as a schoolboy cuffs a friend
Goodnaturedly, tumbling his hat off in the air,
Punching him slyly in the ribs, to send
Him sprawling. But the stout house merely grunts,
Quite undisturbed by gamesome thrusts and pushes;
The wind, bewildered, slips away and hunts
For other entertainment in the bushes —

Grasses to shake, and this year's leaves to frighten,
Thin twigs to twist, not viciously, but rough
Enough to hint that quickly, they must tighten
Their tender joints on stems, to meet the gruff
Uncharitable, winter gales . . . then throws
Himself again upon the unyielding roof —
A half-grown, boyish wind, who hardly knows
His strength, yet teasing, seeks some urgent proof.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

An air-force officer on the Ned Hanlan came away from the boat's radio and yelled into a megaphone to Ryder, "She's been offered another \$6,000." Ryder prepared a new sign for his blackboard: "NOW \$15,000." Marilyn, close to unconsciousness again, didn't notice.

People in the boats now could distinguish trucks moving along the highway on the shore and each separate building of the Sunnyside amusement area, west of the Exhibition grounds. Some newspaper and newsreel photographers crossed from smaller boats to the more comfortable Harbor Commission launch.

"I don't think those Star guys are going to let her land at the Ex," one of the Telegram photographers said excitedly. "She's swimming straight for Sunnyside!"

"Gus will know what to do," Lampport said uneasily.

"You'll never get near her once she's close to shore," predicted the Telegram man glumly.

"We'll get her all right," replied Lampport.

A photographer on a nearby launch yelled across the water. "I've got Super Double X in and I haven't got a meter!"

"Shoot at random," advised the Telegram photographer coldly.

"Gus," shouted Lampport, "isn't it just as close to take her to the Ex? We've got a crowd waiting there for you."

"We can't get in there," Ryder hollered back, "she's going against the waves." The sun was gone by now and the moon was a cold oval in the sky.

"Poor girl," said Harbor Commissioner Bosley gently, "I hope this isn't going to hurt her."

"Gus, you're headed for the widest part of the bay!" cried Lampport.

Ryder leaned over the end of the Mipepa. "Swim for the yellow building, Marilyn, the yellow building. Marilyn!" Marilyn opened her eyes, found the building and plodded on with her mechanical stroke. She had two miles more to go.

"No, no," shouted Lampport.

"Keep quiet," retorted Ryder fiercely, "we're running this."

Another motorboat, containing Robert Saunders, president of the CNE, George Duthie, sports director, and Hiram MacCallum, general manager, pulled up beside the Star yacht Mona IV.

"Have her swim to the Ex," Duthie yelled. "We've got a pot of earth there she's to touch."

"She'll land wherever she can," a Star reporter shouted back.

"Is this a Toronto Star swim?" asked Saunders indignantly.

"The CNE had nothing at all to do with this swim," answered the Star men. When CNE officials moved closer to the Mona IV, Syd Bell, Marilyn's father, screamed, "You get out of here!" The officials retired a distance away and regarded the Mona IV balefully.

The Last of the Syrup

At that moment, at 6.35, Marilyn stopped swimming and stood up, treading water.

"Come on, keep going," shouted Ryder.

"I'm tired," Marilyn wailed.

"Come on!" cried Joan Cooke, "Fifteen minutes more!"

"I can't go any farther."

"Come on," shouted Bryant, "only a little more!"

"I can't move!" Marilyn said, crying.

Her father, watching from the Mona IV, called across the water: "Take her out, Gus."

Ryder, not hearing, shouted "Fifteen minutes more, Marilyn. Come on!"

Like an obedient child, Marilyn put her face in the water and started swimming. At that point her conscious mind blanked out and she had the feeling she was far away, floating bodiless and light. In the distance voices were whispering, "the yellow building, the yellow building," and her stomach ached dully.

Once again she stopped and Ryder passed her the last of the eight pounds of corn syrup and the package of uncooked Pablum he had brought.

"Do you want to come out?" he asked when he saw her face.

"Which way do I go," she muttered

Marilyn had stopped swimming. She was crying. She stood up, treading water. "I can't go any farther," she wailed

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vaguely and started to swim again. She became aware of a feeling that if she stopped again she would be finished. She never paused again.

"Gus has a mad on for the Ex, you can see that," commented Lampport furiously as he watched Ryder lead the girl towards Sunnyside. The Exhibition grounds, black with people, were a mile to the right. It was dusk and the buildings, the boats, the sky and the water were varying shades of blue. It became so cold that men in the boats shivered and it was hard to hold a pencil. The strange fleet showed running lights, like fireflies. The moon was brighter.

At 7.50 Ryder's hoarse voice could be heard shouting "Come on, Marilyn, ten minutes more!"

"If she touches the breakwater, that's sufficient," Bosley observed in the Harbor Commission launch. The shore was only 450 feet past the concrete breakwater.

"That's fair enough," agreed Lampport. "That's what they do for Channel swimmers, they just have to touch."

"No they don't," said a photographer in the darkness behind. "They have to walk ashore."

"Never mind," Lampport said.

A voice on the Star boat called to Ryder: "When your boat touches the sea wall, bring her right here. Don't let her get up, just touch!"

Ryder turned on his flashlight. The darkness along the shore ahead turned out to be thousands of people, screaming unintelligibly. A launch owner pushed on his horn and the fleet unleashed a cacophony of horns, whistles and sirens. Every man began to shout, and some to cry. The Mipepa pulled aside and let Marilyn go in to the breakwater alone. She touched it with her left hand and stopped. It was six minutes after eight. She had been in the water 20 hours and 59 minutes.

The lake is thirty-two miles across, but she had swum forty miles or more fighting the currents.

Marilyn Bell can't remember touching the breakwater. When the life-guards tried to pull her into one of their dinghies she was furious. "Let me go!" she cried. She thought they were trying to take her out of the water before she finished the swim. "I'm all right," she said firmly and pushed herself a few yards into the lake again. Ryder's boat came beside her and she became aware of the shouting thousands and saw rockets bursting in the sky.

"Are these people crazy or am I?" she whispered as Bryant and Ryder, weakened too after 21 hours on constant watch, laboriously pulled her into the Mipepa. She was taken to the Mona IV, where her parents hugged her and she was put to bed.

No Feeling in Her Legs

Telegram reporters sorrowfully watched the Star boat swallow the biggest news story of the year. A counter-attack was planned while the crowds were still cheering. "The Star has a suite waiting for her at the Royal York," a Telegram lieutenant at the Exhibition grounds was explaining excitedly. "The orders are to grab her before she gets there and to use violence if necessary."

"I'm going to find a small Star man and punch him in the nose," a reporter assured him.

The crowds around the Exhibition's lakefront grandstand continued to wait for the heroine, cheering the Harbor Commission launch hysterically when it docked. Through the din came the sound of Loretto students screaming, "One, two, three, four... Who are we for?... Marilyn, Marilyn... Rah, rah, rah."

Continued on page 80

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1. The Wild Bull of the Pampas



2. Little Miss Pokerface



3. Boom Boom



4. The Black Shark



5. Lord Byron



6. The Splendid Splinter



7. Little Ben



8. The Bounding Basque



9. Gentleman Jim



10. The Big Train



11. The Iron Horse



12. The Chicoutimi Cucumber



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The swing is definitely to Labatts!

Continued from page 78
rah!" The voice on the public-address system abruptly explained, "We regret that Marilyn Bell's condition does not permit her to receive her admirers."

Marilyn, lying in a bunk on the Mona, was sipping cocoa when she was struck by the notion that her legs were paralyzed. "I can't walk!" she cried anxiously. "I can't feel my legs." "Sure you can, honey," her mother assured her. The girl was not convinced so her mother put an arm around her and walked her around the cabin. Marilyn sank back in the bunk greatly relieved.

The Mona slipped into the Toronto Lifesavers' Station dock where an ambulance hired by the Star waited to take her to the Royal York Hotel suite and a Star-hired doctor and nurse. A line of parked taxis had been ordered for Star reporters. It was, however, the worst-kept secret of the day.

The Telegram knew, before the Mona came in sight of the dock, every detail of the Star scheme—including the room number of the hotel suite. Every available editorial employee was called to help separate Marilyn Bell from the Star. One group waited at the

National Yacht Club, in case of a slip-up, another large group at the Lifesavers' dock near downtown Toronto, four more groups at the four entrances of the Royal York and a small delegation at the King Edward and another at Marilyn's home as a precaution.

The offense started with a Telegram-hired ambulance, which arrived ahead of the Star-hired ambulance at the Lifesavers' Station. The stretcher-bearers unloaded their stretcher and prepared to wait for the swimmer. The Telegram had rented a large bedroom in the Royal York Hotel for her.

"My lord!" exclaimed Monroe Johnston, a Star reporter on the Mona IV, as he peered at the landing. "I can't see anything but Tely men!"

The Mona docked reluctantly while Star reporters discussed the problem. Meanwhile Star men spotted the Telegram ambulance standing empty at the curb with the keys still in the ignition and drove it a few blocks away, removing both the keys and the cap of the distributor. Two more ambulances replaced it at the curb, one hired by the Star and the other a mystery to both papers. The Lifesavers' jetty then held three stretchers, each complete with a pair of stretcher-bearers screaming at one another, "This is the OFFICIAL stretcher!"

"If we had only known which of the three was our stretcher," commented a Telegram reporter the next day, "there would have been a dandy fight. But neither the Star guys there nor us knew which stretcher was which."

Marilyn's father asked Ed Hopkins, official of the Harbor Commission, to clear the jetty of everyone but "friends, relatives and the Star." A few Star men got off the Mona to assist life-guardians in the identification. Telegram men resisted the order and twelve police constables from No. 1 precinct were called. The jetty was cleared, but only for an instant. Telegram photographers infiltrated back behind barrels and posts and waited for Marilyn.

The swimmer herself, catching the spirit of the occasion, suggested to Star man Johnston: "Would you like me to put a blanket over my head so they can't get pictures?"

It was a tempting offer, but Johnston refused. "It would only have hurt the kid in the long run," he explained later.

Marilyn walked off the Mona wearing a two-piece Lakeshore Swimming Club sweat suit and climbed on the waiting Star stretcher, which someone finally had identified. As she was loaded into the ambulance, the Telegram's Dorothy Howarth climbed in beside her, assisted courteously by a somewhat-dazed Star man. He realized his error immediately and snarled, "Get outa there, you!"

Dorothy backed out agreeably. "Can't blame a girl for trying, can you?" she asked sweetly.

Joan Cooke, Marilyn's best friend, climbed in beside the stretcher and squeezed the swimmer's shoulders. "That was wonderful, Marilyn," she said. "Congratulations."

"For what?" asked Marilyn blankly. "For the swim," said Joan. "For finishing the swim."

"I did?" cried Marilyn incredulously. "I finished?" It hadn't occurred to anyone that the girl didn't know.

Watching the Royal York Hotel entrances was a bleak cold task for Telegram reporters. The master plan now called for someone to divert the swimmer into a Telegram elevator, which would take her to the third floor where the Telegram room was, instead of the fourth floor and the Star suite. The heaviest contingent of Telegram staff was posted at the freight-elevator entrance in the rear of the hotel.

After a half hour of guard duty, two reporters unobtrusively left the group and slipped into the hotel's cocktail lounge.

"If they bring her into the hotel through the lounge," one of them pointed out, "we'll be right on top of the story."

The Star ambulance eventually arrived at the freight elevator and Marilyn was carried aboard. The elevator descended to the basement, where a hundred waiters, bus boys, chambermaids, porters, cooks and waitresses clapped and shouted as her stretcher

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M.M.-2

Please send information showing how a Canadian Government Annuity can bring me retirement income at low cost.

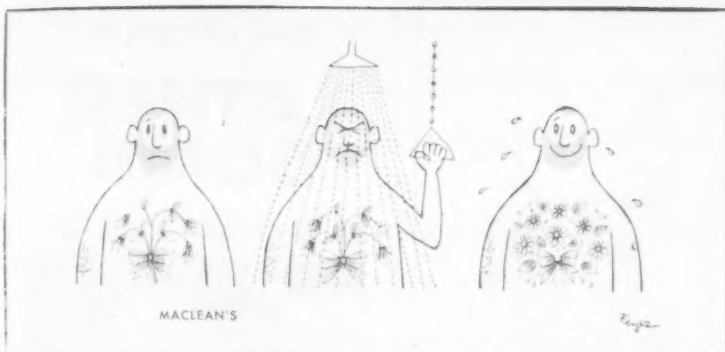
My name is _____
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I live at _____

Date of birth _____

Age when Annuity to start _____ Telephone _____

I understand that information given will be held strictly confidential.



was taken across the basement to a waiting passenger elevator. Just before the elevator doors closed a dignified man stepped in. "I'm an official representative of . . ." he began.

"Scram, you Tely spy," said Johnston, pushing him out.

The corridors of the fourth floor were filled with Telegram and Globe and Mail reporters and photographers and the Star pushed the stretcher through the mob with difficulty. Eventually the door of room 469, part of a three-room suite, closed behind her and she climbed into bed. The doctor who examined her, Dr. F. R. Griffin, remarked to the reporters in the hall that he expected Marilyn had lost twenty pounds during the swim.

Actually Marilyn's health, the subject of much gloomy conjecture that night, was so superb that Dr. Griffin was baffled. Her heart, pulse and respiration were normal. Except for bloodshot eyes and a rubbery feeling in her legs, she appeared to have suffered no harm at all. Most astonishing of all, she had gained a pound.

Filet Mignon for Everyone

The Star reporters who had been covering the swim were jubilant. They summoned a waiter. "What will you have to eat, Mrs. Bell?" they asked when Marilyn had been settled for the night.

Grace Bell, tremulously happy in a shirt and slacks she had been wearing for three days, gasped "A chicken sandwich."

"Fine," said Johnston, "and you, Syd?"

"I don't know," said Marilyn's father, "I have to see a menu."

"You can have anything you want," the hotel waiter assured him.

"I have to see a menu," Bell repeated.

"Bring him a filet mignon," Johnston decided. "Bring us all a filet mignon, one, two, three . . . twenty filet mignons."

George Bryant was quiet while he was eating; suddenly he stretched out face down on the rug and fell asleep. No one could wake him to move. Syd Bell fell asleep in his chair. To the surprise of the reporters left awake, Marilyn opened her door with a gamin grin and emerged, still wearing her sweat suit.

"I can't sleep," she announced, inspecting her father. She lifted his eyelids and peered under them. "Say, he's really asleep."

After a moment she went back to bed and the sedative she had been

given earlier began to take effect.

The Toronto Telegram had devised a bold plan in the emergency created by the Star's monopoly. Doug MacFarlane, a zealous managing editor, calculated that the biggest plum the Star would have the following day would be a first-person story "by Marilyn Bell" describing her swim.

"We'll have our own first-person story," he decided.

Every reporter connected with the swim poured whatever detail he could remember onto the desk of Dorothy Howarth, a writer of uncommon ability. Sports writer Bob Hesketh phoned Gus Ryder at his home and got more details and someone searched the files and discovered that Marilyn, after her swim in Atlantic City, had said, "Every time I brought my head up I saw the same old things, the sky, the waves and the darkness of the water again."

Dorothy Howarth wove out of this a 700-word first-person story that began "I haven't got a stomach" was the first thing I said to my trainer, Gus Ryder, when they pulled me into the boat. At least that's what he says I said. I don't remember . . ." The rest was equally artful and accurate.

The last piece of copy was written towards five o'clock that morning. The final touch on the first-person story was the by-line; MacFarlane hesitated to print "by Marilyn Bell." At nine the next morning he dispatched a reporter to get a copy of Marilyn's signature off a registration form at her school. The signature, two columns wide, was printed over the story and a 2½-inch-high headline read "MARILYN'S STORY."

The Star was flabbergasted. Marilyn had slept heavily and the Star reporters assigned to write her first-person story refused to waken her. With only a few minutes before deadline Bryant began typing at her bedside—with the result that only a few paragraphs were ready for the first edition.

The photographer assigned to get a picture of her for the first edition was equally solicitous. He waited until she had finished her breakfast. When the two papers hit the street that morning, the Telegram several minutes earlier than the Star, no one could have guessed which paper had the swimmer.

"They had the girl and we had the story," commented MacFarlane with satisfaction.

"There's such a thing," observed the Star's managing editor Jim Kingsbury, "as being too close to a story."

Both papers sold 30,000 papers more than normal the day of the swim and the day afterwards. Counting replates,

The Star had Marilyn, but while she slept the Telegram tried a bold plan. Headlines shouted MARILYN'S STORY

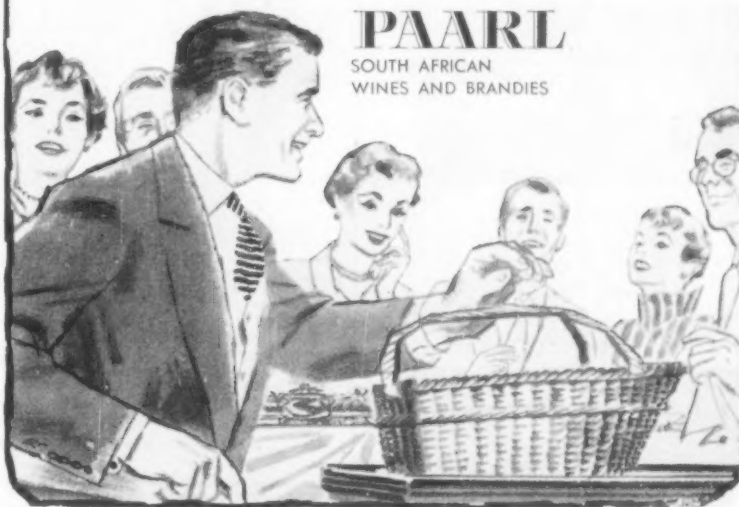
...and now,

the final touch!

The meal is over. There is but one final touch, the mark of a perfect host. Guests retire while he pours for each a glass of rich, full-bodied Paarl Imported Port. Yes, Paarl, product of the sun-drenched valleys of South Africa, a name revered the world over for quality and flavour . . . adds that final touch of distinction after dinner. Always serve Paarl Imported Port.

For every occasion, luncheon, cocktails, or dinner—formal or informal—always insist on Paarl Imported Brandy, Port or Sherry. Paarl wines and brandies are among the finest in the world, yet they are delightfully inexpensive.

PAARL
SOUTH AFRICAN
WINES AND BRANDIES



"THAT'S THE NEW LABATT '50' LABEL
THE CLUB PRESIDENT HAD IT HOISTED
WHEN HE CELEBRATED HIS 'HOLE IN ONE'"

John Labatt III, challenged by his brother to brew an ale to celebrate his 50th Anniversary, produced a great favourite—'50'. For all special occasions its lighter, smoother flavour makes it the natural choice. Try it yourself, next time.



The swing is definitely to Labatts!

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J. ARTHUR RANK
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A
TRIUMPHANT
RETURN
ENGAGEMENT
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The
Red Shoes
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STILL—THE MOST FABULOUS
COMBINATION OF DANCE-
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STORY EVER CONCEIVED
IN THE HISTORY OF
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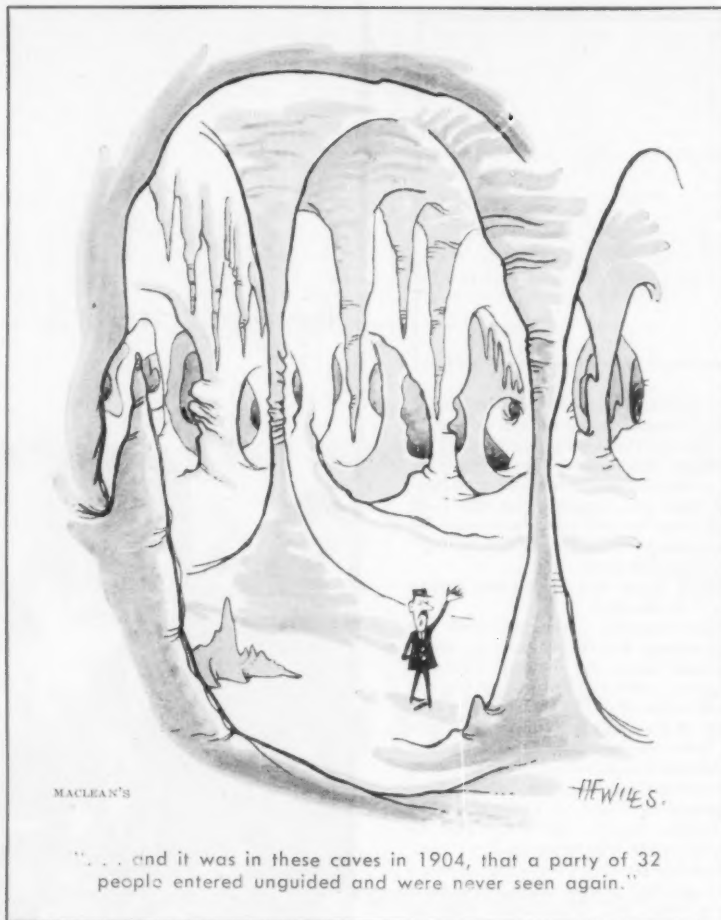
movies to watch for
"THE YOUNG LOVERS"

Starring
ODILE VERSOIS DAVID KNIGHT
The years outstanding romantic film

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Starring
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"ROMEO & JULIET"
color by
TECHNICOLOR

DON'T MISS IT!
COMING SOON TO YOUR
LOCAL THEATRE



"... and it was in these caves in 1904, that a party of 32 people entered unguided and were never seen again."

the Star put out eighteen editions while Marilyn was in the water. "She didn't sell as many papers per day as the Noronic fire disaster," a Star circulation man remarked, "but this story is more sustained. In the long run, she'll sell more papers than any news event we've had in years." The Star spent an estimated \$12,000 on the swim, the Telegram \$3,000.

"She'll be the darling of the empire tonight," someone had predicted after the swim, "and forgotten tomorrow." It didn't work out that way. The youth and smallness of the girl, the unexpectedness of her victory and the drama of the mile-by-mile radio and newspaper coverage caused a public reaction that most observers could compare only with Lindberg's flight across the Atlantic.

A Room Full of Flowers

Telephones rang all night in Marilyn's suite and her parents' room down the hall. Some were congratulations, some requests for Marilyn's endorsement of a product and some from people who wanted to send a present. When Mrs. Bell tried to get from her bedroom to her daughter's down the hall the next morning, she couldn't get through the crowd outside Marilyn's suite. Star reporters had to form a flying-wedge escort. Before the day was out she was visiting her daughter by way of a fire-escape entrance.

Jim Coleman, publicist for the Ontario Jockey Club, was one of many publicity men who sought Marilyn's presence to help attract crowds. He phoned the Toronto Star and was informed that Harold Hilliard, long-time Star employee, was handling Marilyn's contacts. Hilliard promised to tell Marilyn's father of Coleman's request. Six hours later, when Bell hadn't phoned, Coleman phoned William Horsey, president of the Dominion

Stores which employs Syd Bell as a buyer.

"Would you tell Bell for me the next time you're talking to him that..." began Coleman.

"Hell," said Horsey, "I've been trying all day to talk to him and I haven't been able to get through!"

Some of the confusion was unscrambled by the Star itself. The president of the Star, Harry Hindmarsh, phoned the advertising agency Cockfield, Brown and Company and asked them "as a personal favor" to help out the Bells. A week later it still wasn't clear to Cockfield, Brown who would be paying their fee, the Star or the Bells.

In any case, the agency performed a service that was clearly appreciated by the Bells. Another suite was taken in the Royal York Hotel where the Bell family could live together until public fever cooled—a bedroom for the parents, another for Marilyn and her eleven-year-old sister Karen and a huge living room for flowers, reporters waiting their turn for interviews and sponsors with cheque books. All phone calls, 24 hours a day, were intercepted in another room, where a staff of two lawyers and four law students worked on Marilyn's contracts and insurance. A secretary put in an eight-hour day for two weeks listing the hundreds of gifts so that Marilyn could acknowledge them. Two men from the agency, Pat Kelly and director Malcolm Pretty, took over all the Bells' decisions.

The Bell family was enormously relieved. Sydney Bell had worked at a variety of jobs in North Bay, Halifax and Toronto—most of them as an accounting clerk—but nothing had prepared him for the feverish world of advertising and promotion. The Bells had lived modestly in an upstairs-rear four-roomed apartment over a hardware store. They were particular about their daughters' education, selecting Catholic private schools with high

PALMOLIVE
RAPID SHAVE
**LATHER
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lather at your fingertips



FASTER

Rapid-Shave saves time. Instant lather at your fingertips.

SMOOTHER

Rapid-Shave SOOTHES. No scrapes! No pulls! No "ouch"

CLEANER

Rapid-Shave saves trouble. No razor clog, no messy basin.



Overnight Marilyn became a celebrity, showered with gifts, sought by movies. But she wanted to go back to school

academic standards although they are Protestants, and particular that the girls have good manners.

Marilyn, who became devoted to swimming the summer she was nine and was a marathon swimmer when she was ten, was the kind of daughter most parents hope for—quick and clever in school, sensible about her dates with boys, courteous and honest. Her only serious personality problem, for which her mother spanked her repeatedly when she was smaller, was her stubbornness. Gus Ryder, who became her swimming coach when she was ten, called that stubbornness "patience, the patience a great marathoner has to have."

Vitamin Pills and TV

Marilyn's patience and politeness were used extensively in the hectic days that followed the big swim. In the succeeding ten days she appeared before 100,000 people at the Canadian National Exhibition to accept \$10,000 (the original offer of \$7,500 was increased at the suggestion of the Star), received a cowboy hat from Dale Evans and a hug from Denise Darcel, handled the controls of a TCA plane on a flight to Montreal, had a ticker-tape parade through downtown Toronto, attended by the biggest crowd since the visit of the Queen, kicked off ineptly at three football games, appeared at a baseball game and sat in the royal box, was interviewed twice on television and four times on radio, had a civic reception in Hamilton and flew to New York to appear on Ed Sullivan's television show with an estimated audience of 40 million people. In addition, someone in Hollywood wanted to give her \$100,000 for a contract that would include swimming from California to Catalina Island and two movies. One movie, according to unreliable reports, would be made with Marilyn Monroe and entitled "The Two Marylins."

Her gifts included a pale-blue Austin convertible, seven watches, a garage, a radio for her car, insurance for the car, several years' gasoline for the car, an offer to pay all summonses incurred while driving the car, several fur coats, including three mink stoles, a \$3,000 diamond ring, two television sets, a year's supply of soft water, a year's supply of Wheaties and \$100 worth of vitamin pills, a wedding cake (to be delivered later), furniture, permanents, dresses, free cleaning for a year, a Persian rug, money and dancing les-

sons. A stationery company offered to print all her thank-you cards free.

On an average morning, five days after the swim, she received 64 pairs of stockings, a Bible, a silk Union Jack, a set of cosmetics worth \$100, a Steuben glass vase and a gold-thread purse. Her father deposited \$20,000 in a joint bank account he shares with her.

"I don't know what we'll do with the money," Marilyn commented in her soft voice. "Keep it for my education, I guess. I'd like to be a physiotherapist. As for the presents, we haven't got room in the apartment."

"I was thinking," her mother suggested, "that we might put them in storage for you."

"You know," her mother continued, talking to a magazine interviewer, "we are in a difficult position. Our apartment isn't much, it was all we could get at the time, and we've been thinking of moving to a better one for the past year. Now we won't be able to; as soon as we move, people will think we're using Marilyn's money."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Marilyn, looking confused.

"Marilyn understands," remarked Pat Kelly, one of her Cockfield, Brown advisors, "that there will be restriction on her from now on, whether she wants to go back to her normal life or take advantage of the offers that are coming in. She's never going to be the same person again, so perhaps it would be better if she'd postpone her education for a while and take advantage of the situation."

"I would like to go back to school," the girl said gently. Two weeks later, she did go back to school.

"Marilyn keeps saying that's what she wants to do," Kelly explained, "but we don't know if it will be possible right away. We've got offers to put her picture on book matches, for a fee plus royalties, to put her picture on calendars, for a fee plus royalties, and Lever Brothers wants her to endorse Lux Soap. She's already endorsed corn syrup and Pabulum — those were naturals because she ate them during the swim. All these endorsements and personal appearances are worth from \$500 to \$5,000."

"You'll agree," Kelly continued, "that Barbara Ann Scott was handled very smartly—no exploiting or anything cheap. That's how we want Marilyn handled. When we were in Montreal someone wanted us to go to a night club, but we vetoed that. It wouldn't be right at all, not in keeping with her personality."

"I hear you're thinking of going to Hollywood," the interviewer said to Marilyn.

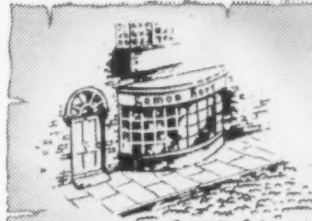
"Isn't that crazy?" Marilyn grinned. "Not at all," commented Kelly. "I've said this before and I don't mind saying it to her face, Marilyn is a very attractive girl. There's no reason why she shouldn't . . ."

Marilyn was quiet, sitting in a hotel chair with her bare feet drawn up under her. "I've often wished," she said in a low voice, "that I had never finished the swim. I've wished a dozen times that they had taken me out of the water that time around dawn, when I felt so terrible. But Jackie turned on the motor and left me."

For a while, no one in the room said anything. ★

MACLEAN'S HIDE-AND-SEEK (Answers to quiz on page 79)

1. Luis Firpo, boxing
2. Helen Wills Moody, tennis
3. Bernie Geoffrion, hockey
4. Ernst Vierkotter, swimming
5. Byron Nelson, golf
6. Ted Williams, baseball
7. Marlene Stewart, golf
8. Jean Borotra, tennis
9. James J. Corbett, boxing
10. Lionel Conacher, hockey
11. Lou Gehrig, baseball
12. Georges Vezina, hockey



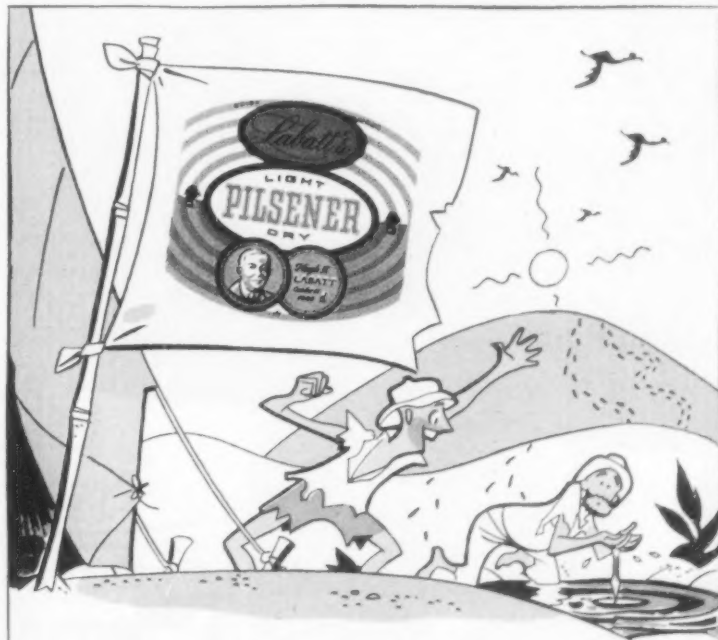
In 1804

Mister Lemon Hart first
imported and blended the
RUM which is today a
household word.

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Good Rum
for your money

Britain's Finest Imported

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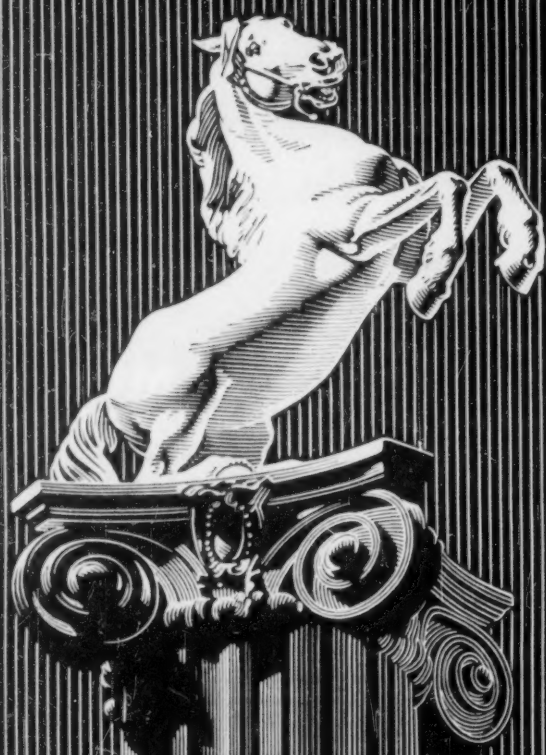


"DON'T DRINK THAT, ELLWOOD! HERE'S
THE NEW LABATT PILSENER LABEL"

Tested by brewmasters from seven
other breweries at Mr. Hugh F.
Labatt's request, Pilsener won en-
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true Pilsener Beer! You'll agree
there's nothing like Pilsener for
quenching thirst. Try it next time.



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gentle, golden-hued . . .
light. Have you tried it?

Since 1746
WHITE HORSE
of course!

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland
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W-514M



MARRIAGE wouldn't be the happy frenzied thing it is if it weren't for improbable incidents like this one that an Edmonton husband himself still doesn't fully believe. He was driving his wife home from a wedding and they had just emerged from the 109 Street subway when he was horrified to discover smoke curling up from under the hood. Swerving to the curb, he switched off the ignition and they jumped for their lives. Fortunately

Hamilton is one of Canada's most highly industrialized cities, a fact that colors the habits and even the speech of almost everyone who lives there. This includes a six-year-old named Jimmie who started grade one this fall, tired of it in the middle of the first afternoon, got up and went home. When his surprised mother demanded an explanation he thought a moment and replied, "The teacher laid me off."

• • •

A Regina man on a trip to the coast vouches for this sequel to the robbery of the Black Ball Line ferry office at Horseshoe Bay, near Vancouver.

A day or so after the holdup a Black Ball employee noticed a face peeping out from behind a tree near the dock. Casually sauntering into the office he told the cashier. The cashier, determined not to be victimized twice, as casually sauntered out, then dodged around behind a clump of bushes for a look. Sure enough, there was a man furtively peering out at the dock and, what's more, making notes in a little book. With an outraged yell the cashier flung himself on the fellow and got such a strangle hold on him it was several gasping minutes before the poor man could explain he was simply a checker from CP Steamships, busily counting the cars which the rival Black Ball Line was loading aboard its ferry.

• • •

A registered nurse in Courtenay, on Vancouver Island, drew a long spell of night duty recently and had a terrible time getting any sleep in the daytime because she lives in a

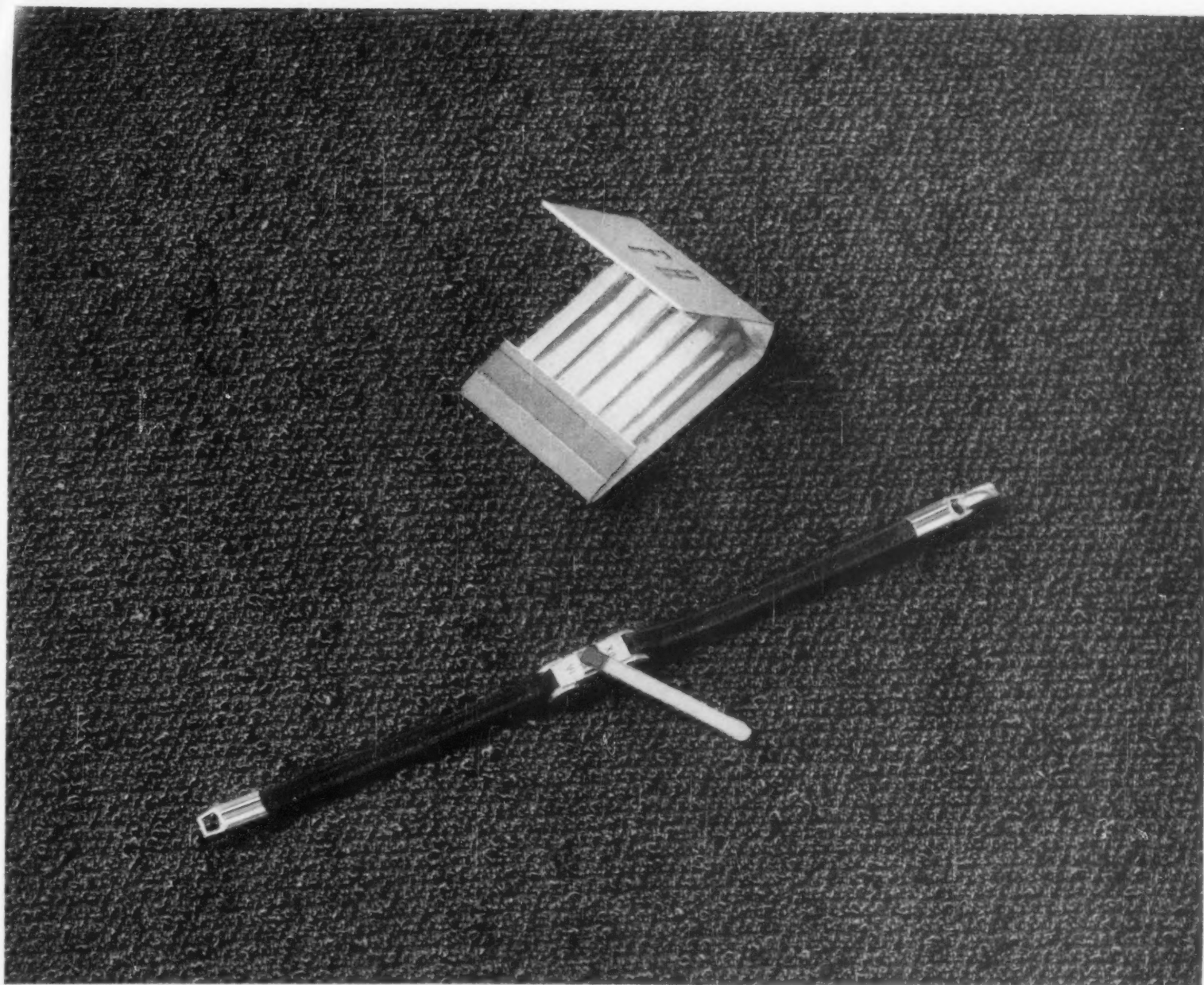


ground-floor front apartment where tenants and callers are coming and going all day. Knowing they were all pleasant and kindly folk in the building she was sure they'd take a hint so tacked a notice on her door, "Please remember the night nurse." How pleasant and how kindly she didn't really know, though, until going out that evening she found a tobacco tin under the notice containing several quarters, dimes, nickels, a half-dollar and two one-dollar bills. And a slip of paper on which was written, "Good night nurse."

• • •

Social note from the Ottawa Citizen: "Michael Leary gave a cocktail party on Tuesday evening, and then left for Alaska."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



The watch that can hide its lovely face behind a match

Of course it's a fine Swiss watch—and it's the smallest watch in the world.

Like the world's thinnest watch, and the world's most complex, it's another demonstration that Swiss timekeeping artistry simply can't be matched.

But beyond such tiny triumphs as the watch a match can hide is an idea much bigger. It's the science and the craftsman-

ship that have made Switzerland the center of timekeeping for 300 years.

The talents that create the most beautiful watches, the skills that develop the most accurate and versatile measurements of time, are reflected in the fine jeweled-lever Swiss watch you own—or hope to own—or plan to give to someone you love.

The Watchmakers of Switzerland



See "The Watch Fashion Parade" at your jeweler, October 28 to November 5, for all that's new in fine Swiss watches. For the gifts you'll give with pride, let your jeweler be your guide.

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



*Nature doesn't make the best rubber
for the tubeless tire...*



Polymer does with Butyl!

One of the reasons the tubeless tire is now an accomplished fact is that man-made rubber can be given qualities Nature never thought of. The Polysar Butyl rubber which enters into the building of many of the new tubeless tires provides an air-retention value far greater than natural rubber can give.

It is just this ability of chemical science to develop rubber with special characteristics that is making Polysar rubbers play an increasingly important role in your every day life.

Polysar rubbers turn up in surprising places like shoe soles that outwear leather two to one, or today's glowingly

beautiful, long-wearing rubber tile flooring, and the remarkable new odour-free rubber base paints. Just where Polysar rubber will appear next is hard to say, but wherever it does, it will help add comfort, beauty and value to the things you buy, the place you live, the products you use.

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